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ART. I. *Malte par un Voyageur François*, 12mo.

*Saggio di Agricoltura per le Isole di Malta e Gozo del Padre Carlo Giacinto*, &c. &c. 8vo.

*Observations on the Climate, Manners, and Amusements of Malta.*

By William Domeier, M. D. 8vo.

*Materials for a History of the People of Malta.* By William Eton, Esq. &c. 8vo.

IF singular anomalies never fail to arrest our attention, Malta, which presents so many deviations from the common order of things, moral and physical, is surely calculated to excite curiosity and interest. In a political point of view, she has far stronger claims upon our notice. Every year, we might almost say every month, which has elapsed since the renewal of hostilities, has afforded additional proof of the advantage, or rather of the necessity of this island to Great Britain, so long as she shall wish to maintain her station, either as a belligerent or a commercial power in the Mediterranean; and we trust that by this time the *tenenda est Melita*, is become as favourite a political maxim with Englishmen as the *delenda est Carthago*, was with the Romans. But if time and experience have convinced us of the soundness of such a principle, those two great teachers, in shewing us the value of our prize, have also shewn us that the system upon which we have hitherto acted is not the best calculated for its preservation. We believe we speak the common opinion, in considering our policy in the government of our foreign possessions as defective; but whilst a modification of the present system, if a radical change cannot be effected, is become necessary in all, it is no where more imperiously called for than in Malta. Postponing those considerations, which are general to our colonial acquisitions, we shall examine such points as are peculiar to that island; and after observing, that we view the spirit of cabal, which has exhibited itself there, through no exaggerated medium, and that we hold the main pretensions of the malcontents to be not less unreasonable than their power is insufficient to enforce them, we are yet of opinion that the causes of this spirit of disaffection, however remote or indirect, clearly call for inquiry.

We are much mistaken if there be not more of mischief than is yet visible, and if the clamour of the few do not derive confidence from a general spirit of restlessness; which, if not soothed or repressed, may, at no great distance of time, ferment into faction more deep and dangerous than the present. Some general principles of government may be laid down, but very few indeed that are abstractedly applicable to all cases, and which do not require to be modified according to the genius of the people for whose benefit they are intended. To an inquiry therefore into what has led to the appearance of discontent, to which we have alluded; to a consideration of the remedies which may be most capable of arresting its growth; in short, to any discussion of the present political state of Malta, we must bring a sufficient acquaintance with its former circumstances, and above all a knowledge of the genius and manners of its inhabitants. If therefore in the general view which we shall take of the island and things relating to it, we should enter somewhat into detail on this head, or dwell on traits which to some may appear trifling or perhaps ridiculous, we shall answer, that not only such an assemblage of features is absolutely necessary towards forming a fair picture of national character, either in a philosophical or political consideration of the subject, but that, in the latter point of view, such peculiarities are even sometimes individually of much more importance than the world might at first sight be disposed to admit.

Few, unfortunately very few and insufficient, are the sources from which we can hope to derive the information on the various heads under which Malta and its sister islands merit investigation; and we have selected the books before us, rather as a specimen of the class of works to which we would recur, than because they have fulfilled our expectations. The first, however, which is a succinct compilation from older authors, though superficial, contains some account of old Malta, and as full a description of its antiquities as will satisfy any but the professed antiquary. The second is passable as far as it goes, and though the author's place of superintendant of the Botanic garden in La Valletta is, necessarily, as nearly a sinecure as that of riding-master to the doge of Venice; he shews acquaintance with the state of cultivation, such as it is, and in proposing plans for its improvement, has interspersed his essay with some notices respecting the habits and character of the peasantry. The third, though its professions are not very large, amongst other things, (though the author seems to have forgotten his engagement,) undertakes to treat of manners. He has however failed not more egregiously in this than all other parts of his work; some of which, we will not say his supposed education, but mere common sense



sense and common observation would have been competent to execute with success. Those who have passed a winter in Malta, may judge of the accuracy of his notices on climate, by his remark on the rarity of rain during that season: those who have never travelled but on maps, will duly estimate his geographical information by his assertion, that Lisbon and Naples are the two most southerly parts of Europe; and an idea of the profundity and truth of his medical observations may be formed from his dictum, that *society is of benefit to the invalid from its promotion of the cutaneous perspiration*. For the stile, or rather idiom, it would shock 'brass-visaged barbarism' himself. But enough of the doctor!

We pass to the work of Mr. Eton, formerly superintendent-general of the quarantine department in Malta; and if we could draw an omen from the title of the book, or the name and station of the author, this would be a happy ascent in the scale of publications, which we have chosen as subjects of review: but a strange fatality (may we escape its influence!) hangs over this subject; and Mr. Eton has disappointed us equally with the rest. His title is a mere cloak; as his book is a masked battery against the present form of government established in Malta, mounted with an old, rusty, unserviceable, and ill-directed artillery which, if it has not been shaken to pieces by its own fire, may be dismounted by a single hostile discharge. If the first works on which we have commented, were other than what they are, and if there was any thing like a redemption of the promise of his title-page, or candour or consistency in the publication of Mr. Eton, our task would be more simple than it unfortunately is; but insufficient or vicious in various respects as are these different volumes, we see no means of disentangling, or of eking out the perplexed and broken web which lies before us. We are therefore reduced to the necessity of spinning one of our own, making use of such of their materials as we think applicable to our purpose, or giving our reasons for rejecting them where the case appears to require it.

In no country in Europe did the yoke of authority press so grievously as in Malta: a domineering system of policy was the only principle of government with the order of St. John, nor was the systematic rigor to which they were subjected the principal evil which her inhabitants had to endure; they had to bear with the more offensive profligacy and insolence of the individuals who composed it. Next in rank to these were the marquisses, counts, and barons, who for the greater part, we believe, derived, and often purchased, their honours from the grand master. Their nobility was in truth little more than titular, they were treated with no consideration by the knights, and consequently were little respected by the people. There was little commerce, and almost every path

leading to wealth and honour was closed against the natives; in short, to apply to Malta the strong and comprehensive words of a modern writer, *tout y étoit instrument ou poussière*. Menaced by France, and unable, from the failure and bad administration of their revenues, to maintain an adequate force for their defence, the order feared to accept the voluntary offers of the inhabitants, which might, at least, have presented a barrier to the danger of the moment. When these, who had only submitted from necessity, rose upon their oppressors, the knights were out of the question, and the nobles and, speaking by comparison, the rich, either observed a timid neutrality or, in some few instances, adhered to the enemy. A new race started into consideration, men, in whom native sense and courage, in a great degree, supplied the place of wealth, rank, or education, and who found their proper level in the disturbed circumstances of the times. Some of these leaders were doubtless not influenced by the purest motives, and some had first courted the favour of the French, who afterwards lined the ranks, or directed the hostility of the insurgents.

After the triumph of the Maltese and the establishment of a British government in the island, all, if we except one short interruption of tranquillity, for a while went well. Then came the peace of Amiens, in which England pledged herself to the restoration of the knights of St. John, and in remodelling this order, the vital principle of which was purity of descent, the paramount duties of which were the exercise of charity, and christian devotion unto death, the first exemplified by service in the receptacles of the poor and sick, the second by sea and land against the unbelievers,—in recasting a body, the members of which were sworn to defend their posts under every extremity of suffering and danger—projected to reconstruct it with the remnants of a perjured chivalry, to piece it by the insertion of purchased nobility, to prop it by the conclusion of a peace with the infidels, and to maintain it by the robbery of hospitals and almshouses. If the Maltese did not see the folly, they at least saw the injustice of this stipulation; they execrated the memory of the knights, who had oppressed and who had betrayed them: if they were in a great degree indebted to England for their former deliverance, they were obliged to her only as an ally, who, in blockading their enemies by sea, and furnishing them with a few auxiliary troops, furthered her proper interests, and they conceived themselves principally indebted to their own arms for their deliverance. They had willingly bestowed their island upon the king of England, but in so doing they had given him no power to convey it to another; if he declined it, the sovereignty justly reverted to themselves. Such points they pressed upon our government, backed by

by many other arguments and assertions, and if some of these were futile or fantastic, and such some certainly were, others were irrefragable. Amongst other things they cited the instrument by which Charles V. as king of the Sicilies, made over the *dominium utile* of Malta, to the knights of St. John, with the express reservation, that if they abandoned the government, it should revert to the crown from which it had been dismembered. Hence they justly concluded, that if considerations of right were to decide the question, the island was either the king of Sicily's or their own; the king of Sicily's, in virtue of the instrument of cession, or their own by the title of conquest. They gained little by this logical appeal to the English cabinet, beyond the satisfaction of impaling the minister on one of the horns of their dilemma. While he, however, was sprawling upon the stake, the British nation, if not informed, or not sensible of the claims of justice, slowly awakened to more interested considerations, and Malta was delivered from the terror of her knights, and of the French. Unfortunately, however, it required little shrewdness on her part, to perceive that England had played a most unworthy part, and that her conduct was a fearful omen of what might be expected from her, on any future occasion, when interest and policy were not, as well as honour, arrayed on the same side of the question. If any thing, however, could have appeased the resentment of the Maltese, though it could not remove their fears, it would have been the conduct of the English governor, or, to speak more correctly, the English civil commissioner, Sir Alexander Ball. The mildness of his really paternal sway formed a striking contrast to the tyranny of their former masters, and other things tended to second its natural effects. Protection from the piracies of the Barbary states, the erection of La Valletta into a free port, and the consequent influx of English capital, had opened sources of wealth of which the Maltese, who appear to have a natural disposition to commerce, availed themselves with remarkable industry and success. All again appeared to promise quiet and content: but the calm was of short duration.

Many various and unconnected causes led to new dissatisfaction. Nothing could make a stronger first impression than the conduct of Sir Alexander Ball. It was the stronger, from a conviction of the sincerity of the man, and *il suo diletto popolo Maltese*, so constantly in his mouth, for a long while lost little effect from repetition, because it was known to come from his heart. Moreover, his indulgence was never capricious, because it was not formed on a false estimate of the character of the people. He knew them well, their defects as well as their merits; and, as far as his policy extended, managed them with equal sagacity and discretion. But though not capricious, it was excessive; and concilia-

liation has its limits. The gentleness of his nature would not allow him to temper his system with harsher yet salutary ingredients, and he could not, or he would not, believe that, were an option necessary between the two great principles of fear and love, the former, inasmuch as its impressions are more lively as well as more lasting, is the more powerful engine of government. Hence though he outlived not the love of the people at large, the latter period of his life was harassed by factions which we believe he possessed sufficient authority to have crushed. The Maltese had been long kept under by hard treatment and hunger. They were of a sudden pampered and released from restraint; it is not wonderful that, like other wild animals, they should abuse the blessings which were new to them. There is nothing more striking to an Englishman than the hourly exhibition of this spirit. The same men who dared not pass the large space before the Grand Master's palace but cap in hand, will not now shew those ordinary tokens of respect which are cheerfully paid to sex and station by ourselves. The manner in which this humour exhibits itself is sometimes offensive, and sometimes sufficiently amusing. A porter will jostle you in the street; nobody will ever make way for you. A hackneyman or boatman will, perhaps, if you accept his terms, clap you on the back, and cry *burvo!* or, if you reject them, motion you from him with the addition of 'Shove off, John, or Mary,' according to the sex of the party with whom he is in treaty. In short, these people are precisely like those upstarts in society who mistake rudeness for ease, and consider impertinence but as a proper assertion of independence.

But if some bad effects sprang out of good, others proceeded from a more natural source. The Maltese law, which had, perhaps, been sufficient to the purposes of justice in a simpler state of society, was soon found to be inadequate to the new order of things. The complicated relations of commerce required a system more certain in its principles and more expeditious in its proceedings. Sir Alexander Ball doubtless thought that his abolition of a court, which cut off one stage of appeals, previous to arriving at the last resort, would conduce to the last mentioned object; but where there was a suspicion of corruption, and the persuasion, how justly founded we know not, certainly exists in Malta, it may be questioned whether such a reduction might not really remove one of the barriers which opposed it. At any rate, it was not calculated to efface the belief; a belief originating, perhaps, not more in the inconsistency of their decisions than in the deplorable poverty of the judges.

Nor was this poverty the fate of those magistrates alone. Great as was the influx of wealth, it was not every one who could be benefited

fited by it; to those who were not, it was injurious; and they, whose property was unimprovable, suffered not less in reality than by contrast. In many instances, too, owing to particular local circumstances, the price of things rose beyond all just proportion to the augmented value of money. Such was the case with respect to houses: this necessarily pressed severely upon the poor, who, as it is the nature of man to contemplate his situation on the most unfavorable side, did not probably consider that they were indemnified in the increased stipend of labour, which is better paid in Malta than in Great Britain. Another evil which bore hard upon a very extensive and respectable class, we mean the middle order of society, was the rise of wages amongst the women servants, which, from the great concourse of English settlers, rose to a sudden and unnatural pitch. This has driven the natives to a singular expedient, that of importing black female slaves from the opposite coast of Africa. We know not whether the introduction of these be clandestine, or whether slavery be a *status* acknowledged by the law of the island; whether it be or not, however, the sanction of it (if it ever were allowed) must have been done away by the acts of the British legislature, and we conclude, therefore, that such a traffic must be contraband, and that slaves thus imported might vindicate their liberty by an appeal to justice. To return from this short digression: by no class of people were the evils we have mentioned more severely felt than by the public functionaries of every description, whose miserable salaries, contemptible as they now appeared, had been formerly better proportioned to the relative value of money. It was difficult to apply a remedy to this evil. Malta furnished scarcely any revenue, but was, on the contrary, a source of large expenditure to Great Britain. Her governor could hardly, under such circumstances, apply at home for assistance, or, if he did, it is natural enough that it should have been refused. It would indeed have been easy to raise a revenue infinitely more than sufficient to such purposes, we believe adequate to the maintenance of the colony, from the island itself; not by internal taxes never levied by their former masters, but by duties imposed upon commerce: this, however, was not done, though the boon was our own, and we had a right to attach to it what conditions we pleased. As to the prudence of the measure, we need only cite the example of the Ionian islands, where the success of the experiment fully justifies what we have conjectured would have been its effect, if adopted in Malta. All the native officers of the colony were consequently left in a state of distress, which, if it did not alienate them from their attachment to England, was not likely to dispose them towards her interests; or, (if their sense of duty was proof against such a trial,) at least, left them little influence or

means to support them. Add to this, some of the lordlings of the isle, though they had deserved nothing of us or of their fellow citizens, probably thought they had a sufficient title to consideration in their nobility; and of those who had a better plea in their services during the blockade, some may have been, in point of morals as well as talents, unfit for situations of civil trust. At any rate, it was difficult for the English governor to reward this class according to his estimate of their deserts, impossible according to their own.

Such were the causes which, directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately, contributed to the fermentation which followed. But this was only a general spirit of restlessness; the majority were like children who cry for something but know not for what. Out of the mass, however, started a party, not indeed formidable either in its composition or its numbers, but whose objects were more defined, and whose aims were more dangerous. These, unpractised in the chace which they were engaged in, were not long at a loss for instruction. They were cheered in the pursuit, if not laid on, by an English huntsman, in the shape of Mr. Eton; and if they did not evince much sagacity in unravelling the scent, it must be allowed that they approved themselves true *southern hounds* in their clamour, and that a louder (we cannot say

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‘ a cry more tuneable),  
Was never halloo’d to or cheer’d with horn.’

All nations, from the Chippeways, who believed that their ancestors lived till their teeth were worn out with eating, to the Maltese, who fancy that they were once free, rich, and civilized, have an ideal golden age: it would be as difficult for the latter as for the former to assign its date. The first assertion of their great national rights was, however, made in the memorial on the peace, parts of which we have so lately discussed. In this, we are informed, amongst other things, that they *had been the free allies, and not the subjects, of Sicily, and that they had elected their own suzerains!!! &c. &c. &c. &c.* Notwithstanding, however, all the rusty rubbish in which they had raked for somewhat whereon to re-erect their supposed rights, amongst all the frivolous matter which they triumphantly fished up and most perversely misapplied, the grand piece of mummery, brought forwards with such pomp and circumstance, (and this is a fact well worthy of remark,) was as yet unproduced. This was an afterthought, when that spirit had been raised, the causes of which we have endeavoured to trace.

There existed formerly in the island a body denominated the *concilio pubblico*, or *popolare*, or, as is stated by the Maltese, sometimes designated as the *concilio della città*. This corporation was dissolved by the grand master in 1775, and all that is known of its functions



functions is, that they had been, as far as modern history or tradition extends, administrative. This council was, however, now armed with legislative powers by the patriots, who called aloud for the re-erection of the idol, whom they had vested with such imaginary virtues. According to our view of this subject, the question respecting the rights of this assembly might be dismissed as irrelevant to the points which are at issue. Granted, that the Maltese, as they assert, received us upon condition that we preserved to them their privileges; what could such a stipulation, or such a presumption, mean, but privileges either clearly defined, or lately held and enjoyed? To illustrate the case by the first instance, and certainly it is a fair parallel, which occurs to us;—let us suppose that several years after the Norman conquest, and before the establishment of parliaments, the throne of England had been by any means vacated, and a king of Denmark installed in the empty seat, upon the same terms on which, as it is affirmed, our own sovereign was received by the Maltese,—could his new subjects, under the plea of having had assurance of the guarantee of privileges, have pretended to the restoration of the wittenagemot? Notwithstanding, however, the light in which we view the subject, namely, that though the political speculators of Malta could make good their assertions, they are still but where they were in the argument respecting their pretensions, these pretensions we are ready to discuss; not in the perverse love of pursuing any unprofitable argument, but with the desire to detect imposture and to disabuse those who have been its dupes. We have already stated that the *concilio popolare* was an after-thought, or an after-discovery of the Maltese. Mr. Eton, however, (for he cannot saddle his battering-ram, the happily yclept Marquis *Testa ferrata*, or any other of his instruments, with *this* discovery,) has found out that it was re-erected by the Maltese, immediately upon their rising in arms against their oppressors; and he has recognized the features, and traced the character of the deceased, in a committee, similar to those of our late volunteer corps, created by the insurgents, in control of their chiefs, and afterwards, for their notorious misconduct, most deservedly dissolved. From this his first introduction of the subject, we are constantly revisited by the phantoms of this council and the liberties of the Maltese. We can compare these to nothing better than to Panurge's quit-rents of periwinkle and cockle-shells, not only as alike in point of insubstantiality but as being pressed upon us with the same perversely ingenious perseverance and artifice. Now absolutely affirmed, now incidentally mentioned, now referred to as things recognized, they are overlaid with such a mass of circumstance, that we are all but bored and bewildered into belief. But whoever will turn to Mr. Eton's book and take the trouble of shovelling away

away the lumber which is spread over the supposed foundations of all these privileges and pre-eminences, will find the whole fabric baseless, and his assertions utterly unpropped by the documents which he has so boldly and ostentatiously produced.

It is however in Part III. after having 'long preluded to the fray,' that he has mustered the assertions of the patriots in regular order of battle, with the said documents marshalled in the rear. The object of this memoir, which purports to be a translation, is to establish the great antiquity of the predicated Maltese liberties, as well as of this *concilio popolare*. In proof of this, besides more statements, to which we have before alluded, as produced in other papers, we are presented with accounts of concessions made in favour of these islanders, and more particularly with the precise words of an instrument of a Sicilian king, justifying them in the resistance they might make to a lord imposed upon them by the crown of Sicily. History tells us, (and with this the documents are by no means at variance,) that Malta was conquered by Roger, king of Sicily, and soon afterwards erected into a fief. After a succession of lords, the inhabitants, wearied with the change of masters, and disliking the individuals upon whom this island was conferred, did at different times purchase their redemption, and obtain the strongest assurances that they should not again be separated from the possession of the crown. But, as it will always happen, when the weak stipulate with the strong, faith was ill observed with them; they continued to be, as it suited the views of the court of Sicily, transferred from master to master, and at last willingly and joyfully acquiesced (for they testified their feelings in a most substantial manner) in the transfer of Malta by the Emperor Charles V. to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Now, supposing the flattering turn given to these transactions in Mr. Eton's book were perfectly just, we would simply ask these patriots, or their advocate, what their *Magna Charta*, as they phrase it, tends to establish. The permission given to them by one of their kings to resist any infraction of their purchased rights, may by them be considered as a monument of national honour, and however little value an Englishman may set on trophies obtained by gold, however little credit he may attach to their ancestors for not having used the privilege of resistance which they had purchased so dearly, we will still consider it, if they please, as an honourable achievement. But, at the best, this is all that can be said for it. The rights which the Maltese had purchased were necessarily merged in their voluntary submission to the knights of St. John; and this, though Mr. Eton has in one place declaimed on the injustice of Charles V.

is confessed in another division of his work: in that transfer they were buried.

But from this era they begin a fresh score; and first we are told, that a general guarantee to the inhabitants of their privileges on occasion of this transfer, and the oath, equally general in its terms, taken by the grand masters to maintain them, prove the existence of these so often presumed rights; and secondly, we are desired to believe that he was only first minister of the island, with limited and responsible authority. As to the latter ridiculous assertion, we shall refer the reader to the instrument of cession by Charles V. Ciantar, lib. ii. not. xiv. With respect to the guarantee of rights, and the oath taken to observe them, we shall only remark, that we are not at all disposed to deny that the Maltese enjoyed certain privileges not necessarily vacated by the transfer, some of which are sufficiently established by the documents before us, but it does require either a most singular degree of stupidity, or of effrontery, to contend from thence that such were popular. The most despotic sovereign in the world swears to preserve the rights of his people. Let the Maltese shew a specification of their rights, and evidence of their *concilio popolare*. In the mean time, they may continue to proclaim the first and to dress the latter with what authority they please; they may devote pages (see Eton, Part III.) to an account of its composition, and to a definition of its powers, but all this is as ridiculous as the pompous opening speech of an advocate who has not an evidence to call in support of the allegations of his brief. One only sentence (these documents, it is to be observed, are generally extracts) can be adduced as containing any thing like a presumption of the council ever having exercised legislative powers. (p. 116) viz. 'That the jurats and the captain of the city shall be obliged to execute and obey all the resolutions of the deliberations of the council.' But independently of the loose and general mode in which obedience is usually prescribed, even when it is meant to be limited, another paragraph in the same paper teaches how this ought to be interpreted, for it vests a particular power in the council, expressly subject to the approval of this very captain, who is, in the article before quoted, ordered to execute and obey all their resolutions!! We would recommend to the Maltese, the next time they present us with garbled papers, to compare with better caution the ill assorted pieces out of which they seek to make a whole. The paper, moreover, from which this article is selected, if it were not so harmless, would be singularly suspicious. It has neither description nor title. It begins thus: 'And the 22d of February, 1458, on the application of the noble Piero di Mazzara, royal knight, and Antonio Falzone, ambassadors, King Alphonso granted, &c.' The whole series is curiously entitled,

titled, 'A note of the contents of diplomas of the sovereigns, *suzerains* of Malta, containing concessions and conventions relative to the rights and privileges of the people of the islands of Malta and Gozo.' Garbled as these papers are, a fact which appears upon the face of them, they are also very doubtfully authenticated, having been produced before a single notary public by three jurats, in the year 1721, a period, which did not long precede an open conspiracy against the order.

Such are the foundations on which rests the supposed authority of the *concilio popolare*. Nothing, like what the Maltese have asserted, is to be discovered, neither *totidem verbis*, *totidem syllabis*, nor *totidem literis*. But forsooth, there are yet other important documents in the possession of certain families of the island, copies of which are preserved in the archives of Palermo. Need we here cite the old conclusion, passed into an adage, respecting things non-existent and non-apparent? We might, however, go farther: we understand that a Sicilian advocate of high character, for probity and talents, was employed to rummage for these supposed palladia of Maltese freedom, and we have been assured, that the result of his laborious researches was, that there existed no evidence whatever of the council having exercised the functions which the patriots had attributed to it, and that its duty appeared to have been limited to the regulation of the supply of grain. What seems to confirm this, is an article amongst the documents produced in Part III. of Mr. Eton, which we have before referred to, as requiring the sanction of the captain of the city, and, we might have added, his judges. This article empowers the council, conjointly with the jurats, and with the sanction of the before named officers, as *representing the suzerain*, to oblige the rich to lend money for the purchase of corn in cases of necessity. This, however, is totally unnecessary to our argument; the *onus probandi* lies with the malcontents, and we have seen what precious lights they have struck out from the hopeless mass upon which they have so long been hammering. Yet such was the *ignis fatuus* hailed by the patriots as the day-star of liberty to Malta.

Others there were, however, who, agreeing with them in opinion as to the supposed evils existing in the constitution of these islands, looked to a different remedy; though we know not that their opinions, thrown out generally indeed in the memoir on the peace, have ever been embodied and embattled like those of the persons whom we have just dismissed from the scene. These ran wild upon another project, about liberty of the press, trial by jury, &c.

It is obvious that some of the evils which we have mentioned as the certain or probable causes of the spirit of disaffection, which

which we have described, are to be cured by time alone; there are others which, not containing the *vis medicatrix nature* in themselves, require the healing hand of authority. We have the satisfaction of knowing that this has already, in one instance, been applied, that the present governor has begun to make the island contribute to its own support, and that he is proportionably augmenting the salaries of the public functionaries. Will it be believed, (we know not if it has lately been increased,) that the income of a Maltese judge, in a country where every thing is dear as in England, only a few months ago did not exceed the annual sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, and that during the government of Sir Alexander Ball the yearly revenue of the islands of Malta and Gozo did not amount to more than forty thousand? We sincerely hope that General Oakes will not desist from his purpose till he has made the revenue meet every expense of the establishment. We are well aware that the imposition of duties which ought to have been levied at first will come with an ill grace after so long an exemption from all fiscal regulation; but if we hope to retain our colonies, we must make them contribute to their own support and defence, a consideration, which, if any argument can in such a case have weight; cannot be utterly unavailing with the Maltese. The population at large pay scarcely any thing to the state, and very little to the church; unless their piety should prompt them to voluntary contribution. They will be only remotely and indirectly affected by the levy of duties upon trade, and men so little instructed are not likely, with the exception of the merchants, to clamour against, or even to foresee the consequential effects of such a measure. As to its justice there cannot be a doubt; we think there is as little question as to its policy, and certainly there is nobody better qualified to bring it to a conclusion than he who has begun it. Attention to the duties of his charge, firmness, tempered with great suavity of manners; that regularity of life, which conciliates respect amongst all nations, and a splendid hospitality, to which it is impossible that his very limited official appointments can be adequate, have all united to secure that authority and influence to the present governor, which mere rank and station can of themselves never obtain. He has moreover, in assistance of his own judgment, certainly fully sufficient to his situation, an able assistant in Mr. Fyers, and a safe counsellor in the Reverend Mr. Laing, the secretary and friend of Sir Alexander Ball. We trust we are not mistaken in believing that his views are directed farther than they have hitherto reached.

We do also entertain the fervent hope that he is equally convinced of the absolute necessity of reform in the administration of civil

civil and criminal justice. The Maltese law is contained in the code of Rohan, which derives its title from the grand master by whose order it was compiled; cases not provided for by this digest, or after-additions to it, (for Mr. Eton informs us some have been made since these islands came into our possession,) are determined upon the principles of the Roman law, upon which it is itself founded. It would be very unnecessary to enlarge upon the evils of this system in a country, the only one in Europe, which in very early times rejected it with indignation, and which every day witnesses its inconveniences in a kindred part of its dominions. Yet some remarks are necessary upon its effects as visible in the Maltese islands. In no country is its meddling spirit more deeply felt. There is no disposition of property, there is no agreement between buyer and seller, between landlord and tenant, in short, between man and man, which is safe from its interference. Those who think this an exaggerated statement may find a confirmation of the truth in the transactions which have taken place in La Valletta, on the part of the navy and victualling boards, and we can assert with safety, that the English naval commissioner, backed by all the legal assistance he can command, finds it impossible to word a contract which the Maltese courts will not vacate upon some frivolous pretence of equity, however apparently indissoluble may be its conditions.

If such is the character of their civil, equally miserable is that of their criminal justice. We pass by the censures so justly bestowed upon the slowness and general inefficiency of its modes of proceeding; we are content to rest its merits upon the principle of its decisions, and of these a case, which occurred during the winter of 1812, will furnish a sufficient illustration. A man was indicted for administering poison which was followed by death. The evidence amounted perhaps to a moral conviction of his guilt; but there was a deficiency in the chain of proofs, which the prisoner's advocate, an able and eloquent lawyer, very acutely exposed. What was to be done? It was not decent to hang him, and it was not right to acquit him. The judges compromised the difficulty, (do not let the reader imagine it was a commutation of punishment after the establishment of crime,) by banishing the man, whom they believed guilty, but whom they could not legally convict. This extraordinary decision was founded upon a case, recorded in the proceedings of the parliament of Catalonia, cited in confirmation of the sentence. Distinctions were drawn, at the time, respecting the difference of a person acquitted through some accidental defect of evidence, and one absolved as *scevro d'ogni taccia*. Much sophistry was also vented respecting the scandal of suffering a culprit to return into the bosom of society, to which, though it could not formally



mally be brought home to him, his crime was notorious. What must be the spirit of a system which defends itself by such arguments! We may go farther, and exclaim what must be the effect of such a system, not only on those whom it directly reaches, but on the whole class of society at large, whom it teaches in every instance to frame their conduct to the supposed exigence or convenience of the moment, rather than to those general principles of action, which are the only basis of justice, morality and religion!

We are aware of the difficulty of introducing amendment in so sickly a body as the jurisprudence of Malta; but the wisdom of the physician was never questioned for risking somewhat where the malady was desperate, and we know that in the present instance it is scarcely possible to apply a cure which shall be worse than the disease. It is not, however, our wish that such a recipe should be resorted to as, in the opinion of our countrymen in Malta, can alone be successful. What is nutriment to a sound, is poison to a diseased constitution, and it will be long ere she will be prepared to receive that best of benefits—the English law. In this, as well as other cases, the habits of the patient must be considered, and to those habits must be adapted the system of cure. Such caution is doubtless necessary; but if we continue to confound caution with delay, it is a question whether we shall not be forced upon more perilous experiments. ‘So long as justice is impartially administered,’ says even Mr. Eton, ‘the common people will generally remain quiet;’ but what people will long submit to a system so radically vicious, that we believe any man of common understanding and experience in the judicial proceedings of Malta would, with the conviction that the right was with him, as soon submit his cause to the hazard of the die as to the decision of the ordinary tribunals of La Valletta?

We shall now venture to suggest two means of giving influence to our government in these islands, the first of which, we believe, would bring an accession of moral, as well as physical strength to the English interests. The works of Malta, the excellence of which is in most instances so justly vaunted, are in some respects extremely defective. The Cottonera lines, designed only as a receptacle for the peasantry and cattle, in the event of Turkish invasion, afford but a feeble defence against the more dangerous arts of European warfare. They are, moreover, commanded by a neighbouring hill, which consequently must, in case of danger, either be raised, or converted into a military position. But the great evil of these fortifications is their extent. In the opinion of experienced officers, thirty thousand men would be required for their full occupation; say that fifteen thousand would be sufficient for effective defence. Our garrison ordinarily consists, and it is quite as much as we can spare, of about five thousand. There are also, exclusive

exclusive of a small corps of coast-artillery, two battalions of native infantry, which may amount to one thousand men. One of these is tolerably effective, the second is no better than an armed police. Now the population of the islands consists, according to the most probable estimates, of ninety-six thousand souls, having increased nearly a fourth, since they came into our possession. What prevents our raising from this a militia adequate to the necessity of the case? A very little instruction, and therefore a very small expense, would fit them for the execution of the duties required in a siege, and the numberless holidays observed in catholic countries would afford an opportunity for their assembly and exercise. Upon our system of colonial policy something must be trusted to the inhabitants of our settlements, and we believe no where could such confidence be more safely reposed than in the lower orders of the Maltese. It would flatter their *amour propre*, always a characteristic feature in the natives of petty states, and would be hailed by them as a sort of security against a return of their enemies. Should, however, such a scheme, if executed on a large scale, appear to be attended with risk, it might be discreetly modified so as to preclude the possibility of danger; a certain number only might be disciplined, and the great body of those required merely inrolled, and distributed under officers worthy of their trust. The advantages of such an arrangement are too obvious to require illustration.

Our second proposal will probably appear to others, as well as ourselves, utterly free from any possible difficulty or danger. One of the many causes which have retarded the civilization of these islands, is their language. This is Arabic, a tongue which promises no great sources of information; but even these, such as they are, are sealed to the Maltese; for they have never adopted its original characters, or established by convention an alphabet of their own. One has indeed been proposed in a dictionary lately published; but their preachers still continue to compose in Italian, and from the pulpit, translate their sermons, as they read, into the vernacular tongue. The former language, though incorrectly spoken, has made considerable progress in the towns; the English, however, is beginning to diffuse itself, and, if we may believe the assertions of a native, well informed on such subjects, it has gained a footing in the country which the Italian, so long the *lingua aulica* of Malta, has never been able to obtain. One great encouragement to the study of our language is the singular facility with which the natives of these islands, from their organs having been disciplined to every possible inflection of sound in their own, acquire its pronunciation. From the mode in which they receive their knowledge, and the habits of their instructors, it is not wonderful that they should fall into some whimsical singularities of idiom; but many of the lower ranks

ranks express themselves fluently, and all with very little impropriety of accent. Why not attempt to further the natural progress of things? It is surely unnecessary to enter upon a detail of the advantages which the establishment of English, as a national language, would produce, and a waste of words to prove how much it must tend to an identification of the inhabitants with their fellow-subjects. The useful discoveries of the present day furnish the means. The systems of Bell or Lancaster are well known to foreigners under another name; and the Neapolitan government some time ago established a school for Italian upon these principles in Palermo, which has answered the fullest expectation of its founders. The numbers and poverty of the Maltese clergy would furnish a cheap class of instructors: the youth, who are generally the worst provided, would eagerly embrace such a means of profit, however scanty, and would easily qualify themselves for their task. A Maltese advocate is at present not amongst the least respectable of the pleaders in the Admiralty Court of La Valletta, and we feel persuaded that, were this system adopted, the English would in a few years utterly supplant every other dialect spoken in the island. An uncommon portion of shrewdness, and a frugality, or rather dirty parsimony, unexampled in any other people, peculiarly fit the Maltese for commercial pursuits, and explain the cause of the marvellous accumulation of riches by men, totally without capital, who have laid the foundation of their fortunes in these two qualities alone. With this singular people, education is a key which can unlock treasures, and, as such, would be hailed with a gratitude proportioned to their sense of the benefit received.

Such are the measures which strike us as most likely to meet the evils which threaten the stability of our government in Malta; but there is one preliminary step which can alone give force and consistency to any change of system, on whatever principle it may be founded: we must do away the farce of a provisional administration; we must at once give confidence to our friends and take all hope from our enemies, by annexing this settlement to the empire of Great Britain. No objection ought to come, or will come, from the majority of the inhabitants who, like fatherless children, will gratefully receive our adoption. Does the measure hang upon difficulties with respect to the public law of Europe? After the events of the last few years; after the violence this code has suffered from France, and, in necessary retaliation on the enemy, from ourselves, what is such a pretended scruple but a cloak for cowardice or sloth? We believe, indeed, that more will be inclined to censure our suggestions as deficient in energy than to tax them with the opposite error. But those who would play a bolder game, must recollect that this is not an abstract discussion

of the colonial policy of Great Britain, it is not a question whether a better general system might or might not be substituted for the present; but how Malta may be best governed according to the existing order of things. To such who on the other hand may think, that what is sought by the patriots, though it cannot be pretended to as a right, might wisely be conceded as a grace—to such amongst these as will not shut their eyes against the light of history, and the experience of their own times, we reply, that putting out of the question all other considerations, the Maltese are yet far, very far from that point of civilization when such concessions could be considered as a benefit. The reader, who has not already arrived at this conclusion, will scarcely fail to acknowledge its truth, in the course of the perusal of some notices which we shall now throw together upon the national character.

The two most odious points in this are the passion of vengeance, and what we have already touched upon, an excessive sordidness of disposition. To these might be added, most overweening pride and self-conceit. Lord Bacon has designated revenge as a kind of wild justice: it is common to all barbarians, and people living under a defective system of justice. The second vice is more peculiarly their own; it pervades all ranks, exhibits itself in every money transaction, and is not more visible in the petty thefts of the servant, than in the dirty spirit of speculation in the public functionary, which he qualifies with the gentle term of *ingegnarsi*. For the third failing, if it is not so general in the higher classes, it meets you at every turn amongst the lower.

Into the opposite scale must be cast piety, chastity, sobriety, all the family affections, fidelity, courage, and industry. In Malta, the usual effect of a hot climate in disposing to indolence has been counteracted by peculiar circumstances; and the scantiness of the soil *et duris urgens in rebus egestas* have infused into these islanders a portion of energy and activity not to be surpassed by that of the inhabitants of our more northern regions. On horseback they are strong and courageous as ourselves; in the management of their own vessels they are admirable; in the use of the oar they are undoubtedly our superiors: the inhabitants of the coast may almost be considered as amphibious, and the address of the boys on the *marina* of La Valletta in recovering a small piece of money from the bottom of the harbour, is amongst the first striking circumstances which arrest the attention of a stranger. An Englishman sees with wonder the driver of his *calesse*, during the most oppressive days of summer, running by the side of his horse for miles together, and keeping up with him, whatever may be his pace; and, with respect to the peasantry, a singular picture of their industry and temperance may be found in the Essay of the Padre Carlo.

Correspondent

Correspondent in appearance to the vigour with which they are animated are the figure and limbs of the Maltese. Strongly resembling the remains of Greek sculpture, they afford a singular confirmation of the propriety of that model which the ancients adopted as the scheme of perfection, with respect to strength and beauty, in the human frame. The face, however, bears no resemblance to the models of classical antiquity. The hair is coarse and bushy, the complexion swarthy, the features rude; and, with a certain expression of good-humour, is mixed that look of cunning which never fails to distinguish the barbarian.

Of the good qualities, which we have ascribed to these people, we think few will be called in question; their social affections, their devotion and their sobriety are universally admitted; and though the chastity of their women has been disputed by those considered as the best qualified to decide upon the fact, we believe that their experience has not extended beyond the limited sphere of corruption which emanated from the knights, and which, for a time, survived the extinction of the order.

The bravery and fidelity of the people are best attested by their conduct during the blockade of the French in La Valletta; and an occurrence which happened during this warfare, will illustrate, in singular contrast, two of the qualities we have attributed to them, namely, their vindictive spirit and their devout, though blind, obedience to their religion. A party had surprized and massacred some Frenchmen, and were about to glut their vengeance with devouring the hearts of their victims, when one of the number observing that it was Friday, they unanimously desisted from their intention, and reserved the forbidden viands till they could eat meat without offending against the precepts of their church. Nor did their purpose cool by delay; they did actually re-assemble and consummate the monstrous feast.

It is not, however, always striking virtues and vices which best determine the scale of civilization at which a people are arrived; traits of character, less important in themselves, often furnish a nicer criterion. The most remarkable among those which distinguish the Maltese, is exhibited in the supposed disease of the *scanto*, and its remedy; a folly which appears to be derived from their Sicilian neighbours. This is a violent panic terror, which, if it does not slay the patient outright, occasions a prostration of strength and spirits which yields only to some medicine, at once whimsical and strange, and the virtue of which consists, of course, in the confidence which it excites. But the Maltese refine upon the Sicilian mode of treatment. Their most approved prescription is a broth composed of puppies, put alive into the pot. The magic of this recipe consists in the sufferer's remaining ignorant of its composition,

tion, and in the consequent disgust which follows an exhibition of the dripping soup-meat. This is supposed to occasion a sudden re-action of the spirits, and the first idea so painfully fixed on the mind of the patient yields to the surprise of a yet more disagreeable impression.

If this disease be confined to the vulgar, the higher classes have their corresponding extravagance. This is what they term a *disgusto*, and may be rendered by the English word mortification, which oftentimes disposes of the patient as effectually as the *scanto*. One of the remedies also for this disorder is the favourite puppy-broth; but here it is administered as a restorative.

Notwithstanding this morbid sensibility of mind, the disposition of the Maltese people is joyous in the extreme. There is, indeed, little society amongst the gentry; but many causes have co-operated to render them unsocial; ancient habits of seclusion under the government of the order, their wretched frugality, and the factions into which they are divided. The genuine character of a people is, however, rather to be sought, as longest preserved, amongst the inferior classes: and those of Malta, undivided by the various parties which have sprung up amongst the noble and the rich, indulge, where they can, in a frank festivity, of which the first subject of this review presents a spirited picture, in a description of the feast of St. Peter.

It is not an unusual condition in a marriage settlement that the husband shall be obliged to bring his wife to this festival; yet it rarely falls to the lot of the women to partake of similar gaieties: their ordinary dress, their looks, their motions, their whole demeanor bespeak habitual restraint. While the man, gaily attired in white cotton trowsers, and a jacket, covered with fillagree buttons of gold or silver, and sometimes of the most expensive workmanship, his waist girt with a crimson sash, and his head covered with a red cap, nearly similar in form to the Phrygian, walks, though generally barefoot, with an elastic step and an air of confidence; the female Maltese, clad in black, her head and person partially enveloped in a mantle of the same colour, is seen shuffling along with precisely that constrained and awkward gait which distinguishes the cast of English women, who inclose themselves in long cases like caddises. We may still detect strong traces of the Arabic modes of thinking of their ancestors, whose maxim was, according to the work lately quoted, 'that women should appear but twice in public, the day of their wedding and of their funeral.'

The ceremonies formerly observed on the two latter occasions will be found in this publication. There is something singular, but there is little of elegance in these, nor is there much of wildness or originality in their other ceremonies or superstitions. Some modes



modes of speech however might be cited, as remaining shreds of islamism; such is the caution used in the introduction of a pig into discourse, the mention of which is usually qualified with the apologetical phrase of '*parlando con rispetto.*' But their superstition is not less gross for having little that is peculiar or picturesque. It is but a few years ago that an almost universal tumult took place against the Jews, which was quieted, with great difficulty, by the singular address and influence of the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. This species of insurrection was precisely similar to those which have happened in Europe at different periods of the middle ages, and was founded upon the same extravagant pretext of the concealment and murder of Christian children. Their other prejudices have been as little softened by commerce: a Mussulman, discovered in a bye street of La Valletta, is sometimes mobbed with the most persevering malice; and woe to the unfortunate Ishmaelite, who, during the three last days of the carnival, is viewed by any of these most Christian revellers, at a distance from protection.

From the people we pass to the country they inhabit. Malta, and its sister islands, which are made first, as viewed from the sea, present a heavy, undulating outline; nor is there any thing in the whole face of the country which can be called pleasing or picturesque, till you open the harbour of La Valletta. Here indeed a scene bursts upon you equally beautiful and imposing. Two considerable inlets, the largest of which forms a most magnificent port, almost insulate the town, situated on a tongue of land, which rising inland from the sea, exhibits a series of fine buildings, towering one above the other, and crowned with some singular edifices, detached from the mass, which give a striking finish to the whole. Each side of the harbour is strongly fortified with batteries, that appear to grow out of the rock, of which they are composed. The south-east side, sufficiently covered with forts and houses, is defended by a triple tier of guns, suggesting an image of power, which works of the first order often fail to convey to an inexperienced eye. The great visible length of the harbour and its windings, which leave you in suspense as to its real limits, fill the mind with undetermined ideas of extent; and the quantity of shipping of various nations, of different forms, and bearing different flags, together with the crowds upon the Marina, gives gaiety and animation to a picture, which can hardly be paralleled in the world. Nor does the charm end on entering the town. The streets indeed are narrow, but amid the brilliancy of a southern sky, this does not occasion the gloom which renders such a mode of building disagreeable in England. The houses, which are built of stone, are flat roofed, for the purpose of preserving the rain water, on which the inhabitants principally depend, and have

most of them massive virandas glazed or latticed. There is indeed but one building which can pretend to any thing like regularity, but in no place is the triumph of the picturesque over the beautiful more decisive. Even the mixed character of the architecture of the palace, a union of the European and Saracenic, pleases, and appears justified by the doubtful position of Malta, as well as by the mixed groups of Mahometans and Christians who repose beneath its caves.

Perhaps the most striking thing to a foreigner, on first landing, is the uninterrupted din of bells, rattled with a perseverance which appears to exceed that of all other Catholic countries. If it happens to be a festival, it will require little stretch of imagination on his part to conceive himself disembarked upon the *Isle Sonnante*, and the idea may derive force from the swarms of many-coloured drones, whom he will see hived in their respective churches amidst this clatter of brass. These processions, however unpromising they may sound, and they are, with some few exceptions, to the full as dull and uninteresting as might be conceived, may fairly rank with the other amusements of La Valletta, with the single reservation of the Italian opera. This is maintained on a very respectable establishment both with respect to the performers and the orchestra; but the buffo style is the favourite of these islanders, who, like all the southern people, if they have not much taste for humour, have an infinite passion for buffoonery. An actor, the words and music of whose song would be nothing without his face, figure, and grimaces, will draw down thunders of applause, and, what is more extraordinary, will draw the purse-strings of the spectators. He sings in Italian, and dollars are tost upon the stage; he is encored, and recommences in Maltese, more dollars follow, and fresh encores. His last performance is in English, and whether it be from the contagion of taste or the pride of emulation, another volley of silver is showered upon him. The opera as well as a regular Italian theatre, which occupies its stage on alternate nights, lasts only a part of the year. The latter might be said to sound the very base string of comedy, if a company of English *dilettanti* actors had not contrived to reach a cherd below it. During the carnival, masqued balls are substituted for the opera, to which the proprietors of the boxes can go as spectators. Here the favourite Maltese dance, a species of cotillon, is performed with infinite delight, and a loose given to every sort of buffoonery, little restrained by considerations of decorum. Occasionally tumults arise, sometimes even the native guard, charged with the police of the theatre, is forced; masquers in every sort of ludicrous habit are seen scrambling into the boxes for protection, and a detachment of English soldiers is called in for the re-establishment

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of order. During the three last days of the carnival, the whole country flocks into La Valletta in masquerade, and from morning to night all is noise, revelry, and extravagance. Grotesque caricature appointments, having no idea attached to them, aiming at nothing beyond a monstrous assemblage of things incongruous, with a large fund of animal spirits, are the qualifications necessary for figuring in these Saturnalia. This, with gesticulating, squeaking, grunting, bellowing, and pelting sugar-plumbs, complete the Maltese idea of an excellent masque. If a character is attempted, it is, perhaps, that of a *chasseur*, who makes his poodle yelp at you, and pokes his gun in your eye, or that of a fellow, with the imitation of a scald-head, who slips his hat upon those whom he can take by surprise.

Such are the public amusements of La Valletta. A stranger may find a better resource in the public library, begun by the knights, (who, by a late act of the order, were obliged to leave their books to this collection,) and continued by the English. It is tolerably numerous, but incomplete in almost all its parts. That it should be very ill-furnished with works in our own language it would be natural to expect; it is more difficult to explain why it should be deficient in Italian literature. The first foundations can scarcely be said to have been laid of the museum, which is annexed to it; for it is miserably poor in subjects of natural history: though situated in the neighbourhood of the most abundant mines of Grecian pottery, it is not more rich in vases, of which only one is really deserving of attention, and it is yet more deficient in sculpture. There is, indeed, a statue of Hercules, of disputed antiquity, said to be good, but which was not visible when we were in Malta, and a mutilated antique female figure certainly of no ordinary workmanship. Other remains of sculpture and inscriptions are preserved in the island, but nothing particularly interesting in point of excellence or rarity. The most valuable of the latter in different languages have, we believe, been removed; and, together with these, that in Punic, supposed by Sir Wm. Drummond to designate the sepulchre of Hannibal. Malta has as little to boast on the subject of pictures. There are many, indeed, which may pass for respectable, but not more than two which can challenge admiration. One of these, in the palace, a full length portrait of Louis XVI. in his royal robes, presented by him to the order, and said to be by the hand of David, is a painting of extraordinary mechanical execution; the other, which has infinitely higher pretensions, is of the old Italian school. It represents the decollation of St. John, and is suspended in the church dedicated to him; but in so bad a situation and light, that nothing but its supereminent merits could force it upon the observation of the spectator. Much time may be

pleasingly spent in this place: the riches of the altar, and of the chapels, appropriated to the different *Langues*, the pompous arrangements for the accommodation of the order, the monuments of the grand masters, the pavement blazoned in *incastro* with the arms of the knights in polished marble, lapis lazuli or enamels, the imposing splendor of the place throughout, altogether take possession of the imagination, which, readily overleaping the period of its corruption and decline, is transported back into the early and heroic ages of that illustrious institution. A contrast is opposed to the graver character of St. John, in the interior of St. Paul's, in Città Vecchia, the ancient metropolis; formerly called Città Notabile, and situated a few miles from La Valletta. The characteristics of this are lightness, elegance, and a festive brilliancy of appearance. When the traveller has visited these, and what else has been here specified, he has but to dive into St. Paul's cave and the catacombs, and he will have exhausted the wonders of Malta.

The country will have few attractions for him; and if this island be, as is now contended, the Ogygia of Calypso, he will no longer admire at Ulysses' rejection of immortality clogged with the condition of perpetual residence. Divided into a series of terraces, built up with free-stone, for the support of the scanty soil, during the rains, it exhibits the appearance of one vast church yard, a resemblance rather increased than diminished by a few and thinly scattered trees. The only two pleasure gardens of any extent, unless we class the Boschetto, previously mentioned, amongst these, are that of Floriana, a suburb of La Valletta, and that of S. Antonio attached to one of the villas of the governor, at about four miles distance. They are both laid out in the Italian style, but with considerable diversity of design. The latter is the most spacious and the most richly dressed. Near the former of these is also a small botanic garden; it is, however, on a sufficient scale to afford a fair proof of the experiment suggested by Denon in his book on Egypt, namely, the attempting to make Malta an intermediate station for the plants of warmer countries, as a mode of gradually seasoning them to the colder temperatures of Europe. It should seem, however, notwithstanding certain exceptions, that in spite of the absence of frost, there is something in particular winds which prevail here, exclusive of their violence, that is prejudicial to a large tribe of the vegetable creation. Several shrubs, which in our southern counties flourish in the open air, such as the *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and the less hardy *Camelia Japonica*, scarcely shiver through a Maltese winter with the shelter of basket-work or matting.

To some useful plants, however, which require warmth, such as the cotton-tree, the produce of which is manufactured here on a small

small scale, and to many fruits, this island is more congenial. The reputation of its oranges is established throughout the world. Of these the different species are described at length in the *Saggio di Agricoltura*.

A very strange idea is popular at home, derived from Malta, where, indeed, it is almost universal, that the blood-coloured orange (the best known in England, but not equal in flavour to the oval or egg-orange) is produced from a graft upon the pomegranate. The Padre Carlo observes, 'that some boast themselves to be in possession of plants thus worked; but with whatever attention I have observed them, I never could succeed in discovering in any one of these the slightest appearance of the pomegranate; and however often, moved by their repeated assertions, I have tried this inoculation in all possible modes, I never had the good fortune to see it once take. Hence it appears to me probable, that the first plants of this kind were imported into Malta, as were all the others which are most remarkable. Whether, however, in any other country this variety be natural, or whether it be artificial, is a question on which I shall not venture to pronounce an opinion.'

The figs of this country are delicious. The inhabitants, who, together with the islanders of the Levant, appear to have inherited the usage from the ancients, practise what is termed caprification, but not uniformly, even upon the same trees. If the erroneousness of the doctrine, respecting this being necessary to the fertilization of the fruit, had not been already exposed in England, this irregular execution of it would be sufficient to its detection. There is, however, no doubt but that it is thus most essentially improved, whether it be, as has been supposed by some, that the insects, in depositing their eggs, leave any liquor which produces a beneficial fermentation in the milk of the fig, as those of Provence are observed to ripen better from being pricked with a straw dipped in olive-oil, and as various fruits are ameliorated by the bite of the wasp, round which puncture the pulp is uniformly richer than elsewhere, must be determined by better naturalists than the Padre Carlo or ourselves. It might, perhaps, be worth while to introduce the first fig, which ripens in these islands in June, into Great Britain, where it is, we believe, unknown. A tree which matures its fruit with such early suns might possibly bring it to perfection even in our colder climate at a later period of the year. The olive and the vine both flourish in Malta; but though the first appears to have formerly furnished, over and above the oil consumed by the inhabitants, an article of export, (*Saggio di Agricoltura*, p. 215,) neither are any longer cultivated for profitable purposes. With the large exception of oranges, melons, pomegranates, and grapes, the latter of which also are better, forced in England, we have

have nothing to envy on the score of fruits, having accomplished with the help of art more than nature has done for the Maltese. The pine-apple, indeed, since it grows, we believe, without the shelter of houses, in Naples, they might, and the prickly pear or *Ficus Indicus* they do cultivate all over the island. But though this is both praised for its flavour and its nutritious qualities, and forms part of the food of the inhabitants, we doubt whether it would arrive at the rank of an eatable, much less of a luxury, in England. Vegetables of all kinds are excellent in Malta, during the winter, spring, and autumn, saving potatoes, turnips, and the pea: the culture of the latter, however, appears to have failed, from an improper selection of the sort. It is equally bad at Gibraltar, with the exception of one species, partially introduced, called by gardeners the fan-pea, which thrives as in England. The success of this experiment might suggest its importation into Malta. The most curious vegetable production of these islands is the *Fungus Melitensis*; this grows spontaneously on a rock contiguous to Gozo, and in a very small district in Malta. It has a great, but apparently an exaggerated, reputation as a stiptic.

Malta, which is stated to be twenty miles in extreme length, twelve in breadth, seventy in circumference; and Gozo which is twenty long, six wide, and thirty in circuit, are not, according to the Padre Carlo, one with the other, cultivated throughout above two-thirds of their extent; but the land of the latter is both more fertile and turned to better account than that of the former. They do not together produce more corn than is sufficient for a quarter of a year's consumption of the inhabitants. The bread made from the Maltese and from the imported wheat is detestably composed, and is moreover extremely gritty. This arises from the hardness of the grain which triturates the grind-stone. During the year of scarcity, in our own country, the Sicilian wheat was, on this account, rejected by the English bakers; yet in Palermo, bread may be procured made of the wheat of the country which has not this defect. We were informed that it was obviated by soaking the grain in water till it was sufficiently softened not to abrade the surface of the stones, and these are not, we believe, harder than those of France, which we make use of in England. We mention this as a hint worthy of attention in case of a recurrence of distress similar to that of 1801. In a country so hot as Malta, natural grasses are out of the question, nor are the artificial cultivated in the spirit of experiment. It is a reproach to us that we never should have tried the Guinea grass. In aid of what artificial forage there is, come the prickly-pear, and carrob-tree; the latter furnishes a food which, from the saccharine matter it contains, is extremely nutritious. After what we have stated it will naturally be



be supposed that Malta cannot produce cattle (she breeds no oxen) even in proportion to her growth of grain. The latter is supplied to the inhabitants, according to the old practice of the island, by the government. Bullocks were also, till a short time ago, furnished in the same manner, at an established price, when the scheme was tried of throwing open the market. The inhabitants, Maltese and English, disappointed at this not being attended with immediate success, seemed anxious at once to return to the ancient system, not reflecting that a considerable period of time was necessary to do justice to the experiment, and so much the more, as the island was supplied from Sicily by a contraband traffic. But the restriction put on such an export, either is already, or will be, we should imagine, removed. The Maltese, to make amends for the poverty of the land, extort all they can from the sea, and they deserve the praise of active and successful fishermen.

It is not only for inattention to improvements in agriculture, as observed in the preceding paragraph, that we deserve reproach; we justly merit it for the disregard we have shown to other branches of science. Without venturing to pronounce whether Dr. Domeier, whom we have exhibited as very bad authority on most points, is correct in his strictures on the medical establishments of La Valletta, we sympathize with him, as far as we understand him, which we believe we do in the most essential point, in regretting the want of an astronomer in so clear an atmosphere.

On points of importance to our naval establishment we have manifested more active exertion, and a capacious dock was in a state of forward preparation at the conclusion of last summer. Were we not already a laughing-stock to our enemy for having been the zealous stewards of his possessions, we should hail this great work as a pledge of our resolution to maintain at any cost the possession of these islands.

In commercial matters we have shewn yet more energy. As one proof of this, we have not only inundated Turkey, usually so called, but even her most southern provinces, and those nearest to Arabia, with our West India coffee, nor is any other drunk, unless it be in the houses of the most magnificent and luxurious, throughout the whole extent of that empire. Nay, even that which comes direct from Mocha itself is usually adulterated with another berry, from which it is easily distinguished in its unroasted state: but whether this be the production of the West or East Indian islands, we cannot pretend to determine.

Mercantile speculations have attracted to, and fixed in Malta a great number of English. It has also, since our exclusion from the continent, become the winter refuge of invalids. Its climate

is then certainly delightful. It is true, that though the thermometer is scarcely ever below fifty in the shade, it is sometimes cold to sensation, and that an immense quantity of rain falls during this season; but this comes down at once, and never hangs condensed in a canopy of vapour, or spitters, as in England, in a perpetual drizzle. There are few days in which there is not a large allowance of sun-shine, and it would be a cruel injustice to the temperature of this period to compare it to that part of an English winter, which is, by courtesy, called spring, or even to the month of June of our ordinary summer. This latter season is particularly oppressive in Malta, from the extreme heat of the night, which is almost as sultry as the day. The sciroc, which fortunately seldom lasts long, is a severe infliction, and we can compare the feel and temperature of the air during the prevalence of this wind to nothing better than the atmosphere of an extremely hot washhouse. Very detailed and scientific observations on these points will be found in the first subject of this review. These were furnished to the author by M. Dolomieu in his own words, as was the substance of some others on the formation of these islands, which are well worthy of attention, though certainly open to dispute; and it must be admitted that if neither Malta, Gozo, or Cumino, which are all composed of calcarious rock, offer interesting productions in mineralogy, they present many appearances well deserving the investigation of the geologist.

The sum of M. Dolomieu's theory is that these three isles are only fragments of a more considerable land which stretched in the direction of the S. S. E. and that they have resisted, through the solidity of their materials, the violence which overwhelmed the country, to which they belonged. The cause to which he attributes such effects is an immense mass of water put in action by some irregular libratory motion of the earth; but he allows, we quote his words,

‘That even since the establishment of population in Malta, the island has been diminished in extent; a proof of which is to be seen in the tracks of wheels, at the extremities of the cliffs. Indeed it is a matter of common occurrence that large portions of the rock give way, occasioned by the fretting of the sea, or by the spontaneous destruction of the beds of the inferior strata, the substance of which,’ he proceeds to state, ‘has every where throughout the three islands, more or less tendency to decomposition, on exposure to the air.’

An idea, started in the course of these speculations, has, perhaps, created some unnecessary alarm.

‘This valley, (that of La Marsa) says M. Dolomieu, which is now one of the widest, most extensive, and, at the same time, most fertile of the island, was anciently almost entirely occupied by the sea, which reached

reached nearly to the *Casal Fornaro*, even at no very remote period: but the soil and fragments of rocks washed down from the higher ground, the labour of man, and above all, the settling of the substances, brought in by the sea with a N. E. wind, have by little and little filled it up. In a little time the interior of the harbour will undergo the same change, which might be hastened by means of dykes and basins, in which the sea always calm, would lodge the substances that are at present suspended by its agitation. This has happened without its being intended to the bason in the small valley, called the Little *Marsa*, and which in a very short time will be completely choaked.

We must observe that these predictions, even if well founded, threaten no immediate danger. It is only the farther part of the port which is menaced, because the rubbish which is to accomplish this mischief, can only come from the sides and bottom of the harbour itself. Little can be brought in from the open sea, the bottom of which is, we believe, generally speaking, composed of rock. Moreover, the winds which are to be the agents on this occasion, are not so prevalent, but that their effects might be counteracted by art. At present the great depth of water is an inconvenience, inasmuch as it precludes the possibility of laying down buoys, by which ships might warp out in winds with which they cannot work, owing to the extreme narrowness of the channel.

With these observations, we dismiss the subject of Malta. If, in the course of this article, we have in several instances entered into much detail, it has been, not only because the ponderous works written on this subject reach not to the present period, but because in all these, many points worthy of observation, have been postponed to objects of comparatively small interest or curiosity. For the long discussion, into which we have been drawn, in the examination of Mr. Eton's book, in particular, we think no apology is necessary. *In tenui labor* may be objected to us by such as look only to the extent and ostensible wealth of the country, whose factions form the subject of the argument, but such an accusation will not be preferred by those who contemplate it in the more enlarged and liberal light which it deserves. We are happy to find that in this light it is considered by the present government, and in the commission of inquiry which they have sent out to Malta, we hail an instance of attention to its affairs, which cannot but be followed with advantage, since, if not attended with immediate benefit, it must at least tend to the discussion, and consequently to the better understanding, and ultimate improvement of this important possession.

ART. II. *Sermons* by Samuel Horsley, LL. D. F. R. S. F. S. A.  
late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. Vol. 3. 8vo. Hatchard.

**A**MONG those ornaments of literature, and of the church of England, which have lately been removed by death from the stations to which unassisted merit had advanced them, are to be deplored the names of Porteus and Horsley, men of talents and dispositions more different perhaps than ever actively and harmoniously co-operated in the same cause. The one was elegant in deportment, gentle in manners, popular in the choice and treatment of his theological subjects, never profound but always impressive; and though often familiar, yet, by matchless dexterity, never inattentive to his own dignity. The other was rough, haughty, and imperious, of an understanding vast and comprehensive, addicted in his discourses to the choice of novel and difficult subjects, and mingling involuntarily with those, which were intended to be popular, disquisitions at once entertaining and profound. Both having been educated in the university of Cambridge, the one abandoned, as soon as academical restraints were removed, the pursuit of abstract mathematics for more elegant studies; while the other, after having graduated in another faculty, spontaneously and through life pursued them to a considerable extent. Both were admitted into the families of great prelates, eminent for their attainments in Hebrew literature; a pursuit which was too rugged for the one, and a mere relaxation to the other: and, while both were equally orthodox in their religious principles, the one maintained the essential doctrines of Christianity by clear and perspicuous statements, the other by irrefragable argument. Porteus had more taste than eloquence, Horsley more eloquence than taste: the first was unquestionably the most amiable; the second, the ablest man of their latter days. In their character as legislators, the same original diversity of temper marked their conduct. Ever attentive to the interests of religion and the establishment, the Bishop of London maintained on questions merely temporal a delicate reserve, which enabled him to interpose with tenfold effect in his own peculiar province; while the Bishop of St. Asaph, with a strong tendency to law and business, together with a constitutional absence of all timidity added to his other qualifications, never scrupled to interpose and to dictate on secular subjects.

With the character and peculiarities however of this great man, as a legislator, a mathematician, an Hebrew critic, or even as a controversialist, (excepting so far as his discourses are controversial,) we have no concern. His original and admirable sermons, many of which were preached in the pulpits of the metropolis, and yet  
live

live in the memories of his hearers, are now before us. Of these the first and characteristic feature is, that which distinguishes the gifted few from a numerous and subordinate class, entitled men of abilities only;—the splendour of original genius. It is by the predominant influence of this rare quality that the sermons of Horsley are freed from that dry severity of ratiocination which never fails to cramp the style of ordinary mathematicians, when writing on theological subjects. Proficiency in this science, we mean as distinct from invention and discovery, is no decisive test of superior talents. Great perseverance united to ordinary understandings, will suffice for the purpose: but great perseverance long employed in this single direction, will, if such qualifications have been bestowed on the mathematical student in a moderate degree alone, extinguish imagination, check the flow of native eloquence, and cramp every movement of free and excursive rhetoric. It is only minds like those of Barrow and Horsley (for the influence of the mathematical curb is visible in the discourses of Clark) in which the vigour of the more elastic and animated faculties is not broken by pertinacious meditation or abstract science; for where the acquirement is difficult, the whole understanding is absorbed; the mind takes a single ply, and when bent by a long and laborious attention to mathematical truths, becomes so tense and rigid, that it never after applies itself to moral or religious truths with ease or grace. In intellects of an order so superior, the other faculties, vigorous from the beginning, remain unimpaired, while the student passes at will and with ease from the exercise of pure analysis, to the ever varying gradations of moral evidence, to the persuasive topics of rhetoric, or to the awakening and animating strains of popular eloquence. An union of excellencies so rare and, in general, so little compatible, we repeat it, has hardly been attained but by Barrow and Horsley, among the divines of this or any other age or country.

Another excellence common to both, and of immense importance at present, for which the world may hold itself equally indebted to the intrepidity of their tempers, and the perspicacity of their understandings, is, that they never decline a difficulty, nor ever fritter away the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, because they have been abused by fanatics. This species of fortitude, (for to be unfashionable always requires some portion of that quality,) which began to be wanted among the latitudinarian divines of Charles the Second's time, is become much more valuable now. On the evidences of Christianity, the present reign in England has produced more luminous and convincing works than perhaps the whole Christian world from the age of the apostles: but it is impossible not to observe among first-rate divines a certain shyness as to doctrines:

doctrines: we are convinced indeed that Christianity is a revelation, but we are left to collect for ourselves what has been revealed. Meanwhile the fanatic outrages its doctrines to the destruction at once of morality and common sense; the Unitarian pares them down to the standard of reason, and, what is worse, of his own reason; while the preacher of the church of England, disgusted with one extreme, and afraid of the other, too often conceives that he has attained to the seat of truth; by placing himself in any part of the wide interval between opposite errors. On the firm ground of orthodoxy, as detailed in the articles of the church of England, or rather as contained in the volume of inspiration, Bishop Horsley took his stand, and that perhaps with the greater alacrity, as his peculiar position in the midst of an enemy's host afforded abundant scope for his polemical talents and propensities. He disdained the poor and cheap praise of liberality; he sought no security by concessions and compromises; he avowed, he displayed the difficulties of his own system; he restated with greater force the objections of his adversaries, that he might but the more triumphantly overbear them.

In point of matter and manner, at a period abounding with good theology, the discourses of Bishop Horsley stand pre-eminent and alone. They are compositions *sui generis*. Never perhaps did philosophy, certainly never did the philosophy of physics, lend more powerful aid to the cause of revelation. In acuteness of conception, in felicity of illustration, the theological works of Paley may be paralleled with those of Horsley; but in force and profundity, and still more in point of erudition, of which that original thinker had but a small proportion, the distance is immense. Both however could open at pleasure a vein of rich and happy eloquence; both had that contempt for artificial elegance, and that tendency to coarseness of style, which seems to be incident to minds of the first order; but Horsley is never playful, and Paley is never long or willingly grave. The former dogmatizes *ex cathedra*; the latter instructs with the easy gaiety and naïveté of a fireside companion. Both however enjoyed in perfection one attribute, (the first which can belong to reasoners, or to teachers,) namely, a precision and distinctness in their ideas, with an aptitude and felicity of expression, which, if they are not understood, leave the blame or the misfortune with their readers.

We have already mentioned the seasonable intrepidity of our author in bringing to that prominent and conspicuous station which they ought always to occupy in Christian discourses, the peculiar doctrines of revelation. Of this the following may serve as a specimen:

“It is God’s will that all men should be brought to a just understanding



standing of the deliverance Christ hath wrought for us, to a just apprehension of the magnitude of our hopes in him, and of the certainty of the evidence on which those hopes are founded. It is God's will that all men should come to a knowledge of the original dignity of our Saviour's person, of the mystery of his incarnation, of the nature of his eternal priesthood, of the value of his atonement, the efficacy of his intercession. This instruction would more effectually secure them against the poison of modern corruptions than the practice, dictated by a false discretion, of avoiding the mention of every doctrine that may be combated, and burying every text of doubtful meaning. The corruptors of the Christian doctrines have no such reserve. The doctrines of the divinity of the Son, the incarnation, the satisfaction of the cross as a sacrifice, the mediatorial intercession, the influences of the spirit, &c. are topics of a popular discussion with those who would deny or pervert those doctrines; and we may judge by their success what our own might be, if we would but meet our antagonists on their own ground.'

The clear, undisguised representation of revealed truth, which these admirable discourses every where hold forth, is the more to be applauded because in addition to the false discretion, the timid and heartless reserve of which our author complains, the cause of religion has received and is receiving many wounds 'in the house of her friends,' by imbecility, by indiscretion, by fanaticism. The present, it must be confessed, is an age of very superior intelligence; and, as it has been pleaded with great ingenuity in favour of a distinction of ranks among the clergy, that every order in society requires a class of public teachers on a footing of parity with itself; the same argument may with equal propriety be applied to the state of intellect and information which now prevails. Minds of a superior order, highly cultivated, and of reasoning faculties powerfully exercised, (and many such there are who have little attended to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity,) would be disgusted rather than edified by the faithful, though feeble representations of these great truths, which they would receive from ordinary preachers; much less would they endure to separate the gold from the dross, in the wild and incoherent discourses of honest enthusiasts. It is to minds so constituted, notwithstanding that masterly perspicuity which brings down as far as possible the sublimest doctrines to ordinary understandings, that, after all, the sermons of Bishop Horsley are peculiarly adapted. Possessed of strength themselves, they have here an equally powerful hand to grapple with. Accustomed, if the expression may be allowed, to athletic studies, whatever force they may apply to the argumentation of Horsley, will be met by an equal reaction. He is a preacher to scholars and philosophers of the first order, as a metropolitan is a preacher to princes: he is their equal. They may not at first assent to all

his doctrines, but they will not be able to confute, and, least of all, will they be able to despise them. But our limits require, that we hasten to particulars.

On the sense of the word 'day,' as applied by Moses to the successive periods of the creation, after the difficulties which have lately been started on the subject, the theological philosopher will be heard with unusual interest.

'By what description could the word day be more expressly limited to its literal and common meaning, as denoting that portion of time which is measured and consumed by the earth's revolution on her axis? That this revolution was performed in the same space of time in the beginning of the world as now, I would not over confidently affirm. But a day, whatever was its space, was still the same thing in nature: a portion of time measured by the same motion, divisible into the same seasons of morning and noon, evening and midnight. The day was itself marked by the same vicissitudes of darkness and light: for six *such* days God was making the heaven, and the earth, the sea and all that therein is, and rested the seventh day.'

In this account however more than one proposition appears to be extremely doubtful; that the portion of time described by Moses as a day, was so called as being bounded at each extremity by darkness, can scarcely be doubted: but it by no means follows that this period was measured by the same motion, and completed by one rotation of the earth upon its axis, when there was yet no sun to turn to. The principle of light appears at first to have been unembodied, and there is nothing in the term 'day' to contradict the opinion of modern geologists, (we mean Christian geologists,) that these periods were of indefinitely long duration. The latest discoveries on and beneath the earth's surface, while they bear irrefragable testimony to the order of the creation, as assigned by Moses, certainly countenance the opinion of considerable intervals having taken place between different portions of the work.

To this theory of the six days' work of the creation, and of the origin of the sabbath, we shall, by way of contrast, subjoin from the same discourse an account of the evil of sabbath-breaking, in the shocking extent to which it is now carried in this country, so lively and scenical, that we are almost led to forget the extent of the mischief, and the solemnity of the subject, in the life and spirit of the description.

'In a commercial country, the great fortunes acquired in trade have a natural tendency to level all distinctions but what arise from affluence. Wealth supplies the place of nobility: birth retains only the privilege of setting the first example. The city catches the manners of the court, and the vices of the high born peer are faithfully copied in the life of the opulent merchant and thriving tradesman. Accordingly, in the space

space of a few years, Sunday became the travelling day of all who travel in their own carriages. But, why should the humbler citizen, whose scantier means oblige him to commit his person to the crammed stage coach, more than his wealthier neighbour, be exposed to the hardship of travelling on the working days, when the multitude of heavy carts and waggons moving to and fro in all directions, renders the roads unpleasant and unsafe for carriages of a lighter fabric, especially when the only real inconvenience, the danger of such obstructions, is infinitely increased to him by the greater difficulty with which the vehicle in which he makes his uncomfortable journey, crosses out of the way in deep and miry roads to avoid the fatal jostle? The force of these principles was soon perceived; and in open defiance of the laws, stage coaches have for several years travelled on the Sundays. The waggoner soon understands that the road is as free for him as for the coachman; and the Sunday traveller now breaks the sabbath, without any advantage gained in the safety or pleasure of his journey. In the country the roads are crowded on the Sunday, as on any other day, with travellers of every sort; the devotion of the villager is interrupted by the noise of the carriages passing through, or stopping at the inns for refreshment. In the metropolis, instead of that solemn stillness of the vacant streets, which might suit, as in our fathers' days, with the sanctity of the day, the mingled racket of worldly business and pleasure is going on with little abatement; and in the churches and chapels which adjoin the public streets, the sharp rattle of the whirling phaeton, and the graver rumble of the loaded waggon, mixed with the oaths and imprecations of the brawling drivers, disturb the congregation, and stun the voice of the preacher.

Bishop Horsley's nerves were of no very delicate texture, yet we cannot avoid recognizing in this singular passage, something of the 'enraged preacher,' whose voice had actually been stunned by these discordant annoyances; but the strain of reprehension approaches nearer to satiric poetry than to preaching.

*'Inde caput morbi, rhedarum transitus arcto  
Vicorum inflexu, et stantis convicia mandræ.'*—Juv.

To this instance of levity may properly be opposed the awful solemnity of the following passage:

'In that moment, therefore, in which his present life ends, every man's future condition becomes irreversibly determined. Let us watch therefore and pray. Neither shall vigilance and prayer be ineffectual. On the incorrigible and perverse, on those who mock at God's threatenings, and reject his promises; on those only, the severity of his wrath will fall. But for those who lay these warnings to heart, who dread the pollutions of the world, and flee from sin as from a serpent, who fear God's displeasure more than death, and seek his favour more than life, though much of frailty will to the last adhere to them; yet these are the objects of the Father's mercy, of the Redeemer's love.

For these he died, for these he pleads; these he supports and strengthens with his spirit; these he shall lead with him triumphant to the mansions of glory, when sin and death shall be cast into the lake of fire.'

The following may be adduced as a specimen of that noble strain of declamation which this great preacher can always command.

'The time shall never be, when a true church of God shall not be somewhere subsisting on the earth; but any individual church, if she fall from her first love, may sink in ruins. Of this, history furnishes but too abundant proof in the examples of churches once illustrious, planted by the Apostles, watered with the blood of the first saints and martyrs which are now no more. Where are now the seven churches of Asia, whose praise is in the Apocalypse? Where shall we now find the successors of those earliest bishops, once stars in the Son of Man's right hand? Where are those boasted seals of Paul's apostleship, the churches of Corinth and Philippi? Where are the churches of Jerusalem and Alexandria? But is there need that we resort for salutary warning to the examples of remote antiquity? Alas! where at this moment is the church of France? Her altars demolished; her treasures spoiled; her holy things profaned; her persecuted clergy, and her plundered prelates, wanderers on the earth.'

The next passage (though our limits will not allow us to insert the whole of it) will shew the depth and clearness of our author's metaphysical talents, as exercised on the most difficult subject in the whole compass of that science, the will of man, and the necessity or freedom of his actions.

'We must not imagine such an arbitrary exercise of God's power over the minds and wills of subordinate agents, as should convert rational agents into mere machines, and leave the Deity charged with the follies and the crimes of men, which was the error of the Calvinists: nor must we, on the other hand, set up such a liberty of created beings as, necessarily precluding the Divine foreknowledge of human actions, should take the government of the moral world out of the hands of God, and leave him nothing to do with the noblest part of his creation, which hath been perhaps the worse error of some who have opposed the Calvinists.

'There is yet another error upon this subject, which I think took its rise among professed infidels, and to them, till of late, it hath been confined. But some have appeared among its modern advocates, actuated I am persuaded (for their writings on this subject witness it) by the same spirit of resigned devotion, which gave birth to the plan of arbitrary predestination. Deeply versed in physics, which the Calvinists neglected, these men wish to reconcile the notion of God's arbitrary dominion, which they in common with the Calvinists maintain with what the others overlooked, the regular operation of second causes; and in this circumstance lies the chief, if not only difference between the philosophical necessity of our subtle moderns, and the predestination of their more simple ancestors: and so far as these ne-

cessarians

cessarians maintain the certain influence of moral motives, as the natural and sufficient means whereby human actions and even human thoughts are brought into that continued chain of causes and effects, which taking its beginning in the operations of the infinite mind, cannot but be fully understood by him, so far they do service to the cause of truth, placing the great and glorious doctrines of foreknowledge and providence, upon a firm and philosophical foundation. But when they go beyond this, when they would represent the influence of moral motives as the same with that, which excites and governs the motions of the inanimate creation; here they contradict the very principles they would seem to have established. The source of their mistake is this, that they imagine a similitude between things which admit of no comparison, between the influence of a moral motive upon mind, and that of mechanical force upon matter.'

Long as this citation may appear in itself, it contains perhaps fewer words than those in which any other writer could have stated the substance of a most important and long agitated controversy; and though it be sufficiently visible on which side the preacher's mind preponderates, yet the whole representation is conducted with a fairness and candour which does honour to his heart.

The brightest and most luminous bodies in the universe have their spots, and even the argumentation of this great reasoner is not always free from paralogisms. Into one of these the preacher has been led by his love of novelty and paradox in his inimitable discourse on the raising of Lazarus. Here, having previously determined, that our Lord's promise to Martha, 'he that believeth in me shall never die,' is not to be understood of the second death, but that believers shall in no sense die at all; or, in other words, that with them, in the interval between the separation of soul and body and the general resurrection, perception should never cease; he goes on to combat what he truly calls that 'unintelligible and dismal doctrine of the sleep of the soul,' during the same obscure and awful interval. But this doctrine is that of an universal suspension of perception in the separate spirits of all mankind: if therefore the promise that they should never die, be restricted to believers, and mean only that their spirits alone should be exempt from the general sentence, the inference is the very reverse from what the bishop intended; namely, that the spirits of unbelievers *shall* remain in a state of sleep between death and the resurrection.

The two next discourses, on the story of the Syrophœnician woman, may be selected as unrivalled specimens of penetration and acuteness in analyzing an historical passage of Scripture, and tracing every movement of the heart (even in the human nature of our Lord himself) during a most affecting and interesting scene. In the peculiar strain of rhetoric, however, which pervades these most

animated compositions, it is impossible not to observe much of the manner of Bishop Hall, in his *Contemplations* :

‘ Oh miserable woman, offspring of an accursed race, cease thy un-availing prayers—he hath pronounced thy sentence.—Betake thee to thy home, sad outcast from thy Maker’s love. Impatience of thy absence but aggravates thy child’s distraction—Not long shall her debilitated frame support the tormentor’s cruelty.—Give her while she lives the consolation of a parent’s tenderness—it is the only service thou canst render her. For thyself, alas! no consolation remains, but in the indulgence of despair.—The Redeemer is *not* sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and to that house, ill-fated Canaanite, thou wast born and thou hast lived a stranger.’

The next discourse (more celebrated in its day than any occasional sermon within our recollection) is that on the Principle of Life, preached before the Humane Society, which gives a deadly blow to the unscriptural and unphilosophical doctrine of materialism. Yet, even here, we are hurt by a blemish arising out of the unhappy choice of a term. The bishop begins with assigning, as the lowest principle of vitality in man, *vegetable* life, by which is to be understood that species of life which animals and vegetables possess in common, whereas, in common acceptation, it certainly means that which the one class of organized beings possess as distinct from the other. In the following passage, this infelicity leads the preacher into another. ‘ The vital principle may remain in a man for some time after all signs of *vegetable* life disappear in his body.’ With due deference to Dr. Horsley, we should have thought the contrary. Vegetables have no locomotion, no pulsation, no perceptible respiration, and therefore, when all these symptoms have disappeared in a suffocated animal, the vegetable principle of vitality may yet subsist. But for this casual lapse we are amply rewarded by the sublime account of the symptoms of apparent death in such unhappy subjects, which immediately follows:—‘ What have hitherto passed, even among physicians, for certain signs of a complete death—the rigid limb, the clay-cold skin, the silent pulse, the breathless lip, the livid cheek, the fallen jaw, the pinched nostril, the fixed staring eye, are uncertain and equivocal.’ To this we shall oppose a noble passage from the Prognostics of Hippocrates, describing the symptoms of approaching, not apparent, death, on the human countenance, and then inquire of our critical readers first, whether in terrific grandeur the modern divine has not equalled the old physician, and secondly, whether the coincidence appears to have arisen from imitation or casual resemblance. ‘ Πις οξεία, κρόαφοι συμπεπιακόεις, οἷα Ψυχρά καὶ ξυνεσχυμένα, καὶ οἱ λοβοὶ τῶν αἰῶν ἀπὲς τραμμένοι καὶ τὸ δερμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μῆτωπον σκληρὸν τε καὶ περιέσπαινον καὶ καρφαλέον, καὶ τὸ χροῖμα χλωρόν τε καὶ μέλαν εὖν καὶ πέλινον ἢ μολιβδαῖδες.

More



More examples of excellence, and more also of haste and carelessness, might be produced from these volumes; but to detail the first would be to reprint half their contents, and to bring forward the last, would only prove (what surely is needless) that no work of uninspired man is perfect. We now, therefore, take leave of Bishop Horsley, with the respect and admiration due to a theologian, whom, in an age of audacious innovation, countenanced by a perverse antipathy to every thing ancient and venerable, we consider as having been raised by Providence to an exalted station both in rank and literature, that by a rare combination of opposite but not inconsistent qualifications, by a reason the most profound, and an eloquence the most attractive, he might at once convince the understanding and charm the heart; that by a faithful and courageous exposition of the genuine doctrines of the church of England, he might at once demonstrate their truth and enforce their vital importance, a striking contrast to every modern inroad upon revealed truth, which has uniformly been characterised alike by imbecility and coldness, and has left behind a system, if it deserve the name, as uninteresting to the heart as it is unfounded in Scripture.

One word more. The editor of Newton, who dared to call his author, 'out of mathematics, an ordinary man,' has, in these volumes, certainly dared to say many things which a man of smaller powers would have declined, and from which he himself, with smaller confidence in his own powers, would, perhaps, have shrunk. To genius, however, like that of Bishop Horsley, almost every thing may be forgiven: in such hands, paradox may be safe, experiments in language may be graceful, and trespasses upon decorum may only excite a smile,—but let ordinary men beware—'In that circle none can walk but he.'

ART. III. *Li Romani nella Grecia*. Barzoni. 8vo. pp. 41.

IT is lamentable to think how little has been done by Great Britain towards disabusing the people of the continent, by a detection of the designs and weakness of the enemy; while his press has been incessantly employed in rivetting that yoke upon the nations for the reception of which it had previously prepared them. Every servile encomium on the government of Buonaparte, every calumny on his enemies, every exaggerated statement of his strength and of their imbecility, in short every falsehood vented in the *Moniteur*, is taken up by a succession of tributary echos, and passed from Paris to Vienna, Madrid, Petersburg and Constantinople. Every ephemeral

ephemeral publication, in whatever language, French or Italian, Spanish, Greek or German, is bribed or forced into the service, and rendered, directly or indirectly, subservient to this end. The Romans adopted the arms of their enemies when persuaded of their utility; we are too idle to profit by the example of ours, even where the weapon is perhaps less efficacious in their hands than it would be in our own.

But it will be said that nothing hostile to France can find its way to her territories: an excuse for silence which, if it be valid, as far as it respects her original dominions, is not applicable to the conquered provinces, where, unseconded by the inhabitants, and less zealously served by his creatures, her ruler must find it impossible to dam up all the channels of information which might be opened to the people. Against a power, the basis of which is so rotten, the press might doubtless be employed every where with advantage, but perhaps in no part of Europe with greater promise of success than in Italy. The lively imagination and impassioned temperament of the people render them peculiarly sensible to the force of eloquence, and many circumstances concur in leading us to believe this one of the most vulnerable points of the overgrown dominions of France. If, roused to action, she *should* shake off the yoke of the oppressors, who knows but she may, by a union of her parts, form the best barrier which has yet been erected against the ambition of the conqueror? The extinction of so many independent states is certainly favourable to such an expectation; nor has any thing inspired greater confidence into the party which nourishes the passionate desire of Machiavel, that of the re-union of Italy under a single government. It may be questioned whether this project be not visionary; it may be doubted whether this party be strong either in authority or numbers; but the disposition to revolt amongst the Italians, under the influence of different hopes, and under the pressure of different evils, is placed beyond the reach of contradiction. On the withdrawal of Beauharnois' army to act against the Archduke near Vienna, the Ferrarese broke into an insurrection, which, though rendered vain by the desperate state of the Austrian affairs, afforded a sufficient test of what, under happier circumstances, might be expected from them. The Calabrias, which maintained a three years' defensive war against France, the grave of fifty thousand of her troops, and which, subdued only by the formation of roads and the establishment of military positions, cost her not dearer in blood than in treasure, await only a new opportunity of proving themselves in arms, while there is a smouldering insurrection in the Roman state which might be kindled by a breath. To keep alive this ardent spirit, to place before the eyes of the Italians their ancient wrongs and present sufferings,

ferings, to detect the weakness of the enemy, and disclose to them the secret of their own strength, in short to foment, by every appeal to their reason or their passions, the growing indignation till the time be ripe for action, ought surely to be the policy of Great Britain; nor could she find a better instrument for her purpose than she already possesses in the writer of the work under our review. This gentleman is already known to the public, as author of a History of the Subversion of the late Venetian Republic, stiled from its also succinctly narrating the former fortunes of that state, *Le Rivoluzioni della Repubblica Veneta*. If there be any who, dazzled by the glory of Buonaparte, yet persevere in admiration of his character, let them recur to this publication; they may here retrace the base and contemptible qualities which were subservient to the development of his more splendid vices; they may see, in this, the proudest period of his glory, how largely the lion's was pieced with the fox's skin; they may watch him wading through dirt as well as blood towards dominion. Does the disease remain unsubdued? a second remedy is presented to them in the volume before us; if this too fail, we may indeed pronounce that their malady is beyond the reach of hellebore.

The reader will have anticipated the character of the *Romani nella Grecia*. The title is typical; Italy is figured in Greece; the French in the Romans; the Austrians in the Macedonians; the Russians in the Thracians; the Venetians in the Ætolians, and Buonaparte in Flaminius; the parallel is more artfully sustained than is usual in works of a similar description. The author was probably influenced in adopting such a vehicle, as justificatory of that declamatory style in which he is peculiarly successful. Should it, however, be thought that this scholastic fiction is insufficient to his defence, he may at least shelter himself under the plea and example of Josephus, who from the deep interest taken by him in the calamities which he describes, claims the privilege of indulging in a more impassioned tone than is permitted to the ordinary historian. Like his, the language of Barzoni comes from the heart; and he describes, with natural pity and feeling indignation the weakness and the sufferings of his countrymen; the perfidy and oppression of the conqueror. Framed upon the same plan as the *Rivoluzioni della Repubblica Veneta*—this work, though of inferior bulk, embraces a wider field; the pictures which it contains are drawn with the same fidelity and spirit. It commences with a description of the causes which led to the conquest of Italy, the relative strength and disposition of the belligerents, and the character of the captain of the invaders. After the battle which was decisive of her destinies, the author becomes more circumstantial, and gives a detail of the measures resorted to in order to seduce, divide, corrupt

corrupt and terrify the people. With all this, there is no attempt to flatter the passions of the reader by underrating the valor or substantial force of the conqueror; but when other engines are substituted for these, he presents us with the ring of Angelica, dissolves the enchantment, and shews the wizard, apparently victorious in arms, in reality triumphant by imposture and delusion. Amidst this exposure, he is singularly happy in an account of the ephemeral governments of Italy, purposely constructed with a view to their own speedy dissolution, and of the arts by which the political fanaticism of the nation was irritated, till, reduced by a succession of paroxysms to the last stage of debility, she fell an unresisting victim to the tyranny of the French chief. Then follows a picture of the havoc of an unlicensed soldiery, ceaseless rapine and confiscation, the immediate evils which were their consequence, and the remoter, yet more lasting mischief which followed, in the moral debasement and depravation of the people. The infamous transfer of Venice, which formed the subject of the work before alluded to, is succinctly told and reprobated, and this closes the first Italian war. Very few pages are devoted to the second and its consequences: these are new modifications of fraud and violence. Here the story appears somewhat strained for the purpose of adapting it to the history, its prototype, and we should in some cases find a difficulty in fitting the Roman masks upon those personages of the drama for whom they are designed. The author rises again, however, towards his conclusion, and a summary account of the nefarious policy of France towards foreign nations, in general, furnishes him with a most brilliant and powerful peroration.

The chief characteristics of this work may be said to be shrewdness and vigor. Add to this, that the eloquence of the author flows in a full, clear, and uninterrupted stream, and is generally rapid as it is copious. Yet it would be too much to say that he has wholly escaped the defects of his school, defects to which the English are, perhaps, of all people the least indulgent. The most striking of these is the anxiety to screw every thing to the same pitch, to furbish and adorn the meanest as well as the strongest parts of the subject, to have, in the language of Foote, 'as much to say upon a riband as upon a Raffael.' We do not, however, intend to affirm that Signor Barzoni has sinned to this extent; but in his attempt to soar one even and continued flight, the effort is often visible and sometimes unsuccessful. Another fault of the Italian rhetoricians, from which he cannot be considered entirely exempt, a vice, perhaps, occasioned by the seduction of the language, is the propensity to round a period at the expense of its more essential part, and to baulk the understanding while they gratify the ear. These defects, however, are neither frequent nor important. We return to a more  
essential

essential point. We would willingly give the English reader a juster idea of the more intrinsic merits of this work than our short abstract of its contents can have afforded: but this is inconsistent with our plan and limits. We will not, therefore, since a short citation is insufficient for such a purpose, deprive those conversant with the Italian, of an opportunity of tasting beauties, as preceptible in a fragment as in a whole, but which cannot be transfused or fixed in a translation. We select the character of Buonaparte.

‘ Nel terzo anno Tito Quinzio Flaminio fu destinato a quel comando. Egli era per natura soldato, e l'esercizio incessante dell' armi lo aveva disposto ad essere gran capitano. Fino dalla sua prima età aveva appresa l'arte di governare, e di comandar le armate. In qualità di tribuno era stato alla guerra contro d'Annibale sotto Marcello. Prefetto da poi di Tarento, indi condottiere di due colonie alle città Narnia e Cossa, tanto negli affidatigli carichi si distinse, che il popolo il creò console, benchè non ancora di anni trenta. Fu nella spedizione contro Filippo ch' egli fece risplendere que' grandi talenti militari che gli diedero tanto vantaggio su' Greci generali, e che tanta fama gli procacciarono a Roma. Ardito ed intrepido nel combattimento, atto a durar fatiche che fanno fremere la natura, accorto a tutto prevedere ed a provvedere a tutto nel periglio istesso, sagace a trarre da' suoi disastri e dall' infedeltà della fortuna improvvisi ripari ed impensati profitti, aggiustato nelle sue mire, di un genio perspicacissimo per eseguire a tempo li suoi progetti e per penetrare i disegni de' suoi nemici, tutto artificio per operar senza scoprirsi, mai più artifizioso ancora allorchando evidentemente si scopriva, immenso negli espedienti, sempre inclinato ad intraprendere cose difficili, ed a tentare pur anco le impossibili, deciso di non abbandonare mai all' arbitrio del caso ciò che poteva essere condotto dalla prudenza, risoluto di osar tutto quando il consiglio era inutile, destro a coprire d' una calma sorprendente tutte le sue più gravi operazioni, facile ad essere spinto quasi da febbrile impeto a straordinarie imprese; tale era Flaminio \* \* \* \* \*

‘ Ho esaminato questo giovane come guerriero, ora l'osservo come uomo di stato.

‘ Ente ingegnossissimo, astuto, profondo e meraviglioso perche impene- trabile, senza onore, senza religione, senza morale, senza fede, ma molto esperto ad ammantarsi colle apparenze di quelle virtù per quanto convenisse a' suoi vantaggi; aspro per natura, impetuoso, iracondo, ma capace d' imperare a se stesso, e d' assumere all' uopo gli aspetti delle più delicate passioni; egualmente facile a far da tiranno che a spiegare i modi soavi e compiacenti d' adulatore; perspicace a conoscere il momento di fare il bene senza aver l'anima propria a volerlo; tronco e grave ne' detti suoi, inestricabile ne' suoi discorsi come nella sua condotta; costantemente assorto in un mondo di viste, di desiderj, d'imprese, tutte coincidenti all' aumento del suo potere; pronto a sacrificare l'amicizia, la riconoscenza, l'altrui reputazione all' esito de' suoi divisamenti, ed a servirsi della calunnia per tradir l'uno, soppiantare l'altro,

l'altro, screditar questo, perdere quello, e per rimuovere ogni ostacolo dalla carriera della sua ambizione; alacre a parlar sempre ai popoli il linguaggio che era nell' animo loro, ed a nascondere sempre a tutti i sentimenti del suo; lesto a toccar le fibre del cuore umano per cavarne i segreti che gli erano utili, quanto Orfeo a sorvolare sulle corde della sua lira per trarne i suoni che gli erano necessari; ambizioso come Alessandro, avido come Pimmalione, perfido come Lisandro, impostore come Pisistrato . . . . . ecco Tito, ecco il redentore degli schiavi. In breve tutto stringo: trattavasi di far la guerra, egli era soldato, era Romano: trattavasi di gabbare, era Flaminio, con tante prodigiose arti del suo ingegno e del suo carattere, egli giunse ad ingannar tutti i Greci, e vi riuscì tanto più facilmente quanto che non gli occorre che della mala fede per sedurre popoli che amavano esser sedotti.'

The reader, after this specimen, will probably agree with us in regretting that Signor Barzoni, who has now been several years in the service of Great Britain, to which he is equally attached from interest and from principles, should not have laboured more than he has in a cause which he is so well qualified to support. Would he know why we have so little of what is so good, he will learn that the valuable time of this gentleman is occupied in the conduct of a Maltese newspaper. He will perhaps imagine that this is but a vehicle for political discussion and for patriotic exhortation; that the little island in which he is placed has been merely chosen for his residence on account of its central situation, and that he is sounding an alarm to the surrounding nations from his watch-tower on the rock. Though the watchman slumber not on his post, his trumpet is not heard. Yet if he is not striving,

'ciere viros martemque accendere cantu,'

he is doubtless usefully, though less brilliantly, employed; he may at least be occupied in informing the small population amongst which he is placed, and in animating and directing public opinion in the neighbouring kingdom of Sicily? No such thing; his duty is confined to translating articles, selected for him from the English papers, into the Malta Gazette, to detailing the number of old wheelbarrows found in some old fort in some part of the old or new world, of which perhaps his readers never heard, and to re-echoing all those small news, which, because interesting to ourselves, we wisely conceive must be equally so to every body else. It is not often we find men fit for our purposes, who will embrace our cold favour and scanty remuneration. We have found one, and we neither know nor will learn how to turn his talents to account. We are worse than Master Stephen; when he had got his hawk he sought a book to keep him by: we keep ours perched, hooded



hooded and fasting at Malta, and if we fly him at any thing it is such mousing work, that he is ashamed of the rattle of his bells.

In regretting the waste of Signor Barzoni's talents, it is not our wish to reproach those who first assigned him, much less those who have continued him in, his unprofitable office, any more than it is our intention to charge this or that administration with faults, common to them all, in the reflections which preceded our observations on his work. So general a reproach has been popularly, and perhaps justly, attributed to a general disposing cause: but if this be the case, if we cannot hope that our foreign shall be as well administered as our domestic affairs, are we, where perfection is unattainable, to make no effort towards improvement? If party squabbles too much occupy the time and thoughts of our statesmen, is it not because party squabbles too much interest the passions of the public? And can no good arise from awakening and directing their attention to other considerations? Are we not, after all, too apt to consider defects of long standing in matters of government, as inherent in the system, and as such, irremediable? We all recollect when our troops were deficient in every military virtue but courage. The language of that day was, that an army was not the natural weapon of Great Britain, and that we could not hope to see our land correspond with our naval forces in energy and discipline. Necessity forced us upon the experiment, and to its successful result Portugal owes her safety, and Spain looks to her deliverance. May this memorable experiment in all similar circumstances be our omen and our guide!

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ART. IV. *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions, together with an Historical Account of the Sacredness and Use of Standing Groves.* By John Evelyn, Esq. Fellow of the Royal Society. With Notes by H. Hunter, M. D. F. R. S. 1812. The Fourth Edition, with the Editor's last Corrections, and a short Memoir of him.

THE occupation of planting belongs to an advanced period of society, and the amusement of planting to a refined one. Wherever colonies of the human species have been spread over the face of the earth, they have usually found themselves annoyed and encumbered, in the first operations of agriculture, by a superfluity of native woods. Of the graminivorous animals, some have accompanied mankind in their migrations; and of those which from their wilder and more independent habits may be supposed to have preceded

preceded our species, all have unquestionably found existing forests in a state too advanced to be injured by their tooth. This observation illustrates a remarkable fact in the economy of providence. Had the origin of plants and animals in every country been contemporary, and had the latter started at once from the earth, as the former are known to have done from seeds previously dispersed in situations adapted to their growth, the probability is, that woods and forests would never have arisen. For the instincts of many animals plainly direct them to boughs and leaves for food; and there are some, as the rhinoceros and elephant in Africa, and the ass and goat among ourselves, who, by a mischievous perversity of taste, prefer the dry browse of trees and shrubs to the most delicious herbaceous plants. But these monarchs of the vegetable kingdom, so easily destroyed in their infancy, so incapable of injuries from quadrupeds at a more advanced period, have commonly been found by man, wherever he has explored new countries, in a state of alternate luxuriance and decay, defying the bite of the graminivorous animals, which abounded under their shade and partook of their lower branches. These appearances at once prove and account for the fact, that migrations of quadrupeds have gradually taken place from some central point, while the principle of vegetable life started universally into action at the period of the creation. At all events such and so unchecked had long been the progress of woods and forests, at the first colonization of almost every country, that the original settlers have scarcely been able to win their way, or to make the first rude and circumscribed attempt at cultivation but by the destruction of ancient trees. Many centuries have elapsed, since man has spread himself over the plain and productive tracts of every country, before this process of devastation is at an end: the last remnants of native forests are then found in the deep vallies of remote mountainous districts, neither easy of access nor copious in the production of grain.

But in this long interval of increasing population and civility the wants of man are multiplied, cities are built, and navies launched. The demand for timber increases while the supply continues to diminish; and it is at this precise point, in the progress of society, that the first conception of artificial planting, as an object of rustic economy, will begin to be formed. The Romans, with all their expenditure of timber on architecture and ship-building, had never exhausted their native forests; the larch of the Appennines continued under the emperors to supply the capital itself with beams of stupendous bulk and unknown antiquity. Accordingly, it would be vain to seek in the works of the *rei rusticae scriptores* for any systematic directions on the subject of planting timber trees. Virgil seized it as a charming subject for poetry, but Columella,

Columella, at a somewhat later period, almost wholly omits it; while Cato, long before, sourly assigns the ninth and last place in his catalogue of soils to that which was productive of the noblest, that is the glandiferous species of trees. 'Cato quidem gradatim proponens alium alio agrum, meliorem esse dicit in novem discriminibus, quod sit primus ubi vineæ esse possunt, bono vino et multo—secundus, ubi hortus irriguus—tertius ubi salicta, quartus ubi oliveta, quintus ubi pratum, sextus, ubi campus frumentarius, septimus ubi cædua silva, octavus ubi arbustum, nonus ubi glandaria silva.\* We may pardon the father of geonics for his very consistent preference of the vine;† but a practical farmer like Cato ought to have known that the oak flourishes most in the same soil with wheat. To the Romans we are indebted, in this island, for the chesnut, the first instance of artificial planting amongst us, which, after rivalling the oak for some centuries in the construction of our ancient houses, has tacitly left that sovereign of the vegetable world to its ancient and deserved preeminence. The beech and the Scottish pine, notwithstanding the testimony of Cæsar to the contrary, are unquestionably indigenous in Britain. Among the Saxons, with the exception of castles, and partly of churches, not the roofs only, but the walls of all buildings above the rank of mud and wattles were of wood. Hence the word *timber* came to signify building in general. But at this period the native forests of England were of vast extent, and so far was the national consumption of oak from exhausting them by use, so far were the efforts of agriculture from wearing them out by gradual encroachment, that without the aid of an heated imagination we may be permitted to believe individual trees, now existing, to have attained to no inconsiderable bulk before the conquest. But how have they survived so many revolutions? The answer is easy—Revolutions at those early periods brought with them no temptations to the destruction of woods. No man long perseveres in wanton and laborious mischief, and there was then no market for timber. When the purposes of house-bote and hay-bote were answered, the survivors of the wood were left to live or die in the common course of nature. On the other hand, in the most ancient records of noble and religious houses, scarcely a vestige can be discovered of any attention to the state of their woods; they were accounted rather an incumbrance than a profit; and for landscape or ornament men had then neither eyes nor taste. But after the dissolution of the religious houses, a certain insecurity which was long apprehended in the tenure of their lands, and a vast increase in the demand for oak timber, by an in-

\* Varro de Re Rustica, l. 1, s. 50. Ed. Rob. Steph.

† Narratur et prisca Catonis  
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

creased solidity in the manner of constructing inferior houses, occasioned so prodigious a devastation, that in the reign of Elizabeth the first scarcity of that valuable material began to be felt, and the first instructions for repairing the deficiency were given. 'This scarcity at first,' says an observing writer of that time, 'grew as it is thought either by the industrie of man for mayntayning of tillage, or else through the covetousness of such as in preferring of pasture for their sheepe and greater cattle do make small account of fire-bote and timber, or finally by the crueltie of the enemies.\*' The cause, however, already assigned operated probably more powerfully than any of these, excepting the first.

But it was the civil war in the reign of Charles I. which gave the first great blow to the forests and woods of England. The estates of delinquents were minutely surveyed,—their aged oaks, like the old families which owned them, were by these enemies of all that was elegant or venerable, doomed to destruction. In these patrician trees they beheld a kind of aristocracy—the royal forests, above all, followed the fate of their unhappy master, and as all the Stuarts had uniformly felt a patriotic concern for the navy of England, it became one of the first cares of Charles II. after the restoration, to repair this formidable breach, which seemed to threaten the existence of England as a maritime; and consequently as an independent, power.

Laws enacted to limit and direct the administration of private property are never obeyed; and Charles was too sensible a man to think of compelling his subjects to plant, by fines and forfeitures for the omission. Example he knew would do something, and he had scope enough for the purpose in his own wasted forests; but an animated exhortation from the press, in an age when the nobility and gentry began to read, and to reflect, he knew would do more. A proper person for the purpose therefore was sought and found; a man of family, fortune, and learning; an experienced planter; a virtuoso, and not a little of an enthusiast in his own walk.

Such was Mr. Evelyn: and to this occasion we are indebted for the *Sylva*, which has therefore a title to be regarded as a national work. And surely every man of taste will rejoice that such an undertaking was not reserved for the improved science and cool didactic clearness of the present day. The Linnæan classification, the exact botanical arrangement, which has been bestowed, and very properly bestowed on the subject, by a modern editor, would have been dearly purchased at the price of that ancient and simple strain of piety, that amusing superstition, that multifarious reading, and,

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\* Harrison's Account of Britain prefixed to Hollinshead, ed. 1577.

above all, that tender and parental feeling with which Evelyn writes on his favourite subject. To say that a republication of the *Sylva* was unnecessary because we know more of the subject, and, what we do know, more accurately than Evelyn, is to say nothing. Varro was a better, that is, a more practical agriculturist than Virgil: yet the *Georgics* have a thousand delighted readers, while the *rei rusticæ* scriptor has a few curious critics. The truth is, that no man will sit down to the text of the *Sylva* as a book of science. Nay even the notes, valuable as they are, and reflecting many useful lights on the subject of planting, are capable of much improvement. In fact an experienced nursery-man in partnership with a tolerable botanist, would produce a better guide for the modern planter than the combined labours of the author and editor of the *Sylva*. But what would be the comparative effect? On opening the one we are introduced into a magnificent forest, where the delighted imagination disdains to notice that the paths are tangled, and the undergrowth of shrubs and bushes is wasting itself in rank and idle luxuriance; while we should take up the other with the indifference of those who visit an infant seminary of forest trees, staked out and numbered on their several beds according to class and order. But the great and immediate use of the *Sylva* (to make use of the author's own expression) was that of a 'parænesis'—It sounded the trumpet of alarm to the nation on the condition of their woods and forests. This was almost enough; for the truth is, that the *science* of planting is of no difficult attainment. 'He, who remembers that all the woods by which the wants of man have been supplied from the deluge till now were self sown, will not easily be persuaded to think all the art and preparation necessary, which the georgic writers prescribe to planters. Trees certainly have covered the earth with very little culture: they wave their tops among the rocks of Norway, and might thrive as well in the Highlands and Hebrides.\* And if men of fortune, among ourselves, can once be persuaded that the timber wanted for the British navy is in no long period likely to fail, and that therefore planting is a patriotic work; or if it can be demonstrated to their satisfaction, that, in addition to all the essential advantages conferred upon posterity, it will, if entered upon in early life, besides the pleasing and gentle occupation which it affords, be to themselves a profitable work—the end is achieved. In the course of their first experiments on soils and exposures, some miscarriages will take place, and some mortifications be endured, but if they bear in mind one line of the poet,

'Texendæ sepes tamen et pecus orane tenendum est,'

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\* Johnson's *Journey to the Western Isles*, p. 384.

without which every advantage of soil and climate and skill will be thrown away, the knowledge thus acquired will be more valuable than all the results of formal instruction; it will be topical and experimental.

In the later editions of the *Sylva*, which at intervals, longer or shorter, was under the author's hands, during a period of more than forty years, it is pleasing to observe the impulse which the first publication had given to the national taste. Charles the Second, as became his station, set the example of patriotic planting, and the royal forests were replenished with saplings which, at an interval of an hundred and twenty years, were destined to assert the naval supremacy of our country against the fleets of Spain and France, during the American war. Far other we fear have been the effects of those well intended efforts, which, at a much later period, have been made to replenish the royal forests.

*Δρυος παρῆσης πας ἀνὴρ ξυλευταί*

is but too true of the depredations which, from the absence of due inspection, have been committed on that noble tree, from the acorn, which, when sown, is abandoned by unprincipled workmen to the hogs, to the aged trunk, of which a moiety, under the description of root and stub, is seized by the ranger. The truth is that woods always succeed best, for a season at least, on small estates—in other words, under the hand and eye of the owner. A winter's residence in London has, within our observation, been the destruction of an extensive and promising plantation; but, on the other hand, the pressure of the present times, which bears with peculiar hardship on all owners of small landed estates, added to the necessity of frequent alienations, always preceded by the untimely sacrifice of wood, and the impossibility of providing for families without the same work of premature destruction, combine in limiting the race of full grown oaks to estates above the necessary operation of these galling exigences. On the contrary, if, with the mismanagement which takes place on large estates, few saplings survive, the probability is that those few will become so many giants.

The editor\* of this elegant work was a man of different character from the author, whose innocent quackeries will now excite a smile in the 'experienced housekeeper,' and whose habits, though elegant, were simple and abstemious. We must, however, do Dr. Hunter the justice to say that his re-publication of the *Sylva* revived the ardour which the first edition had excited, and while forests were laid prostrate to protect our shores from the insults of the enemy, the nobility and gentry began once more

\* See his *Culina famulatrix Medicinæ*.



to sow the seeds of future navies, while, in the language of his poetical friend, the surface of the country became

‘ One ample theatre of sylvan grace.’

Before this period, the spirit of planting, whether for the purpose of ornament or profit, was almost confined to the great: if a private gentleman, in the century preceding, planted an hedgerow of an hundred oaks, it was recorded, for the benefit of posterity, in his diary; meanwhile the nursery trade was in few hands, and, as the demands were small, the profits were enormous. The dealers, moreover, encouraged the planting of tall trees, on which, while their own labour had been multiplied for lucrative purposes, the success of the future plantation was always precarious. But the re-publication of the *Sylva* opened the eyes of land owners by teaching them that the seeds of trees would grow in private seminaries, that there was no mystery in managing a nursery; and that a plant of six inches and one of as many feet, placed in equal circumstances, side by side, would, in seven years, almost invert their relative heights.

In this national and patriotic work, however, the great Scottish nobility took and have maintained the precedence. Nothing in South Britain equals the extent and magnificence of those artificial forests which these lords of whole provinces have spread over their wild domains. A little before this period, the introduction of the larch formed a new epoch in the history of planting. That hardy native of Dauphigné and the Appennines had been introduced among us, as a tender exotic, in the reign of Charles the First, but was afterwards neglected; and though the astonishing success of a few individual plants might have directed, much earlier, the attention of our countrymen to its worth, it was little before the era alluded to that it began to be cultivated to any great extent. But a tree, which, in fifty years, will produce a beam equal to an oak of more than twice that duration, while, in contradiction to every other example, the durability and hardness of the wood are in no degree affected by the rapidity of its growth, a tree which, if the oak should fail, would build navies, and if the forests of Livonia or Norway or Canada were exhausted, would build cities, is an acquisition to this island almost without a parallel. In the present state of our relations with foreign countries, and even with our own colonies, it is impossible to contemplate, without exultation, acquisitions which contribute in so important a degree to render us independent on importation. But there are fashions in all pursuits, and every stimulus is, in its own nature, temporary. It becomes us, therefore, by calling the attention of our wealthy countrymen to the

the re-publication before us, as well as by independent encouragements, to keep alive that good spirit which has already gone forth. When Evelyn directed *his* contemporaries to the elegant and patriotic employment of planting, he had to wean them from the boisterous pleasures of the chase, and the consequent excesses of the table. In our laudable effort to awaken men of moderate fortune to the profit and the pleasures of the same occupation, the first difficulty to be encountered is a 'winter in London.' Evelyn himself wrote what he quaintly styled a fumifugium, and the following observations may perhaps be permitted to operate in the same salutary direction. First, then, longevity has been, above every other description of men, the lot of great planters.

'And now,' says our amiable author, 'it is observed that planters are often blessed with health and old age. According to the Prophet Isaiah, "The days of a tree are the days of my people." *Hæc scripsi octogenarius*, and shall, if God protract my years and continue my health, be continually planting, till it shall please him to *transplant* me into those glorious regions above, planted with perennial groves and trees bearing immortal fruit.'

But the man of pleasure will say, a mere vegetable existence in the country, however prolonged, is no better than a *βίος αβίος*, a life not worth the living. And if indeed this mode of existence were mere rustic vacuity, if it were inconsistent with literary occupation, with domestic enjoyment, with active usefulness in those stations of authority which await every country gentleman resident on his own estate, we should certainly be of the same opinion; but in fact it is only inconsistent with absence, with dissipation, with waste, with vice. Then, again, the return of the planter's income among the labouring peasantry of his estate, the influence of his constant superintendence and example on their morals, and the habits of cheerful submission which they always acquire by working under the eye of a master, are considerations to which no benevolent mind can be indifferent. And for himself, let him believe, till he has tried the experiment and been disappointed, that every clod which is turned up in his presence will breathe health into his nostrils, that in planting he will find the only occupation in which hope and gratification uniformly go hand in hand; the one never sated, the other never extinguished. It affords to the mind, the gentlest and most soothing engagement, and to the body a species of exercise produced by every variety of posture, every flexure of joint and limb, and such as no uniform motion can ever attain. If in this class of society, a young man on entering upon his estate, were systematically to apply but ten acres annually to this most useful work, it would furnish himself with employment for life, and his  
younger

younger children with portions after his decease. But, in spite of the reclamations of his gardener, who is feed by the nursery-men, he must begin with the seed-bed: he is otherwise not the natural father of his future family. Transplantation next succeeds, which from every principle of present economy, as well as future advantage, ought to be early. Then follows a long progressive work of thinning, pruning, and topping, all which demand a skilful, and, if possible, a master's hand.

Erasmus was laughed at by the elder Scaliger for having conceived (and, perhaps, he was the first modern who conceived) the idea that plants were afflicted with a certain degree of sensation. This imagination, which seems to have received some countenance of late, must, for the sake of his feelings, be discarded by the planter; otherwise, in every act of necessary discipline upon his plants he will appear to be performing a surgical operation on his children: for the knife, the chissel and the saw must all be used in succession, though with more or less reserve, according to the following analogies.

Glandiferous trees, of which the seeds are few and bulky, have also few and perpendicular roots, with broad deciduous leaves, and are apt to extravagate into a waste of vegetation in their side branches. To compensate for this native defect, all these are patient of the knife. On the contrary, the whole pine tribe, of which the seeds are diminutive as those of herbaceous plants, have roots numerous in proportion, more capable therefore of transplantation; but because they have little hold on the ground, they are filled, instead of leaves, with a kind of spines, on which the winds have little effect. These never waste themselves in side branches, and to them, therefore, excepting with respect to dead branches, the knife, not being necessary, is injurious. In all cases, early planting is highly expedient, *'adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.'*

To animate still farther the youthful planter by the prospect of no remote nor chimerical profit from his labours, a single poplar of eighteen years growth has been sold for four pounds; and a single acre planted, according to the circumstances of the soil, with that valuable aquatic, or the equally valuable larch, will, in favourable situations, and in no longer a period than twenty years, yield a produce worth ten times the fee simple of the land. Very different are these views of the subject from those of our great but gloomy moralist, who reminds the Scottish planters, for their consolation, that 'there is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber. He that calculates (he continues) the growth of trees has the unwelcome remembrance of the shortness of life

driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself, and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down.\* Dr. Johnson was not a father,—and what if that ‘other’ should be a beloved son?

With respect to the oak, indeed, hope must for the most part be the planter's reward; and were Quarles himself to seek for an emblem of the highest disinterestedness, or the grossest folly, he might light upon a man of fourscore dropping the acorns of this ornament and strength of future centuries. Yet we have seen men short of threescore years and ten reposing under the shade of oaks sown by themselves, which had attained to seven feet in circumference. From the seed-bed therefore to the perfection of some, and to the hopeful and rapid increase of others among his ‘old contemporary trees’ are the probable limits of the planter's life. But in the multiplied and delightful occupations of this long period, he will find that a tincture of other knowledge than experience alone can confer, is necessary to accomplish him in his own department. He will be assailed in the outset by temptations from interested persons to a wasteful profusion of plants. He ought, therefore, to be acquainted with the mensuration of surfaces, lest he should ignorantly be led to conceive that the difference in the number of his seedlings between planting at the distances of three, four, or five feet, is merely as those numbers. He should also, for similar purposes of economy, be acquainted with the geometrical relations between areas and their different outlines.

At a more advanced period of his progress, when the peculiar appetite of old age begins to operate in shortsighted temptations to immediate gain, he should acquaint himself with the mensuration of solids, and should be able to counteract the plea of interest upon interest, by actual admeasurements and practical demonstrations from year to year, that his woods, if spared, are uniformly increasing in a ratio which far outstrips the operations of indolent and sedentary avarice. To fortify himself in this species of abstinence, he will study the history and progress of woods, as detailed in this volume, with a wide compass of inquiry and information; and that he may not be discouraged by the comparatively trifling emoluments which are there represented as having accrued to the planter or his posterity after a lapse of many years, and from woods of considerable extent, he will do well to remember that the price of oak has nearly quadrupled within the last thirty years; and that by adding a cypher to estimates relating to the time of Charles the First,

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\* Journey to the Western Islands, p. 325.

he will do no more than raise them to the standard of his own times.

On the subject of taste, which, by a peculiar felicity, is in this single instance capable of harmonizing with views of profit, we have yet said little. Evelyn had a true feeling of picturesque beauty; but, living before the laws of landscape were known, except to painters, he admired justly, though without rules. Let the reader turn to the incomparable chapter in this work on the 'sacredness and use of standing groves,' where he will find, that in order to feel and describe the combinations of nature in these her most majestic works, it is not indispensable to talk, in the cant of a profession, of keeping and of tints, of foregrounds, offskips, and distance. Evelyn's painting resembles the forest scene in 'As You Like It,' or the more rugged features of Milton's Garden of Eden, 'wild above rule or art.' But to the undisciplined taste of picturesque beauty, there is added to this chapter such an accumulation of learning, sacred and profane; such a devout and holy feeling excited by the solemnity of ancient woods; such an harmless and elegant superstition on this his favourite subject, as exalt the planter to the much higher characters of critic, poet and saint. In short, the spirit of this chapter, and almost of the whole work, is that of his retired and tuneful friend Cowley, or of a later bard, who imitating, without knowing it, the sentiment and expression of Columella, exclaimed

'God made the country and man made the town.'

In short, nothing can furnish a better antidote to the dry, scientific, didactic clearness with which physiological subjects are treated at present, or even to the formal and mechanical rules by which we are taught to avoid formality and mechanism in gardening, than this most feeling, desultory and enchanting work.

The truth is, that at a time when ornamental gardening was no better than architecture in trees and shrubs, there were always men of genius found to soar above that wretched taste; and now, when artificial landscape had attained to its highest point of perfection by copying nature, when the 'earth-painter', as he has been not unhappily named, had begun to emulate Claud and Salvator in nature's own materials, a set of trading mannerists have arisen, who, without taste or discrimination to consult the genius of places, if they succeed at all, succeed in producing a monotonous uniformity of beauty which will tire their employers and mankind. This, from the mere 'fuga' of sameness, will in no long time be succeeded by some monstrous and fantastic taste, which in its turn, and in some happier day, will once more give place to the supremacy of truth and nature.

The superlative merits of the writer, and the enchantment of the subject itself have left us little space, and less inclination to bestow much time on the editor or the present impression. To Dr. Hunter, however, considerable credit is due for the scientific arrangement of trees and shrubs which he has added, in their respective places, to the text, for the valuable hints which he has every where scattered on the modern improvements in sowing and planting, and above all, for the admirable portrait of his author by Bartolozzi, which, under the lean and fallen features of age, exhibits all the intelligence and fire of youth. In the last edition, such is the state of the engravings, (perhaps unavoidably,) that the possessors of the earlier impressions may felicitate themselves on their good fortune.

On the subject of physiology, and the internal organization of plants, something has been added by Dr. Hunter, perhaps as much as was then understood—though the observations of Malpighi and Grew, at a much earlier period, were excellent. ‘Many things, however,’ says the editor, ‘yet remain to be discovered,’ (p. 418,) and, in the last four years, experiment and observation appear to have completed the work.

On comparing Mr. Evelyn's unarranged enumeration of trees and shrubs cultivated among us in his time, with the few and unimportant additions to the catalogue of trees cultivated in England, which appear in the scientific arrangement of his editor, adapted to the close of the last century, it is impossible not to remark, that during a period of activity and improvement in every other department unequalled in any former age, the British *sylva*, as far as relates to the introduction of new species, appears to have been nearly at a stand. The cold regions of New England, of Russia and Norway, had, indeed, already added to the remains of our indigenous pine forests many varieties of that valuable tribe; while our immense acquirements on the torrid plains of Hindostan afforded no acquisitions but for the hothouse: the present reign, however, has opened a new southern continent, resembling in climate that of Constantinople, and abounding with varieties of trees and shrubs which would unquestionably bear the ordinary severities of an English winter. The southern shores of the Euxine had long before been explored by Clusius and Tournefort, and the fruit of their researches, and of some other early botanists, was not only the horse chesnut, at once a forest tree of the first magnitude, and a flowering shrub of the greatest beauty, but the laurel, and many other shrubs, unlike that great ornament of our winter walks, of the finest scent.

The climate of the great southern continent, at least that of our settlements upon it, we have already said, is nearly the same with  
that



that of Pontus. Thither we annually export whole cargoes of vice and guilt, and thence, to purify our own air, we might import innumerable varieties of vegetable beauty; but, to the disgrace of an elegant and scientific age, the door is shut. The vigilance of our *doganeri* is equally directed to the detection of imports properly contraband, and to articles of no intrinsic value, but objects sometimes of pure curiosity and sometimes of great national utility. Restrictions so unprofitable, and so little in the contemplation of a liberal government, but connived at in the conduct of men habitually coarse and violent, are worthy only of a despotic sovereignty or of a barbarous age.

ART. V. *A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, in 1808 and 1809; in which is included some Account of the Proceedings of his Majesty's Mission under Sir Harford Jones to the Court of the King of Persia.* By James Morier, Esq. Secretary, &c. London. 1812.

*A Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire, accompanied by a Map.* By John Macdonald Kinneir, political Assistant to Brigadier General Sir J. Malcolm, in his Mission to the Court of Persia. London. 1813.

THAT the Persian empire flourished in all the arts and luxuries of the east, when the western world gave shelter, in its woods and wilds, to a few hordes of savages, the most ancient and authentic records, both sacred and profane, afford unequivocal testimony; every where the Scriptures display a distinct and intimate knowledge of the local and political concerns of this empire; and the father of profane history details, with the exactness of local information, the principal transactions by which its sovereigns were distinguished.

By what particular tribe of people Persia was originally inhabited must remain a matter of conjecture; that they were of the Scythian or Tartar race is more than probable, as the Parsees or Guebres, undoubtedly the most ancient and the least mixed of the Persians, have few if any of the lineaments of the Hindoo countenance, whilst the remarkable Tartar eye and olive complexion are universally discoverable among this tribe. The modern Persians, however, can hardly be said to possess any peculiar national character; the original traits having been defaced by the various revolutions of the government, the frequent change of masters, and the introduction of new systems of morals and religion.

Without ascending higher than the third century of the Christian

tian era, beyond which indeed we have no regular and unbroken series of Persian annals, this unfortunate country will appear to have been governed and overrun alternately by the Turcoimans, the Affghans, and more northern Tartars, on the one side, and by the Mahomedan Arabs on the other; it had before this period received, at various times, under its protection, the Christians of Egypt, Syria, and Armenia: it has never ceased to carry off by force, or procure by traffic, the beautiful girls of Georgia and Circassia, who have given birth to many of its kings and khans; and when, to all these, we add the populous colonies established in the country by the Greeks after the conquests of Alexander, one of which, that of Seleucia alone, is said to have contained 300 nobles, and 600,000 citizens, we shall find it as difficult to make out the pedigree of a modern Persian as of a 'true-born Englishman.' The difference in this respect is very remarkable between the Persians and almost every other people of Asia, but particularly the Hindoos and Chinese, whose national contempt for foreign connection has preserved them, for ages, the same unvarying, unmixed race, through all the revolutions which their respective countries have undergone.

The boundaries and extent of the Persian empire have been as changeable as their national character. In the reign of Ardshir, better known as Artaxerxes Babegan, who, about the 220th year of the Christian era, established the house of the Sassanides, it was circumscribed by the Araxes and Euphrates, the Oxus and Indus, the Caspian sea and the Persian gulph. At the present day it is not easy to assign any precise boundary, nor to mark the extent over which the authority of the reigning monarch may be said to reach. To the northward the Russians for some years past have been pressing upon Persia, and to the eastward and westward its ancient limits are considerably narrowed by the Turks, the Tartars, and the Affghans: yet the pride of the 'king of kings' would have it understood that his power and extent of dominion are not inferior to those enjoyed by Ardshir.

Supposing, however, what may strictly be called Persia, though not all of it obedient to the sway of the present sovereign, to extend from the river Tigris on the west, to the Aroba on the eastern frontier of Hindostan; and from the Kur and the Tidjen (on the east and west of the Caspian) to the Persian gulph and Indian ocean, it will form a parallelogram of about 1200 by 1000 miles, comprehending an area of 1,200,000 square miles: of this area one-third part at least consists of arid deserts, salt lakes, and marshes covered with jungle; and more than another third of naked mountains. 'There is not in all the world (Chardin says) that country which hath more mountains and fewer

fewer rivers;’ and he adds, ‘that not one-twelfth part of it was either inhabited or under any sort of cultivation.’ Some of the mountains he describes of such a height, that their ‘tops and summits are beyond the reach of the eye of man.’ The principal ranges are ramifications of Caucasus and Taurus; but we are not aware that any traveller has ventured even to estimate the height of any one point of these ranges. Few of them, except those in the provinces of Mazanderaun and Ghilan, on the south and south-west sides of the Caspian, produce any timber; but those branches of the Caucasian mountains are well clothed with oak, chesnut, acacia, walnut, sycamore, pines, cedars, poplars, and many other kinds of trees, some of very large dimensions.

‘There is not a single river,’ continues Chardin, ‘that can carry a boat into the heart of the kingdom, or serve to transport commodities from one province to another.’ This is true; the Euphrates and the Tigris, the Indus and the Oxus, were considered in his time as the frontier rivers, but none of them enter Persia; and those of the interior are either inconsiderable streams, or such as, gradually diminishing from their sources, lose themselves, like those of Africa, in marshes or sandy deserts; of the latter, the most celebrated is that which is usually called the Great Salt desert. It cuts through the very heart of the empire, ‘being in length about 400 miles, and in breadth 250;’ and if to this be added the desert of Kerman, which may in fact be considered as a continuation of the former, its length will be extended to 750 miles. This dreary waste produces nothing but a few saline and succulent plants; such as various species of *atriplex*, *salsola*, *mesembryanthemum*, &c. Of the *Great Sandy desert* of Mekran, where, according to Arrian, the beasts of burthen belonging to the army of Alexander had nearly been smothered, we cannot convey a better idea than Mr. Pottinger’s description, as we find it in Mr. Kinneir.

‘The great desert is estimated by Mr. Pottinger to extend from the banks of the Heermund to the great range of mountains which separates the southern from the northern division of Mekran, a distance of four or four hundred and fifty miles, and from the town of Nooshky to that of Jask, a distance of rather more than two hundred miles. The sand of this desert is of a reddish colour, and so light that, when taken in the hand, the particles are scarcely palpable. It is raised by the wind into longitudinal waves which present, on the side towards the point from which the wind blows, a gradual slope from the base, but on the other side rise perpendicularly to the height of ten or twenty feet, and at a distance have the appearance of a new brick wall. Mr. Pottinger had great difficulty in urging his camel over these waves, especially when it was necessary to ascend the perpendicular or leeward side of them. They ascended the sloping side with more ease;

ease; and as soon as they perceived the top of the wave giving way with their weight, they most expertly dropped on their knees, and in that manner descended with the sand, which was so loose that the first camel made a path sufficient for the others to follow. This impediment however was but trifling, compared to what our travellers suffered from floating or moving particles of sand. The desert seemed, at the distance of half a mile, to be a flat surface, about eight or ten inches above the level of the waves. This cloud or vapour appeared constantly to recede as they advanced, and at times completely enveloped them, filling their eyes, ears and mouths, and causing a most disagreeable sensation. It was productive of great irritation and severe thirst, which was not a little increased by the scorching rays of the sun. The ground was so hot as to blister the feet, even through the shoes; and the natives affirmed that it was the violent heat which occasioned the sand to move through the atmosphere. Mr. Pottinger indeed remarked that this phenomenon was only seen during the heat of the day. The *sahrab*,\* or watery appearance, so common in all deserts, and the moving sands, were seen at the same time, and appeared to be perfectly distinct, the one having a luminous and the other a cloudy appearance. The wind in this desert commonly blows from the north-west; and during the hot summer months it is often so heated, as to destroy any thing, either animal or vegetable, with which it comes in contact: the route by which Capt. Christie and Mr. Pottinger travelled is, therefore, deemed impassable from the middle of May to the end of August. This wind is distinguished throughout the *East*, by the term of the *bade seemoom*, or pestilential wind. It has been known to destroy even camels and other hardy animals, and its effects on the human frame are said to be the most dreadful that can possibly be conceived. In some instances it kills instantaneously; but in others the wretched sufferer lingers for hours, or even days, in the most excruciating torture.—p. 223.

The climate of Persia is so various that Xenophon makes Cyrus say, 'my father's kingdom is so large that there is no enduring the cold on one side of it, nor the heat on the other.' In the lower plains, on the borders of the Indian ocean and the Persian gulph, and even at the capital Tehraun, the summers are represented as intolerably hot, whilst, in many of the mountainous regions, snow lies the whole year round. 'In the month of July, 1810, the hills were covered with snow, and in several of the vallies between Shirauz and Ispahan, we found it so cold, as to make it necessary to sleep under two or three pair of blankets;' and we find from Morier that, on the route from Tehraun to Constantinople, snow lay on the ground six inches deep in the month of June. The atmosphere is generally clear and dry, and the dews not insalubrious; excepting however in the mountainous provinces

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\* Literally, the water of the desert.

of Ghilan and Mazanderaun, on the borders of the Caspian, which are considered as peculiarly unhealthy. Shah Abbas is said to have persuaded vast numbers of Christians from Armenia and Georgia to settle in those two provinces for the purpose of cultivating the silk worm. Thirty thousand families, according to Chardin, allured by the beauty of the country, transplanted themselves thither, of whom, within a century, four hundred only remained; the rest having died or abandoned the country. 'Agues and dropsies,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'are the prevalent disorders, and the natives have in general a sallow and bloated appearance.' Hanway, who visited these provinces, says, that old women, mules, and poultry, are the only animals there that enjoy good health.

The vallies and smaller plains within the mountains are the most fertile, and consequently the most populous, parts of the empire. In them are produced all that luxury or necessity can wish. Wine, sugar, fruits of every kind, wheat, barley, and rice; silk, cotton, indigo, opium, and tobacco, senna, rhubarb, saffron, manna, and assafoetida, are every where abundant, as well as all kinds of culinary vegetables. They have the olive and the palma christi; but the bituminous naphtha, or mineral pitch, supplies the place of oil for their lamps. They have abundance of sheep, with tails of such a weight that, according to Chardin, it is not unusual to place them on a little cart with two wheels. Goats are plentiful, as well as horned cattle; the latter, however, are rarely used as food. Poultry of all kinds is very abundant. They have an excellent breed of horses; and camels, mules, and asses, are the common beasts of burthen. In the woods and jungles are lions, tigers, leopards, and wild boars. Such are the general features, climate and productions of a country which Sir William Jones has pronounced the most beautiful and desirable in the whole world.

We know of no data whatever from which any thing like a tolerably correct estimate can be formed of the population of Persia. In Chardin's time, the natives pretended that it contained twenty-four provinces, five hundred and forty cities, towns and fortresses, and forty millions of souls. Mr. Kinneir thinks it doubtful whether the population of the whole extent of country between the Euphrates and the Indus would be found to amount to more than eighteen or twenty millions, including all the wandering tribes of every denomination. Both accounts have probably no other foundation than conjecture; but, in forming a judgment from the state of the country, we should say that the latter approaches the nearest to, and perhaps exceeds, the truth.

Twenty-three provinces are enumerated and described by Mr. Kinneir, but of these, the first ten only can be said either wholly  
or

or partially to belong to Persia. The provinces of Georgia, Schirvan, and Daghestan are either in the hands of the Russians, or of independent chiefs; Mingrelia is divided between the Turks and Russians; Bulk, Seistan, Cabul, and Scind are inhabited by various tribes of men altogether different from, and independent of, the modern Persians. The title of his book might therefore have been—'A Geographical Memoir of all the Countries between the Euphrates and the Indus.'

In all these countries the state and condition of the people appear to be pretty nearly the same. Whatever revolutions the Asiatic nations, even those where the arts and luxuries were carried to the highest pitch of perfection and profusion, may have undergone, the form of government has remained substantially the same. The prince or the conqueror was always a tyrant, the people were always slaves.

'From the earliest times to the present day, Persia (says Mr. Kinneir) has been subject to the will of a despotic prince, and no monarch ever ruled with a more arbitrary sway than the person who now fills the throne of that empire. He is the absolute master of the lives and property of his subjects, and is under no restraint in the exercise of his power. His commands are instantly obeyed, and the first man in the empire may, in a moment, without even the form of a trial, be stripped of his dignities and publicly bastinadoed.'

Yet this personage neither owes his elevation to the sword, nor to legitimate descent. As nephew to one of those wretched beings who, with the loss of sex, seem to lose all feelings of manhood and all sense of crimes, he quietly ascended the throne, on the death of the uncle, in the year 1795. This eunuch, Aga Mahomet Khan, was himself an usurper, and had just completed the final destruction of the unfortunate race of Kerim Khan, in the person of Latif Ali, when he suddenly died. Futteh Ali Khan, the present sovereign, is said to be the least warlike prince that has sat on the throne of Persia since the last of the Sefis; he is even considered by his subjects to be deficient in personal courage; 'and yet,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'to read the history of his campaigns, a stranger would suppose him to have equalled, if not surpassed, in military fame, the most admired commanders the world has ever produced.' His family are of the Kajer tribe of Astrabad and Mazanderaun, which is of very inferior renown among the numerous and powerful tribes of the empire. We are told by Mr. Scott Waring, but on what authority we know not, that the people of the bazar refused to sell any article to a Kajer, on the plea that there was nothing sufficiently bad for one of that race. Yet, in direct contradiction to these two gentlemen, Mr. Morier assures us, that the Kedjars are 'the most ancient and honoured in Persia.' But whatever



whatever deficiency there may be in his hereditary rank, or military renown, he is careful to make up in pretensions and titles, which, for absurdity and extravagance are, we should think, unequalled. In the preamble of a treaty concluded with Colonel Malcolm we find him thus designating himself.

‘The high king, whose court is like that of Solomon’s, the asylum of the world, the sign of the power of God, the jewel in the ring of kings, the ornament in the cheek of eternal empire, the grace of the beauty of sovereignty and royalty, the king of the universe like Caherman, the mansion of mercy and justice, the phoenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe, a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed, &c.’

Among the early acts of this ‘mansion of mercy and justice’ was that of the murder of Haji Ibrahim, one of the most respectable persons in the empire, by whose exertion and influence he had been quietly placed on the throne; but occurrences of this kind are nothing extraordinary in the eastern world. ‘His face,’ says Mr. Morier, ‘is obscured by an immense beard and mustachios, which are kept very black, and it is only when he talks and smiles that his mouth is discovered.’ He is said to have a taste for literature, and to write verses; and he employs both an historiographer and a poet to record his actions and recite his praise. If, as Mr. Morier was informed, the poet receives from the king a gold *tomaun* (nearly a pound sterling) for every couplet, he may laugh at the decree of fate which the eastern mythologists pretend to have doomed poets to perpetual poverty; but we doubt the fact. The king of Persia is the most avaricious of mortals: such is his venality that he actually sold the vizierat to his own son for ten thousand pounds; and all the inferior offices of the state are disposed of to the highest bidder.

The sovereign will is the law; and two great officers of state are the immediate executors of that law. These are the *azem*, or grand vizier, who is the prime minister, and the *ameen ed dowlah*, or lord high treasurer. The vizier has the management of all foreign affairs, and is commander-in-chief of the army; the other is the secretary of state for the home department, charged with all matters relating to the revenue, and the imposition of taxes. The authority of these two men is subject to no controul; but their continuance in office, and even their existence depend on the caprice of the tyrant whom they serve. Under them are a host of inferior officers in the army, the household and the revenue departments, all of whom look up only to their immediate superior, whose protection is considered as most secure, when it is most costly.

costly. The several provinces of Persia are subdivided into districts; the governors of the former are called *beglerbegs*, and of the latter *hakim*. Under pretence of an anxious solicitude for the welfare of the people, the *beglerbegs* at certain periods are called to court, to render an account of their administration, or, in other words, to pour into the lap of the sovereign and his two ministers, a large portion of the treasures extorted from the people; without which they are morally certain of losing the whole, and probably their eyes into the bargain. No inquiries are made as to the manner in which those treasures have been procured. The *hakim* only can tell this, and all that the *hakim* knows is from the *kelounter*, who superintends the collection of the tribute, and one of whom is found in every city, town, and village. He again shuffles off the responsibility to the *ket-khoda*, or chief of the village, whose *pak-kur*, or agent, is the only person who comes in immediate contact with the *ryot* or husbandman.

The extortions of these officers, and the oppressive taxes on every species of produce, not unfrequently drive the peasantry from the plains to join the banditti of the mountains. It is impossible that agriculture can flourish where property is held on so precarious a tenure, and always subject to systematic rapacity. The established tribute of the king, which was formerly one-tenth, is now said to be one-fifth of every species of produce; or rather of what *might* be produced; for the assessment is made, not on the actual produce of the land, but on the indirect criterion of produce, deduced from the number of cattle which each landholder employs. Every town and village is rated at a certain sum, and if one man cannot pay his quota his neighbour must raise it for him. There are besides many arbitrary taxes, of an occasional nature, as the passage of ambassadors, military expeditions, &c. which the *ryots* are called on to pay, as well as to satisfy the collector for this additional trouble; and as this office is purchased by him who holds it from his immediate superior, the amount of the purchase money usually regulates the rate of extortion.

There is, however, a pretended system of jurisprudence, founded on the precepts of the *Koran*, and a nominal judge of civil and criminal law, under the title of *sheik ul islam*. But the king himself is supreme judge, and the *nasakchee bashee*, an officer of high rank, the chief executioner, who requires no other authority than the king's *firmaun* to take off half the heads in the empire. The governors of provinces and of cities act as judges within their respective jurisdictions; but such is the justice of their decisions, that the rich man's hog invariably oversets the poor man's pot of oil. The ordinary punishments are privation of sight, bodily mutilations, and the *bastinado* on the soles of the feet. Theft is punished with great

great severity, generally with death. 'I remember,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'having seen four thieves built into a wall, all but their heads, and thus left to perish.' Mr. Morier says, the present king never pardons a thief, and that the usual punishment is to draw him up between two young trees whose tops have been forcibly brought together; when let loose, the body, by their elastic spring, is torn asunder, and hangs divided on each separate tree: this barbarous proceeding is corroborated by Mr. Kinneir. It must, indeed, be a very ancient mode of punishment in Persia, being that which, according to Plutarch, Alexander inflicted on the regicide Byssus.

The King of Persia may be considered as the most arbitrary tyrant in the universe with so small a military force to support his tyranny. His body guard, which is the only permanent army, does not exceed ten thousand men, to which may be added the gholasums or royal slaves, in number about three thousand. The former, indeed, are not always on duty, though always liable to be called out; the latter are the guardians of the king's person. It is the number and bravery of the wandering tribes that constitute the real military force of the Persian empire. These compose, in fact, half the population of the country. Their chiefs or khans are the feudal barons of the empire, and hold their dignities and territories from the king on condition of military service; and each has a son, a brother, or some near relation at court, to answer for the loyalty and fidelity of the chief. These khans are, for the most part, of the Turcoman race, and still preserve the manners, and speak the language, of their Scythian ancestors. Those in the southern provinces pretend to trace their origin to a much higher antiquity, and, as Mr. Kinneir seems to think, may be the descendants of the ferocious bands encountered by Alexander in that part of the country: they dwell in tents, lead chiefly a pastoral life, and change, with the seasons, their place of abode in pursuit of better pasturage. The following passage will convey some idea of the manners and hospitality of these wandering tribes of Elauts, (probably Eleuths,) as they are called by Mr. Morier, a party of whom he fell in with near the foot of Mount Ararat.

'As soon as it was announced at the tent that strangers were coming, every thing was in motion; some carried our horses to the best pastures, others spread carpets for us; one was dispatched to the flock to bring a fat lamb, the women immediately made preparations for cooking, and we had not sat long before two large dishes of stewed lamb, with several basins of *yaourt* (thick milk) were placed before us. The senior of the tribe, an old man, (by his own account, indeed, more than 85 years of age,) dressed in his best clothes, came out to us, and welcomed us to his tent with such kindness, yet with such respect, that his sincerity could not be mistaken. He was still full of activity and

fire, although he had lost all his teeth, and his beard was as white as the snow on the venerable mountain near his tent. The simplicity of his manners and the interesting scenery around, reminded me, in the strongest colours, of the life of the patriarchs; and more immediately of him whose history is inseparable from the mountain of Ararat.—(p. 309.)

From the aggregate of all these tribes Mr. Kinneir thinks the present king might, on an emergency, collect a force of one hundred and fifty, or, perhaps, two hundred thousand men, all cavalry. These undisciplined armies, he tells us, receive no regular pay, and are only kept together by the hope of plunder; they are therefore generally indulged once a year, to take the field, either against the Russians, Affghans, or Turcomans, their immediate neighbours. We doubt the correctness of this statement. They certainly do not go to war with the Russians for the sake of plunder, but to repel them beyond their ancient limits which they have invaded, and for which purpose they have waged an unprofitable war for the last fourteen or fifteen years; and our government of India must be held responsible for urging the Persians to make war upon the Affghans.

Mr. Kinneir goes on to state, that, as the horse and accoutrements belong not to the public, but are the property of the individual, for which if lost he receives no compensation, the anxiety to preserve them has frequently proved fatal to the reputation of the Persian arms. This account is at direct variance with those of Scott Waring and Morier, both of whom state the pay and allowances to be considerable, and add, that horses and clothing are supplied out of the royal treasury. Our own opinion is, that the king pays and clothes his personal army, and that each khan does the same out of the revenues of his district, and the plunder derived from the neighbouring chiefs, among whom mutual hostility constantly prevails. If, indeed, it be true, as Mr. Kinneir states it, that the whole revenue paid into the treasury does not amount to more than three millions sterling, even allowing the value of money there to exceed that of Europe four-fold, it is impossible that the food and clothing, the horse and accoutrements, which are all expensive, could be furnished to a large army out of such a sum.

Nothing can exceed the profusion of ornamental finery with which the palace and person of Futteh Ali Shah are surrounded. His throne, his clothing, his arms, and all the regal insignia exhibit one blaze of pearls and diamonds, rubies and emeralds. His harem is said to be equally splendid; and some idea may be formed of its extent from Scott Waring, who states that, at the age of five and twenty, he had no less than fifty sons—how many daughters, we know not, for they go for nothing. In 1809,  
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the fourteenth year of his reign, Mr. Morier tells us that he had sixty-five sons and as many daughters. His second son, Ali Mirza, Prince of Schiraz, at the age of nineteen, had eight children; and his love of women, horses, and finery fully equalled that of his father, whom he resembled in other respects, except, indeed, that instead of cutting off ears, slitting noses, and piercing eyes, he contented himself with the gentle application of the bastinado.

Very different from these is said to be the character of the heir apparent, Abbas Mirza, Prince of Aderbijan, whose residence is at Tabreez. Plain and simple in his dress and manners, his whole attention is turned to the improvement of his troops in military discipline and tactics. He regularly inspects their arms, their horses, and their accoutrements. He is considered as the best horseman in Persia, and Mr. Morier was told, by the governor of Tabreez, that at full gallop he could bring down a deer with a single ball, or with his bow hit a bird on the wing: he possesses also the rare quality in a modern, but the pride and glory of an ancient Persian—that of speaking truth—an instance of which appeared in his reprimanding the governor for telling Mr. Morier that the French had left Tabreez, when they were still there, and ordering him to go and unsay what he had told him. Such a man is worthy of a throne; but miserable, indeed, must be the state of that country whose prospects of prosperity extend not beyond the occasional and transient reign of one virtuous sovereign.

As the constitution and administration of all governments, and the moral character and political condition of the people, act reciprocally on each other, it would not be difficult to determine with tolerable precision the actual state of the subjects of Persia. Both Mr. Kinneir and Mr. Morier have afforded some incidental information on this point. We find that, in the province of Fars, or Pars, which is in the very heart of the empire, and gives the modern name to it, many of its fertile plains and vallies are destitute of inhabitants.

‘Between Bebahan and Shirauz (says Mr. Kinneir) I travelled, in 1809, upwards of sixty miles, through the most delightful vallies, covered with wood and verdure; but all was solitary; not the face of a human being was any where to be seen. They had been possessed by an ancient tribe which, in consequence of their licentious conduct, had been nearly extirpated by the orders of the prince, and the few that survived had taken refuge on the summits of the loftier and most inaccessible mountains, where they subsisted on a wretched kind of bread made from acorns, and from thence sallying forth, infested the roads and rendered travelling extremely dangerous.’—(p. 55.)

Again, in Khosistan, (the ancient Susiana,) in the government of

Shuster, which constitutes its fairest portion, fertilized by four streams which cross the plain in every direction, even here, the peculiar blessings of nature are insufficient to counterbalance the baneful influence of the ignorant and rapacious government of the Persians; for wherever it prevails, desolation and ruin attest its destructive effects. This wealthy province which, as we learn from Strabo, yielded to the husbandman one hundred or even two hundred-fold, and was rich in its productions of cotton, sugar, (not *sugar* from Strabo surely!) rice and grain, is now, for the most part, a forsaken waste.—From the Alzal to the Tigris, and from the banks of the Karoon to those of the Shat-al-Arab, all is dreary and desolate; and on the east side of Shuster, a lonely wild, upwards of 60 miles in length, extends from that city to the entrance of the valley of Ram Hormuz. He goes on to say, that this valley, of more than usual fertility—the spot where Artaxerxes Babegan, after conquering Artabanes, first assumed the title of Shah en Shah, the kings of kings—is now in the hands of five hostile and predatory chiefs, four of whom are brothers, who live in castles, and take every opportunity of sallying out to commit depredations on each other's property: the governor of Shuster has little or no authority over these lawless and disorderly chiefs and their banditti, though the inhabitants of the towns and villages groan beneath his arbitrary sway. The following incident is quite characteristic of the state of the country.

‘Mr. Monteith and myself, in our journey across the desert from Shuster to Ram Hormuz, encountered a party of one of these tribes, and happily succeeded, not only in beating them off, but in making prisoner one of their leaders whom we carried back to the city. We had no sooner arrived than I lodged a formal complaint against him with Meerza Shefee, the governor, demanding, in the name of the ambassador, that he should be publicly punished. The Meerza, with whom we were personally acquainted, fairly confessed his inability to punish the prisoner, and gave it as his advice that we should avail ourselves of an offer which he had made, to conduct us in safety through the desert, provided he received his pardon. We, accordingly, next morning, set out a second time, escorted by sixty chosen horsemen of the same banditti that had attempted to murder us on the preceding day: nor did they offer to quit us, until we entered the valley of Ram Hormuz, a distance of near seventy miles, when we made them a trifling present and they returned to their homes.’—pp. 95, 96.

If we turn to Irak, the central province of the empire, in which are situated the two great capitals of Ispahan and Tehraun, we find the country about Cashan, one of the most flourishing cities in Persia, in a state of depopulation, and laid completely waste by the inroads of the Turcomans.

‘It was the custom of these barbarians, previous to the reign of the present



present king, to make incursions into Persia, in parties not exceeding forty or fifty men; when, after plundering the villages, and massacring the male inhabitants, they carried off the women and children as slaves. For this purpose each Turcoman was attended by two horses, which were as regularly trained for these *chapowes*, or plundering expeditions, as the racers in England are to run at Newmarket; and it is an astonishing fact, that these horses have been known to perform a journey of seven or eight hundred miles in as many days.—p. 115.

Aderbijan is reckoned amongst the most productive provinces of Persia, and the villages have a gay and delightful appearance, being for the most part embosomed in orchards and gardens, which yield the most delicious fruits and flowers of every description; and where, but for the tyranny of their rulers, the inhabitants might enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life in the highest possible degree. Provisions of all kinds are excellent and abundant, and wine might be made in any quantity; but even in this retired and mountainous situation, such is the oppression of the government and the poverty of the people, that, in the hope of bettering their condition, we are assured by Mr. Kinneir, 'they contemplate with pleasure the approach of the Russians.'

The large province of Khorassan, once so populous and flourishing, so productive in wine, fruit, corn and silk of the best quality, 'has so often been laid waste and overrun by the most savage nations, that commerce and prosperity have utterly disappeared; the cities have fallen into decay, and the most fruitful regions have been converted into solitary deserts.' An incessant war of plunder is carried on by marauding parties of irregular horse, who, after ravaging the country and burning the villages, carry off the inhabitants into slavery. At no great distance even from Herat, which is still said to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants, the peasantry, 'in constant fear of being attacked, never go unarmed; they even cultivate their gardens with their sword by their sides.'

We could produce many passages of a similar description, but we deem those already given more than sufficient to shew the distracted and desolate state of the country, and the deplorable situation of the people. We turn, therefore, with pleasure, to a description of another kind, which, however, is almost the only one of an agreeable nature which occurs in Mr. Kinneir's volume.

'The situation of Khonsar (in Irak) is singularly interesting and romantic. In approaching it from the west the traveller passes over a road completely shaded on both sides, for the distance of four or five miles, by every species of fruit tree which this country produces. The town stands at the base of two ranges of mountains, running parallel with each other, and so very close that the houses occupy the bottom, and, at the same time, the face of the hills to some height. Each house is separate, and surrounded by its own garden; and the town, which is

only connected by means of its plantations, is about six miles in length, and not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth. Khonsar contains two thousand five hundred families, under a chief named Ali Shah, and yields an annual revenue of five thousand *tomauns*, exclusive of the *sadir* (an arbitrary tax) which generally consists of dried fruits and a kind of cotton chintz. No corn of any kind is grown in the valley; but the fruit is so abundant, that it alone enables the inhabitants to procure every kind of necessary article and convenience in return for it. The women of this place are celebrated for their beauty and vivacity.—p. 128.

Khonsar can only be considered as a Persian village. We shall now give a brief sketch of the celebrated Shiraz, and of the two capitals Ispahan and Tehraun, in order to convey some general idea of the cities of this empire. Shiraz is not more than four or five miles in circuit, it is surrounded with a wall about twenty-five feet high, and ten feet thick, having round towers at bow-shot distance, or at eighty or ninety paces from each other. The houses are low and consist only of one story; the streets are narrow dirty alleys. The citadel is a fortified square, within which is the palace, consisting of ranges of low buildings round a succession of quadrangular courts, in which are canals bordered with tall and spreading sycamores. A splendid mosque, begun by Kerim Khan, remains unfinished. The great bazar, or market, built by the same prince, extends a full quarter of a mile, is constructed of burnt brick, arched over the top, and has every convenience of windows and sky-lights, to let in light and air, and to exclude the sun and rain. Within this bazar all the merchants and trades-people have their assigned quarters.

‘Shiraz,’ says Mr. Kinneir, ‘has a pleasing, rather than a grand, appearance. It is surrounded with many beautiful gardens. The lofty domes of the mosques, seen from afar, amidst the trees, diversify and enrich the view; but, on entering the city, the houses, which are, in general, small, together with the narrow filthy streets, give the stranger but a mean idea of the second city in the empire. The inhabitants, who, according to the best information I could obtain, amount to about forty thousand, enjoy one of the finest climates in the world, and have nothing to regret, but the want of a wise and liberal government.’

Ispahan is the largest city in the empire, and has, for ages, been considered as the capital. Chardin has furnished a long, tedious, and exaggerated account of this city. Including the suburbs, he reckons it to measure twenty-four miles in circumference, and gives to it a population of 600,000 souls. The palaces and the mosques, the bazars, and the baths, he describes as most magnificent; and the plentiful stream of the Zaiande-rood, running through the heart of the city, with its bridges of ‘singular yet beautiful construction,’  
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and the rows of pines and pinasters, and plane trees which adorn its banks, add not a little to the convenience and cleanliness and to the ornament of Ispahan. The private houses are low and small, the streets crooked and exceedingly narrow; the wall of mud, and its eight gates, so out of repair in Chardin's time, as neither to be opened nor shut, have since been destroyed by the Affghans, and the suburb of Julfa, by Mr. Kinneir's account, has been reduced from twelve thousand to six hundred families: most of the others, he adds, have shared the same fate, and a person may ride for miles amidst the ruins of this immense capital, which yet boasts a population of 200,000 souls. The Maidan, or royal square, together with most of the palaces and mosques, though greatly decayed, have still a magnificent appearance. Most of the mosques and colleges, mentioned by Chardin, are standing; and there are still nine churches (of Armenians, we presume) in the suburbs of Julfa, in which weekly service is performed. The valleys and plains, for many miles around Ispahan, are adorned with plantations; and the first view which the traveller has, on coming from Shiraz, of this great metropolis, is from an eminence about five miles from the city, when it bursts at once upon his sight, and forms, perhaps, one of the grandest prospects in the universe.

The city of Tehraun was fixed upon as the capital of Persia, by the late king, Aga Mahomed, partly, perhaps, from its proximity to the Kajer tribe, but principally from its commanding position, being nearly central to the most important roads and passes, and in the midst of those wandering hordes known to be faithful to the reigning family, and from whom it is reckoned he could, on any emergency, raise a body of 25,000 horse within the space of five days.

'Tehraun is about four miles in circumference, surrounded by a strong wall, flanked by innumerable towers, and a noble dry ditch, with a glacis, between it and the wall. The only building of consequence within the city, is the *ark*, or citadel, which contains the palace of the sovereign and his officers. It was founded by Keerim Khan, enlarged by the late king, and beautified by the present one. The population varies from time to time according to the number of guards and attendants then in waiting upon his majesty. In summer, when the excessive heats compel the king to move from this place, the majority of the inhabitants follow the royal camp, when the capital cannot boast above 10,000 people. When the king is there in the winter, the population is supposed to amount to 60,000 souls.'

This is all that we can collect from Mr. Kinneir; but Mr. Morier adds that there are 'six gates inlaid with coloured bricks, and with figures of tigers, and other beasts in rude mosaic,' and that 'their entrance is lofty and domed,' that the town itself is about the size of Shiraz, built of sun dried bricks, and that it has a muddy appearance;

appearance: in this last respect it resembles the print which he has given of it. It contains one large but unfinished mosque, and six small ones; three or four medrassis, one hundred and fifty caravanserais, and as many hummums.

The ruins of Rae or Rey, the capital of Persia in the reign of Alp-Arslan, which was sacked and overthrown by the generals of Ginges-Khan, are situated five miles south of Tehraun. They cover a great extent of country, but present only a succession of little mounds or hillocks, and an undulating inequality of surface, breaking through which, are sometimes visible a few fragments of lacquered tiles or bricks that have been baked in the furnace. Such generally is the only appearance by which the remains of the ancient cities of the eastern world are now to be recognised. Excepting the ruins of some large and lofty turrets, like that of Babel or Belus, the celebrated cities of Babylon and Nineveh, of Ctesiphon and Seleucia are so completely crumbled into dust, as to be wholly undistinguishable but by a few inequalities of the surface on which they once stood.

'The humble tent of the Arab now occupies the spot formerly adorned with the palaces of kings, and his flocks procure but a scanty pittance of food, amidst the fallen fragments of ancient magnificence. The banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, once so prolific, are now, for the most part, covered with impenetrable brush-wood; and the interior of the province, which was traversed and fertilized with innumerable canals, is destitute of either inhabitants or vegetation.'

Most of the houses throughout the east are, in fact, built of bricks dried in the sun, and many of mud or earth; they are, therefore, no sooner deserted than they crumble into dust. Not a shower of rain falls in Persia that does not dissolve the walls of many a habitation. Even the more substantial buildings gradually disappear. As Major Rennell justly observes, 'a deserted city is nothing more than a quarry above ground, in which the materials are shaped to every one's hands;' and it is quite evident from the corroborating testimony of many travellers, that Hillah, the only town in Persia built of furnace-baked bricks, has risen out of the ruins of Babylon. Of these ruins Della Valle, Père Emanuel, Niebuhr, Beauchamp and others have given detailed and minute descriptions, which have been examined and compared by Major Rennell with that critical acumen by which his useful labors are peculiarly distinguished. The conclusion which he draws from them is, that, the position and extent of the city walls might probably be ascertained even at this day; and that the delineation and description of the site and remains would prove one of the most curious pieces of antiquity exhibited in these times.'

It was not, therefore, without great disappointment we read in  
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Mr. Kinneir's account of this part of the country, that his friend Captain Frederick, after dedicating eight or ten hours every day, for a week, in the neighbourhood of Hillah, after examining, with all possible attention, a space of twenty-one miles in length, and twelve in breadth, was unable to discover any thing which could admit of a conclusion, 'that either a wall or ditch had ever existed within this area.' The tower of Babel; or temple of Belus, was examined by both these gentlemen, and other ruins in the shape of mounds, in all of which were furnace-baked bricks, with and without inscriptions in the Persepolitan arrow-headed character, and we are still persuaded that, had they examined the banks of the Euphrates with the eyes of antiquaries, the traces of the wall and ditch would not have escaped them. They did see, in fact, at 'one mile and a half from Hillah, on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, a longitudinal mound close on the edge of the river,' and two miles further up 'a second more extensive than the first.' The last English traveller who passed over the site of Babylon was Captain Cuninghame, who observed 'long mounds of earth running parallel to each other, and having others crossing them at right angles.' We have thought it right to notice these discrepancies, that future travellers may not be discouraged by the disappointment of Mr. Kinneir and Captain Frederick.

The antiquities which have been discovered confirm, but throw no new light on, the fragments of the ancient history of Persia. The majestic ruins of Persepolis are generally considered as the remains of a palace burnt by Alexander at the instigation of his mistress, but the founder of it is still unknown. On the smooth surface of rocks, in various parts of the kingdom, are sculptures in bas relief of colossal figures on horseback. Of several of these groups Mr. Morier has traced the outline, and copied a few of the inscriptions, from which it would appear that Sir William Jones was not mistaken in conjecturing them to be engraven in the Pahlavi character; a conjecture that is confirmed by Mr. Kinneir's description of the excavations and sculptures of Taki Bostan, not far from the city of Kermanshaw, in which he found 'two inscriptions in Pehlvi.' Among other representations, there is one meant for the hunting of the wild boar, in which 'are a vast number of figures, all executed with wonderful precision and judgment; the attitudes of the elephants, which compose a part of the scene, are so well conceived, and the trunks and every other part so exquisitely finished, that they would not perhaps have disgraced the finest artists of Greece and Rome.' For any thing that has yet appeared to the contrary, they may have been the work of Greek artists. In fact, there is a Greek inscription on the chest of one of the horses at Backshee Rustum, but too much defaced to be intelligible.

ligible. Some have supposed these sculptured rocks to represent the conquest of the Parthians by Artaxerxes; others the defeat and captivity of the Emperor Valerian by Sapor, in honour of which event the city was built and named; whilst Gardanne, the ambassador of Buonaparte, decides the matter like a Frenchman, in three words—'plus loin sur un rocher élevé, on voit une croix et les douze apôtres sculptés.'

The Persians of the present day have no taste either for painting or sculpture. The walls of their houses are decorated with glaring colours, and their palaces, like those of the Emperor of China, beautified by a profusion of azure blue and gold, a species of tawdry grandeur that ill assorts with the low mean buildings without windows, and brick or clay floors, which come in contact with those apartments of state. In mechanic arts and manufactures they are not deficient; and, as is usually the case in the east, their most curious manufactures are performed by the simplest means. Their earthenware is little inferior to that of China. The beautiful Murrhine vases, so highly esteemed by the Romans, were supposed by Pliny and others to be the produce of Persia,\* though recent discoveries would seem to render it probable that Baroche; in Guzzerat, was the place whence the ancients received them; at least vases agreeing with their description are still manufactured at this place. It is probable, however, that the Guebres, who fled from the persecutions of the Mahomedans, and found an asylum on the coast of Guzzerat, may have carried thither the lapidary art, which the Hindoos do not appear to have ever possessed in any degree of perfection. The Persians embroider on leather, satins, silks, and other stuffs, in a very superior, perhaps unequalled, manner. Those most beautiful carpets brought to us through Turkey, are the works of the Illiats or wandering tribes. At Shiraz and Maraga are manufactories of glass. In Khorassan they make sword blades not inferior to those of Damascus, whence, it is said, cutlers were brought by Tamarlane. In steel, iron, and copper work, they excel the Hindoos and Chinese. The art of dying cotton and woollen cloths is as perfect with them as in Europe, and their silk and satin brocades are little, if at all, inferior to those of China. They make shawls and stuffs of goat's and camel's hair; but these are not to be compared with that species of manufacture in India. The art of tanning leather is well understood, and shagreen is the manufacture of Persia. With all this, however, Persia enjoys but little foreign commerce, and that little is in the hands of strangers.

\* *Oriens Murrhina mittit. Inveniuntur ibi in pluribus locis, nec insignibus, maximi Parthici regni: præcipuè tamen in Carmania (Kerman).—PLIN. NAT. HIST. lib. 37. cap. 2.* Doctor Vincent seems to think that the Myrrhine vases were of porcelain and carried from China to Baroach.



Trade and navigation seem to have been discouraged by the laws of Zoroaster; and the religion of Mahomet, though it does not absolutely prohibit, affords no encouragement to foreign adventure or trade of any kind. Nadir Shah seems to have been the only sovereign who was sensible of the benefits to be derived to the empire from commerce and a marine. He caused thirty or forty vessels to be purchased in India, and brought into the Persian gulph. He also appropriated the forests of Mezanderun to the building of a fleet on the southern shores of the Caspian; but, as it rarely happens that the schemes of a conqueror or an usurper survive him, the Persian marine perished with Nadir Shah.

In no respect does the character or condition of the Persians appear to be improved, since the introduction of islamism by the conquest of the Saracens. Every where has this religion been signally distinguished by a spirit of intolerance and a thirst for persecution. Disdaining to inculcate the doctrines of the Koran by persuasion and argument, the disciples of Mahomet employ the readier and more effectual means of enforcing them by fire and sword. The followers of Zoroaster, who had no temples, no altars, no statues, to overturn, whose adoration and sacrifices to one supreme Being were performed at stated times on the tops of their highest mountains—whose religious tenets were, at least, harmless—and whose moral precepts were unexceptionable—would probably have found little favour in the eyes of the conquerors, much less the Parsees or Guebres, whose Magean mysteries, introduced by the Parthians, might have afforded them, at the same time, a plea and an apology. The concealment of the sacred element, established a belief in the followers of the commander of the faithful, that the inextinguishable fire went out on the birth of the prophet. Many of the Guebres, who refused to abjure their faith, fled to the mountains and deserts, and were only brought back under a solemn promise of having their civil and religious liberties secured to them, on payment of an annual tribute. The tribute was exacted, but the promise was but partially kept. The only remaining college of Guebres is at Yezd, which contains about four thousand families of this tribe, but they are so much oppressed by the government that their numbers decline yearly. Some become Mahomedans, and others join their brethren in western India, whither they first fled on the irruption of the Saracens, and met with a kind reception from the prince of Guzzerat. From hence they spread down the coast, and are, at this day, the wealthiest and the most respectable class in and about Bombay. Here they act as merchants and ship-builders, proprietors of land and planters, are connected in partnership with British merchants, are an intelligent, hospitable, and generous race of men. Like the quakers, they provide for their

own poor, and never suffer any of them to ask or receive alms from one of another sect; but they mingle freely with Hindoos, Jews, and Christians, live well, dress well, and bring their ladies into society.

The modern Persians, however, are satisfied with a mitigated system of faith, and are accounted by the Arabs and Turks little better than heretics. It is well observed by Gibbon, that 'in every age the wines of Shiraz have triumphed over the laws of Mahomet.' When Chardin was in Persia, the king, at an entertainment given by the minister, drank so freely, that 'he was carried away, not being able to ride or walk, through weariness and merry making;' and the nobles 'were so tired and so drunk that most of them, not being able to sit their horses as they returned home, caused themselves to be laid down upon the stalls in the way.' The present king, on sending his ambassador to England, recommended him, however contrary to the precepts of the Koran, to eat and drink whatever he liked, and to conform to the customs of the people among whom he might reside. The ambassador, though a true disciple of Mahomet, and one who had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, concluding that an immediate gratification was preferable to an eventual punishment, adopted the recommendation of his prince, and disregarded the mandate of the prophet.

The Persians have been called the French of the east,—vain, lively, frivolous, obsequious—but Mr. Kinneir shall describe their character.

'The Persians are a remarkably handsome race of men; brave, hospitable, patient in adversity, affable to strangers, and highly polished in their manners. They are gentle and insinuating in their address, and, as companions, agreeable and entertaining: but, in return, they are totally devoid of many estimable qualities, and profoundly versed in all the arts of deceit and hypocrisy. They are haughty to their inferiors, obsequious to their superiors; cruel, vindictive, treacherous, and avaricious; without faith, friendship, gratitude, or honour. Frugal in his diet, robust in his constitution, capable of enduring astonishing fatigue, and injured from his infancy to the extremes of heat and cold, to hunger and thirst, nature seems to have formed the Persian for a soldier.'

We are confident that Mr. Kinneir has thrown the dark side of his character too much into shade. A wretched government, under which the subject has neither to look for equity nor justice, may have debased the character of the people, and rendered nugatory that ancient fundamental maxim in the education of their youth,—'to tell the truth.' Yet that a whole nation should be 'without faith, friendship, gratitude, or honour,' is a charge we will not believe to be well founded without further testimony, and is indeed contradicted by Mr. Morier as well as by Chardin, the latter of whom

whom had more dealings with them, and was much more intimately acquainted with their character than either of the other two gentlemen. By his account, they are not only 'affable to strangers,' but exceedingly kind, and always ready to afford them protection; and so far from being 'avaricious,' that the moment they are in possession of any wealth, 'they scatter it about in the most lavish and extravagant manner—in horses, women, jewels and fine clothes; and if any thing be left, so little careful are they to hoard it up for posterity, that they build caravanseras for the reception and accommodation of travellers, or bridges over rivers, found mosques, &c. as the surest way of being talked of in this world, and of securing to themselves those voluptuous delights which are promised to the faithful in that which is to come.'

Though the Persians can no longer boast of being instructed 'to tell the truth;' to draw the bow and ride on horseback are points as essential now to the education of a gentleman as they were in the days of Cyrus. To a person, indeed, of any rank or importance, three things appear to be indispensable—his horse, his harem, and his caloon or tobacco-pipe. Cyrus stigmatized walking as the sure mark of poverty, and no one will, even now, be seen on foot who can afford to keep a horse. Hunting and hawking, throwing the lance, and other feats of horsemanship, are their favourite amusements; and all travellers agree, that they ride well and manage their horses with great boldness and address. They have, indeed, a wonderful command of them, and can stop them in an instant in the midst of their career; this, however, is not done by a fine hand, but by a heavy bit, and main strength. The Persian horse is larger and more powerful than the Arabian, but neither so swift nor so beautiful; those, however, which are most generally esteemed are of the Turcoman breed; they are from fourteen and a half to sixteen hands high, have long legs, little bone under the knee, spare carcasses, and large heads. That which renders them most valuable in the eyes of the natives, is their extraordinary power of bearing fatigue. Their usual food is chopped straw and barley; and they are littered with their own dung, sun-dried and pulverized so as to be free from any offensive smell.

It has been the misfortune of Asia, in all periods of its history, to consider the one sex as subservient to the pleasures and conveniences of the other. When those females, whom the Asiatic has contracted for as his legitimate wives, cease to please, he goes into the market, and bargains for a female slave as for a horse or mule. The 'good points' of a Circassian girl are a rosy or carnation tint on her cheek, which they call *nunuck*, 'the salt of beauty;' dark hair, large black antelope eyes and arched eye-brows, a small nose and mouth, white teeth, long neck, delicate limbs and small joints.

joints. Mr. Kinneir tells us that the Georgian women are preferred to all others; that they are extremely beautiful, full of animation, grace, and elegance; that they are either brought for sale by Armenian merchants, or carried off by the predatory incursions of the borderers into Georgia; and that the price of a young and beautiful Georgian is about eighty pounds sterling. The harem of the great and the zenana of the middling ranks are sacred. The time of these cloistered damsels, it appears, is chiefly employed in sewing, spinning, and embroidery, in sipping coffee, eating sweetmeats, and smoking the caleoon; few of them can either read or write, and music and dancing are here, as in other parts of the east, not considered in the light of accomplishments, but performed by slaves for the amusement of their owners. The wives of the common people manage the affairs of the house; but even these go not abroad without having the lower part of the face covered with a veil. It would be an offence to a Persian to inquire after the health of his wife or wives, as nobody is supposed to know anything about his female concerns. 'If a prince,' says Mr. Morier, 'should be asked the number of his children, he would probably answer, I really don't know—ask my minister.'

The caleoon, or water-pipe, though somewhat different in shape, is on the same principle as the hookar of the Indians: whether in moments of business or idleness, in company or alone, in the harem or zenana, or on horseback, the caleoon is almost constantly in use. In the last case the caleoon-bearer carries it by the side of the horse, while his master proceeds unembarrassed with the tube in his mouth. It has generally been thought that tobacco was unknown till the discovery of America, of which it was the exclusive product. The countless millions of Asia, all of them more or less hostile to the introduction of novelty, who make use of tobacco, furnish what may be considered as almost proof to the contrary. The variety of machines\* through which they draw the smoke, all of them different from each other, and from the common European pipe, makes it nearly certain, at least, that the practice of smoking something existed in the east before the Portuguese carried thither American tobacco. They still indeed smoke hemp, opium, and other drugs; but the fact is, a species of tobacco, of native growth, different from that of America, is in common cultivation in India and China, and is generally preferred as being of a milder quality.†

\* It is worthy of remark that the Boshuana Caffres of South Africa smoke a variety of strong herbs with a rude kind of hookar made of a horn, which they fill with water.

† The tobacco plant of India is called *tamrapootra*, the copper leaf. The *nicotiana fruticosa* is common in China and Cochinchina. Thunberg saw the *paniculata* growing in Java; but we are not aware that the *tabacum* is yet cultivated in the eastern world.

The Governor of Bushire invited Sir Harford Jones and his suite to dinner, which Mr. Morier thus describes.

‘ After having sat some time kaleoons were brought in, then coffee, then kaleoons, then sugar and rose water, and then kaleoons again. All this was rapidly performed, when the khan called for dinner. On the ground before us was spread the *sofra*, a fine chintz cloth, which perfectly entrenched our legs, and which is used so long unchanged that the accumulated fragments of former meals collect into a musty paste, and emit no very savoury smell; but the Persians are content, for they say that changing the *sofra* brings ill-luck. A tray was then placed before each guest; on these trays were three fine China bowls filled with sherbet; two made of sweet liquors, and one of a most exquisite species of lemonade. There were besides fruits ready cut, plates with elegant little arrangements of sweetmeats and confectionary, and smaller cups of sweet sherbet. The *pillaus* succeeded, three of which were placed before each two guests; one of plain rice called the *chillo*, one made of mutton with raisins and almonds, the other of a fowl, with rich spices and plums. To this were added various dishes with rich sauces, and over each a small tincture of sweet sauce. The business of eating was a pleasure to the Persians, but it was misery to us. They comfortably advanced their chins close to the dishes, and commodiously scooped the rice, or other victuals, into their mouths with three fingers and the thumb of their right hand; but in vain did we attempt to approach the dish: our tight kneed breeches, and all the ligaments and buttons of our dress forbade us, fragments of meat and rice falling through our fingers all around us. We were treated with more kaleoons after dinner, and then departed to our beds.’—(p. 74.)

At Shiraz, the prime minister entertained them, and when they were seated, and the *sofra* spread as usual,

‘ We very frequently (says M. Morier) shared the marks of his peculiar attention and politeness, which consisted in large handfuls of certain favourite dishes. These he tore off by main strength and put before us; sometimes a full grasp of lamb mixed with a sauce of prunes, pistachio-nuts and raisins; at another time a whole partridge disguised by a rich brown sauce; and then, with the same hand, he scooped out a bit of melon, which he gave into our palms, or a great piece of omelette thickly swimming in fat ingredients. There is no rattle of plates and knives and forks, no confusion of lacquies, no drinking of healths, no disturbance of carving, scarcely a word is spoken, and all are intent on the business before them. When the whole is cleared and the cloth rolled up, ewers and basins are brought in, and every one washes his hand and mouth. Until the water is presented it is ridiculous enough to see the right hand of every person (which is covered with the complicated fragments of all the dishes) placed in a certain position over his left arm: there is a fashion even in this. The entertainment was now over, and we took our leaves and returned home.’—(p. 115.)

These dinners are of course of the first fashion in Persia. The  
common

common people generally frequent the *kabob* shops, or eating-houses, where they can at all times have their rice, sweetmeats, fruit and sherbet, with all the various preparations of stews, soups, pillaus, &c. at a very reasonable rate. The bazars or markets in which these shops are usually situated, are the scenes of wit, mirth, and gaiety, in all the eastern nations. The adventures of Haroun al Raschid, of Sinbad the Sailor, and of Little Hunchback, are familiar to the barbers, tailors, and shoemakers of every bazar; and the 'Thousand and one nights' are stored up in the memory of many a Malay slave on the distant islands of Java, Sumatra, and Macassar. In Persia, the story-tellers by profession recite tales from oral tradition which, according to Mr. Kinneir, have never been committed to paper; and the king, we are told, has always one about his person to amuse his leisure hours, who never repeats the same story. He adds, that a very considerable acquaintance with the best poets of Persia descends even to the lowest classes of the people; and that it is not uncommon for a groom, or other menial servant, to recite long passages with the utmost correctness, from their best writers. Schools for children are not wanting, and a moderate share of education is within the reach of most who dwell in towns and cities. There are, besides, in every considerable town *medrasses*, or colleges, handsomely endowed, where youth are instructed in the nicer points of their native language, in Arabic, moral philosophy, and in the principles of the Mahomedan religion. Mr. Kinneir says, 'they have some little knowledge of Algebra and geometry, (very little we believe,) and some of them affect to be familiar with Euclid, Aristotle and Plato, which have been translated into Arabic.' We suspect he means out of Arabic into Persian. Their astronomers, however, are mere astrologers; their physicians venders of charms and amulets; and their surgeons, barbers, whose operations are chiefly confined to the letting of blood, cleansing the ears, and shampooing the joints.

The Persian has been considered as the language of poetry; the nearest in Europe to which it can be compared is that of the German, to which indeed it bears no very distant affinity, but is more polished and melodious. It admits of the most extravagant and violent metaphors, and is generally so loaded with them, and consequently so obscure to Europeans, that the best informed of our Persian scholars in India have occasion for an interpreter at their elbow. The *Shahnama* of Ferdousi has been compared to the *Iliad*, and Hafiz termed the Anacreon of the east. The latter is the universal favourite of the Persians, who visit his tomb near Shiraz in parties, to do honour to his memory, by strewing flowers and pouring out libations of the choicest wines of this part of the country. On the block of white marble, of which Mr. Kinneir

says



says his tomb is composed, are inscribed *two* of his poems. Mr. Morier, however, says that *one* poem only is engraved on it; and that the whole tomb is of 'the diaphanous marble of Tabriz, in colour a combination of *light green*, with here and there veins of *red*, and sometimes of *blue*.' So difficult is it to get at the truth, even in a matter of fact, cognizable by the least unequivocal of the senses.

There is, perhaps, no nation on earth which has the least pretension to civilization, so destitute of the means of conveyance by land or water carriage, as Persia. They have no navigable rivers, no inland canals, no high roads, no wheel carriages of any description.

'The only mode of travelling,' says Mr. Kinneir, 'is by riding either a mule or a horse. For women of high rank, or sick persons, indeed, there is a vehicle called a *tukte rowan*, which is transported by two mules, one before and the other behind; but the women and children of the poor are carried in baskets, slung across the back of a mule or camel. The length of the stages, (which sometimes exceed forty miles,) and badness of the accommodation, in addition to these circumstances, render travelling unpleasant to females. We have here no regular establishment for the transmission of intelligence, and it is therefore necessary, when letters are to be carried from one part of the kingdom to the other, to dispatch a *chupper*, or express horseman, or a messenger on foot, who is stiled a *cassid*. Be the distance ever so great, the *chupper* seldom changes his horse: they travel at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and have been known to go from Tehraun to Bushire, a distance of seven hundred miles, in the space of ten days. The *cassids* will also travel for many days successively, at the rate of sixty or seventy miles a-day.'

From this sketch of the distracted and degraded state of the Persian empire, some idea may be formed of its political importance, with relation to the several powers of Europe, and more particularly to the British possessions in India. On this subject both the 'political assistant to General Sir John Malcolm, and the secretary to the mission of Sir Harford Jones' are equally silent. It would scarcely be supposed that France, with so many intermediate powers between her and Persia, and without one single point of contact, could possibly consider its alliance of any importance to her. But the political intrigues of this nation have always penetrated far beyond the bounds at which ordinary politicians would think it right to stop. She saw in Persia a powerful engine that might be played off to advantage, either against the Porte, or Russia, or the British possessions in India, as might best suit her purpose at the moment. If, in the event of hostilities with Russia, the friendly alliance of Persia could be secured as well as that of the

Porte, an attack upon the two flanks of southern Russia would create a prodigious diversion in favour of her views against that power in her more northern regions. We have recently seen with what eagerness the emissaries of Buonaparte fomented the war of Turkey against Russia, and we have also seen the happy effects of their failure. But if Russia or Turkey, or both, were favourable to the ambitious views of France, the road, with the consent of Persia, would be so far open to her, for menacing, at least, an attack on the British territories in India.

Chimerical as such a project may appear, there can be little doubt that, at one period of the French revolution, it was seriously entertained. To ascertain with more exactness, than had yet been done, the precise political relations, the geography and the resources of the Ottoman and Persian empires, and of the intermediate countries in the possession of Turkish pachas, Arabian scheiks, and Tartar khans, the murderers of Louis XVI. dispatched Messrs. Olivier and Brugiere on a travelling expedition, with detailed and ample instructions for their guidance from the executive provisional council. Nearly at the same time, citizen Beauchamp was sent to survey the coasts of the Black Sea, as far as Trebisonde, and to collect information on the geography and policy of Persia: of Egypt, Savary and others had afforded ample information. The successful rebellion of Paswan Oglou, encouraged by the weakness of the Ottoman Porte, and supported by the disaffection of the janizaries, was a circumstance too favourable to be overlooked by the revolutionists. The expedition to Egypt was accordingly undertaken, and this fertile province torn from a friendly power, for no other reason but that its situation and resources were favourable to their ulterior views. The possession of Egypt was a step to that of Syria, and Syria to the command of the Red Sea; and it required only a single movement of Persia against the Pacha of Bagdad, to open the navigation of the Persian gulph. With the coasts, and harbours, and shipping of those two seas, the most sanguine expectations were held forth, that, by an effectual and powerful co-operation with Tippoo, or the Mahrattas, the expulsion of the English from Hindostan was a certain and no very distant event. There are those, however, who maintain that the expedition to Egypt was unconnected with any view to ulterior operations in India; but we think that Buonaparte's intercepted letter to Tippoo Sultaun, dated at Cairo, is conclusive on that point. 'You have been informed,' says he, 'of my arrival on the borders of the Red Sea with an innumerable and invincible army, full of the desire of releasing and relieving you from the iron yoke of England.' But the skill and energy of a British sailor baffled the hopes of the captain of the 'invincibles,' and cast the first blot on his military renown.

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The connection of England with Turkey has for ages been maintained by the occasional interchange of ambassadors; but Persia, the great resting-place, and convenient stepping-stone to her valuable possessions in India, seemed to be wholly forgotten or neglected. Accredited agents had formerly been sent thither chiefly on commercial purposes; but of late years this intermediate empire between Europe and India had been visited only by some casual traveller in his passage from one to the other. When it became known, however, in India, that Tippoo Sultaun had dispatched an ambassador to the present king of Persia, the Company's government employed an agent, of Persian extraction, to sound and counteract the designs of the former. The death of Tippoo Sultaun terminated that connection. Soon after this event, no little alarm was excited in India by the sudden irruption of Zemaunshah, king of the Affghans, and other northern hordes. As a check to the progress of this barbarian, Lord Wellesley lost not a moment in dispatching Colonel Malcolm, an active and expert officer, to solicit the assistance of Futteh ali Shah. A treaty was concluded, and the march of the Persian troops into Khorassan had the double effect of recalling the invader, and of adding part of this very extensive province to the Persian empire. In a word, the 'mission was completely successful in all its objects.' Treaties of alliance and commerce were concluded that were to be binding 'on race after race; while time endures and the world exists,' all the stipulations in those treaties were to remain 'a beautiful image of excellent union in the mirror of duration and perpetuity.' The Persians were ordered to 'disgrace and slay' every Frenchman that should pass their boundaries or attempt to settle on their coasts. This beautiful picture, however, had been reflected but a short time from the 'mirror of perpetuity,' when it was discovered that French agents had fixed themselves, not only on the 'coasts' of the empire, but had found their way to the capital, where one Jouannin had so far ingratiated himself at court as to prevail on the king to send an ambassador to Buonaparte, who proceeded to France in 1806, and, in the following year, concluded with that power another treaty which was also to last for ever.

Buonaparte was at this time engaged in a war with Russia, and a diversion on her frontier, on the part of Persia, could not be unimportant. General Gardanne was accordingly dispatched with a splendid retinue and several military officers to the court of Teheraun, where he was received with marked attention, admitted to the councils of the king, and employed to train a corps of Persians in the military discipline and tactics of Europe. In the mean time, two important events took place, extremely favourable to the views of Buonaparte, though not exactly to Gardanne's original mission.

The treaty of Tilsit, and the subsequent armistice between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, placed Persia at the mercy of the three allied powers. Nothing ever transpired as to the secret stipulations regarding Persia; but it was generally understood on the continent, that Oudinot had actually been selected to proceed with a corps of 12,000 men, with all the baggage and equipments necessary for such an expedition. Two routes from Tilsit were sufficiently commodious for such an enterprize—first, by descending the Volga to Astrachan, embarking at that port, and crossing the Caspian to some of the ports of Mazanderaun, near to the Persian capital. This province, with its impervious forests, rugged mountains, deep ravines and narrow passes, is so strong as to be capable of being held by a small European corps against the united armies of all Persia. The second route was by descending the Dnieper into the Black Sea, thence proceeding up the Kuban to Circassia, and joining the Russian head-quarters at Teflis in Georgia. Whether the object of this small corps was to unite with Russia, in order to subdue the northern provinces of Persia, or merely to ascertain the practicability of establishing positions, collecting magazines, and opening routes for a larger army, which was to follow, or whatever the design might have been, it was necessarily abandoned on account of the Spanish revolution of 1808, and the Austrian campaign of 1809, which left no spare forces to be employed on romantic expeditions of that kind.

About this time, the king of Persia, alarmed at the progress of the Russians, and seeing no prospect of support from Great Britain, threw himself completely into the arms of the French, who had promised a large military force to repel the Russians; but the peace of Tilsit falsified this promise. Gardanne then assured him of his successful mediation with the Russians, and, in consequence of it, the restitution of all the provinces taken from him during the war. This assurance, together with the appearance of a real negociation, gave to Gardanne a commanding influence. The officers of his mission were employed in every quarter, surveying the country, and examining its resources; some were directed, at the request of the king, to cast cannon, others to discipline the Persian infantry in the military tactics of Europe, while the great and leading object of all, from Gardanne to his lowest agent, was to give an impression of the weak and ruined condition of England, and the inevitable destruction that awaited her both at home and in India.

Such was the state of affairs when Colonel Malcolm reached Persia, on his second mission from Bengal. To have proceeded to the capital, or to remain at Bushire in a representative character, without being able to support that commanding tone which the ac-

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tual state of affairs rendered it more than ever essential to maintain, would have confirmed all the calumnies of the French. He therefore returned to Calcutta, and proposed to the governor-general a plan for completely overawing the faithless and impotent councils of the Persian court. This was by taking possession of the island of Kismis in the Persian gulph, as an emporium of commerce, the seat of political negotiation, and the depôt of military stores: by thus establishing a local influence and power, we might not only exclude the French from this quarter, to which they had long turned their attention, but be enabled to carry on negotiations or military operations with honour and security to any extent that might be required. This plan was readily adopted, and Colonel Malcolm arrived at Bombay in January, 1809, with a force amounting to 2000 men, to carry it into execution.

A great change however had taken place in his absence. The embassy of Gardanne had determined the British cabinet to send an envoy extraordinary from his Majesty to the king of Persia. Sir Harford Jones, who was selected for this service, hearing on his arrival at Bombay of the successful influence of the French and the failure of Colonel Malcolm, was doubtful what line to pursue, when the total failure of the French in their engagements to prevail on the Russians to evacuate Georgia, and the intelligence of the Spanish insurrection, determined him to proceed. On his arrival at Bushire he was met by accounts of peace between the Porte and Great Britain. This intelligence gave him additional confidence; and, not unacquainted with the character of the people with whom he had to deal, he exacted from the beglerbegs, scheiks, and khans, all due homage to his Majesty's mission; mounted his *catabee*, or shawl cloak, which princes only are allowed to wear; and paraded his Majesty's letter, his picture surrounded with diamonds, and other valuable presents to the amount of many thousand pounds, to such advantage, that the fame of his magnificence had reached Tehraun before he himself had advanced to Shiraz. Under all these favourable circumstances, the timid and venal government of Persia hailed his approach with joy, dismissed Gardanne before his arrival at the capital, and cheerfully accepted a pecuniary subsidy from a power from which they were very sensible they merited punishment rather than reward. The temper in which Gardanne and his suite quitted Persia may partly be collected from an inscription on the wall of a room in which Mr. Morier halted. 'Venimus, vidimus et malediximus Persidi, regique aulæque magnatibusque populoque.'

This short statement, which we know to be correct, will sufficiently explain the success of Sir Harford Jones and the failure of Colonel Malcolm—of the merchant of Bushire, a character not in

high respect among the Persians, and the soldier, whose profession they admire, and who, on a former occasion, was received and caressed with the utmost warmth by all descriptions of people.

The present situation of Sir Gore Ouseley, in Persia, is not very different from that of Gardanne. Under his sanction British officers have been employed to discipline Persian troops, and lead them against the Russians. This employment must of course now cease; and the natural step for our ambassador to take will be that of mediator. We imagine however there is little hope of success in the attempt to reconcile two parties, who, for the last fifteen years, have been at war, the one to acquire additional territory, the other to regain what it has lost. Russia considers it of the utmost importance to establish the Araxes as a frontier, which would leave her in possession of the line of the Kur and Rione, the ancient Cyrus and Phasis, by which would be opened a direct communication between the Caspian and the Black Sea. Persia is most anxious to retain Georgia, were it only for the supply of beautiful ladies with which the royal harems are stocked; but, in addition to Georgia, the establishment of this frontier would deprive her of Daghestan and Schirvan, which, to any other power, would be important from their situation along the western shore of the Caspian. If however France should succeed in bribing Turkey to renew hostilities with Russia, in order to distract her attention from the north to the south of Europe, the best service our ambassador could perform would be that of bringing about an alliance of the Russian and Persian arms, and turning them against the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor.

The alliance of Persia with England is worth preserving. As a controuling power to the numerous warlike hordes on the north-west frontier of India, it must at all times operate to our advantage. Far greater danger is to be apprehended from those hordes, confederated with the Mahrattas, than from any intrigues or efforts on the side of Buonaparte. If indeed he be not already cured of his predilection for 'Fontainebleau expeditions,' the internal tranquillity of India, the total extirpation of the French flag from the Indian seas, and the present state of Europe, afford him but little prospect of pleasurement in this quarter. There was a time when discussions on the probability of a successful invasion of India through Persia were not devoid of interest; and as that time, however unlikely, may again occur, we shall take the liberty to offer a word or two on the subject.

It is obvious that an alliance with Russia or Turkey would be necessary for the French to bring an army in contact with Persia. In the strong probability of the latter country being decidedly hostile to



to the entrance of such an army, it would be necessary, in the first place, to subdue it, so far at least as to obtain military possession of the country. That a regular and well disciplined army of no very great force would be able to effect this, we see no occasion to doubt. In the most brilliant periods of the Persian empire, her armies were formidable only from their numbers; like swarms of locusts they laid waste those countries over which they passed, but they rarely conquered in fight, or rallied after being dispersed. A million of men led by Xerxes made little impression on the small states of Greece, while thirty thousand soldiers under Alexander subdued all Persia. The numbers in the first instance may be exaggerated, but the decisive battle of Platea was won by 110,000 confederated Greeks against 350,000 Persians. The well known retreat of the 'ten thousand' was conducted in the face of several hundred thousand Persians. Alexander Severus overthrew the army of Artaxerxes, consisting of 120,000 horse, 700 elephants, and 1800 chariots, armed with scythes. In later times, the whole empire has been overrun by the Arabs, conquered by the Tartars, and split into fragments by rebellious khans. Constituted as their army is, each troop commanded by its own chief, and each chief jealous of his brother in arms, there can be no concert of action, so indispensably necessary in military affairs. The modern science of war is utterly unknown to them; they are ignorant of the principles of fortification, and of the arts of attack and defence. Their infantry are few and despicable. 'Their field artillery is chiefly composed of *zambarooks*, or small swivels, fired from the backs of camels.' They have no good officers; a civilian who never saw a shot fired, an eunuch who would shudder to see one fired, may command whole armies. Their cavalry act with rapidity and impetuosity, but it is the separate action of each individual, without that united and condensed impulse, which alone is capable of making any serious impression on a body of troops trained and disciplined in the European fashion.

But though a small and well disciplined army might obtain military possession of Persia, it would not be so easy to retain it for any length of time. Their magazines could not be replenished. The natives, of whom one-half have no fixed habitations, would withdraw to a distance from the military positions of the enemy. His foraging parties would invariably be swept off by the clouds of irregular cavalry, who live chiefly by plunder, and who are more formidable when broken and dispersed into small parties, than when united in large bodies. The strong holds of Persia, which he would necessarily occupy, are the provinces of Ghilan and Mazanderaun, and these are the most unhealthy. In short

we have no doubt that, in the course of twelve months, sickness, famine, and the sword, would destroy any army that France could send into Persia.

But supposing Persia to be favourable to the views of the enemy, and even to assist in the invasion of India, it would be necessary, in the first place, to obtain possession of all Khorassan, and open a passage to Herat. This is the route that Alexander took, and the only route indeed by which an army could have the least chance of entering India. The Great Salt desert, the marshes and rugged mountains of Cohestan, the arid and naked plains of Kirinan, the moving sands of Mekran, and all the mountains and dreary wastes on each side of the Indus, and as far to the eastward of it as Agimere, render any attempt to march an army through the central provinces of Persia towards the lower part of the Indus utterly impracticable. The return of Alexander from Patula, the modern Tatta, near the mouth of the Indus, to Persepolis, was sufficiently wonderful, but by skirting the coast of Mekran, he avoided the more extensive sandy plains and arid deserts of the interior. Yet we are told by Plutarch, that his army suffered dreadfully; 'violent distempers, ill diet and excessive heats, destroyed multitudes; but famine made still greater ravages, for it was a barren and uncultivated country; the natives lived miserably, having nothing to subsist on but a few bad sheep, which fed on the fish thrown up by the sea.' To say nothing of the distance between Tehraun and Delhi, which exceeds 2000 miles, of the mountains, ravines, unfordable rivers, impenetrable forests; the uncultivated state of the country, the sandy plains, salt lakes and marshes, unwholesome winds which blow in places for several months in the year, and the scarcity of water, on almost the whole line of this march; to say nothing of the roving tribes which infest every part of the country through which it would be necessary to pass—there are several very powerful nations, as the Usbeck Tartars, the Turcomans, the Patans, and above all the warlike Affghans and the Seiks, all of whom must either be conquered or conciliated—the first of which is not to be expected, the second not to be depended on. For such expeditions Persia is not in a state to engage. She has no magazines, no treasures to support her own armies, far less a foreign corps, which the chiefs of every wandering tribe would be more ready to plunder than to assist. In short, so numerous are the obstacles that we deem it wholly unnecessary to pursue the subject.

Mr. Kinneir's book, on the whole, will, undoubtedly, be found useful to future travellers in Persia, from the great number of routes collected from various quarters; and we doubt not that, by means of them, he has adjusted the geographical positions of several

several places, and laid them down with more correctness than heretofore: but his map is still defective, and the whole province of Seistan, Kerman and Mekran are left almost a blank. One great fault in his memoir is the silence which he observes as to the authorities on which it is drawn up; and the reader is left entirely to guess what parts of Persia have been visited by himself, and those for the account of which he is indebted to others.

Mr. Morier's book is of that light desultory kind of writing which never fails to afford pleasure to those who read for mere amusement: the large portion of it, which is bestowed in praise of the good management of the mission, must be peculiarly gratifying to Sir Harford Jones.

ART. VI. *Corrèspondance Littéraire, Philosophique, et Critique, adressée à un Souverain d'Allemagne, depuis 1770 jusqu'en 1782, par le Baron de Grimm et par Diderot.* 5 tomes, 8vo. Paris. 1812.

WE have been brought very intimately acquainted, by several late publications, with the state of society at Paris, and with the characters and persons of those who formed its principal ornaments, during the middle and latter end of the last century. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the arts of social intercourse were never, at any period of the civilised world, carried to so high a pitch of refinement and polish; and there are not wanting those even among our less harmonised countrymen, who have been so captivated by the brilliant and seducing picture, as to appear content to fix in such a state the standard for the greatest possible quantity of human happiness. From all such opinions we widely differ, not in disputing the fact, but the inference. To the production of so perfect a specimen of society, it seems to have been necessary to make certain sacrifices; and we are by no means satisfied that the objects sacrificed were not often of much greater importance in the scale of real felicity than those acquired.

We have thought it necessary to explain so much at the outset, that the entertainment which we profess ourselves to derive from these accounts of Parisian society, may not be confounded with any supposed admiration of the principles on which it was established, or desire of seeing them reduced more generally into practice among ourselves. It would be a miserable exchange, that of the heart for the imagination, of the domestic affections for the social graces. After this, we shall have done with the subject, and, instead of moralizing, hasten to convey to our readers as large a portion

tion of the information and amusement with which the work before us abounds, as we can concentrate within the limits of the following pages.

M. de Grimm, who was a German by birth, and of obscure parentage, owed his introduction into good society at Paris to the capacity in which he travelled, of governor to the children of Count Schomberg. His earliest intimacy, among the wits and philosophists of the day, was with Jean Jacques Rousseau; and through him he became acquainted with Diderot, Baron Holbach, and the principal authors of the *Encyclopédie*. These connections, aided by what his biographer calls 'la souplesse de son esprit,' were not long in opening to him 'une carrière brillante.' During several years he was employed as secretary by the late duke of Orleans; and was applied to by several of the German princes to transmit to them, in the way of free and lively correspondence, all the literary and philosophical gossip of Paris. Of the mass of information and amusement which this miscellaneous correspondence must have contained, it was not known (says the editor of these volumes) that any portion existed, until the discovery of the MSS. from which this selection is made, and which, (we are told,) if printed entire, would have extended to three times the present quantity; but it was judged proper to curtail it, in the first place, of all the analyses of dramatic pieces with which the original appears to have abounded, and secondly of various jeux d'esprit, and indeed of some entire works of Diderot and others, which have since appeared in other forms before the public. These curtailments might have been considerably enlarged without injury to the book. Several pieces, which we ourselves know to have been published before, are republished now; and doubtless there are several others, of the previous appearance of which we are ignorant; and, though the long accounts of tragedies, operas, farces, ballets, &c. are very properly omitted, yet all the criticisms, even upon the worst and most insignificant of them, are retained; and, however lively and even just in their taste and spirit, might have been reduced, at least, two-thirds without prejudice (we should imagine) to any modern reader. The same may be said of the criticisms on the publications of the day, which we should have doomed to amputation in an equal proportion. After all these curtailments, enough would be left to fill two volumes out of the five which lie before us; and these would form a magazine of good sense, lively anecdote, spirited criticism, and laughable whim, such as no collection of *ana* or table-talk that we are acquainted with, exceeds, or even rivals.

Part of the correspondence, as we are informed in the Preface, was furnished by Diderot; but it appears to have been but a small portion

portion of it, and the philosophist seems only to have supplied the place of his friend occasionally, when prevented by illness or absence from completing his engagement with the 'sovereign prince' to whom it was addressed. Who this sovereign was, we are not informed: but we have been told that the late Margrave of Anspach was one of those to whom Grimm was in the habits of addressing his Parisian communications, and that the Margravine has still in her possession several volumes of his correspondence. A great deal of this may, in all likelihood, be merely a duplicate of that now published; as it surely formed no part of the Baron's contract with his illustrious employers to furnish different matter for each of them; but the treasure, at all events, would be worth the ransacking; and the *lacune* of two years, (1775 and 1776,) which the editor laments in the present publication, might be supplied if only ordinary good fortune attended the search.

We must bring our readers a little better acquainted with the author of the *Correspondence*, before we dive into the book itself.

'M. de Grimm,' says the editor, 'a été long-temps connu à Paris par la finesse de son esprit, la variété de ses connaissances, et surtout par ses liaisons avec les hommes les plus célèbres du siècle dernier. Quoique étranger, il sut prendre en France le caractère, les formes, et l'urbanité parisienne, et vengea l'Allemagne des épigrammes de nos petits-mâîtres.'

This eulogium is borne out by the general tenor of the *Correspondence*. Among all the *bons mots* and witticisms of others which he details in profusion, there are few which exceed either in humour or in *naïveté* those which he occasionally intersperses of his own; and the freedom and manliness of his remark on books, on characters, and on passing events, are only equalled by the tone of good humour in which they are delivered. One fatal exception is, indeed, to be made to this general commendation. The good sense of the individual was not proof against the prevailing and overwhelming spirit of the age in which he lived, and of the society with which he was chiefly united. His religious, or, to use his own language, his philosophical principles, as far as this correspondence reveals them to us, exhibit an absence of all sound reflection, remarkable even in a Parisian wit of the 18th century. He seems to have been fixed in nothing but the habit of irreverent ridicule; and when he occasionally attempts to be serious, we have in one month a profession of sentiments amounting to downright atheism, which are disavowed in the next, and perhaps reassumed in the succeeding, but always with an air of indifference which forms a curious contrast to the zeal and enthusiasm with which he espouses

pouses the cause of a favourite actress, or defends the merits of an unpopular pantomime.

Though possessed undoubtedly of considerable talents, and a German, he was a most decided *petit-maitre*. Not long after his arrival at Paris, he fell violently in love with *une vertu d'Opéra*, named Mademoiselle Fel, who refused (*chose inouïe!*) to listen to his vows. This disappointment threw him into a sort of *cataplexy*, which lasted many days. 'Il restait étendu sur son lit, les yeux fixes, les membres roides, sans parler, sans manger, sans donner aucun signe de sentiment.' His friends thought him actually dead, and Raynal and Rousseau sat up several nights to watch by him; but his physician thought better of him; 'et en effet, un beau matin Grimm prit son parti, se leva sur son séant, s'habilla, et ne pensa plus à sa Lucrèce de l'Opéra.' This adventure gave him great *éclat* among the ladies, who adored him for the sensibility which he had so strikingly demonstrated; but their favours seem to have turned his head in good earnest; and he gave himself such airs that his friend Jean Jacques determined to break off all connexion with him. This is Rousseau's own account of the origin of the disagreement between them. Grimm, perhaps, told a different story. He did not, it seems, add to his other qualifications the charms of an agreeable person, and took incredible pains to supply his natural deficiency by the artificial resources of the toilet. No lady in Paris employed the brush to so much effect; and the quantity of ceruse with which he daily filled up the lines and wrinkles of his face, joined to the want of moderation which he displayed in the enjoyment of his *bonnes fortunes*, procured for him the appellation of *Tyran le blanc*. His various connections with the sovereign princes of Germany and the north, among whom Frederick, Gustavus, and Catherine are reckoned, procured him high honours as well as emoluments; and he has been accused of having recourse to low and unworthy practices to recommend himself to those favours and advantages; but his editor indignantly repels all these insinuations. With the exception of the important article of religion, he seems to have merited the farther encomium which is here passed upon his philosophy.

'Grimm était philosophe sans doute, mais de cette philosophie que tout homme de bien peut avouer; de cette philosophie qui éclaire et ne brûle pas; de cette philosophie qui sait respecter l'ordre et les lois sociales.' Sa Correspondance prouve qu'il ne partageait nullement les excès de quelques enfans perdus de l'Encyclopédie, qui, en voulant servir la raison, la trahissaient tous les jours. Ce caractère de sagesse et de modération lui valut en effet des cordons et des dignités, mais il les obtint honorablement, sans intrigue et sans bassesse.

Notwithstanding the moderation of his philosophy, he very narrowly



rowly escaped the Bastille for the ardour with which he defended the party of the *Coin de la Reine* (the advocates for the Italian Opera) against the *Royalistes*, who asserted the cause of the national music. Such were the factions which divided all Paris in those happy days! In 1776, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary for the Duke of Saxe-Gotha at Paris, and it was then he first assumed the title of Baron. He continued to reside at the French capital long enough to witness the commencement of disorders rather more serious than those of the Piccinistes and Gluckistes: his latter days were passed in literary retirement at Gotha; and he died there at a very advanced age about five years ago.

Attached as he was to the *parti philosophique*, we are not to expect much impartiality in those parts of his correspondence which relate either to the chiefs of that party or their principal enemies and antagonists. There is amply sufficient, however, in these memoirs, after making all due allowances for exaggeration, to confirm our former impressions, that the blind animosity of the advocates for religion and social order advanced an equal length with the Encyclopédistes, though in a contrary direction, towards the accomplishment of the terrible catastrophe. One fatal delusion appears to have involved all parties in the state, and all ranks of society: it was, however, at least as true of the philosophers as of their enemies, that when once the bandage was removed, and the precipice on which they stood revealed to their eyes, they would fain have retreated,—but it was no longer possible. We know not a more instructive lesson than is to be derived from the contemporary memoirs of the times immediately preceding the Revolution; and a reflecting man can hardly peruse them without frequently starting as he asks himself the question, ‘Am I not at this moment on the edge of a similar precipice?’ What are the signs of the times by which our danger may be made manifest, and how is it to be avoided? We have indeed a tremendous lesson before us; but who shall say that we are capable of turning it to that account without which it will be lost upon us, and the neglect of its warning only serve to render our fall less pitiable?

Voltaire is, throughout this correspondence, the hero of the song, the unfailing oracle in whose decisions the writer reposes with as much confidence as the most devout catholic in the Pope's infallibility,—except indeed when, now and then, the timidity of old age, or a partial gleam of futurity, may have induced the veteran infidel to profess sentiments foreign to the habitual current of his thoughts and expressions. In the light and irreverent language of the Encyclopédistes, the sage of Ferney is styled patriarch of the holy philosophical church; and his disciples are accustomed to meet together in frequent commemoration of their founder. It is no wonder

der if, at a time of unexampled rottenness both in church and state, such irreligious mockery, continually in the mouths of those to whom the French people looked up as the depositaries of all the wit, knowledge, and genius of the age, should have inspired the serious with even imaginary terrors, and given birth all those stories of anti-social, anti-monarchical, and anti-christian conspiracies, which subsequent events have fixed in the minds of many with a persuasion of their reality not to be shaken by any representation of their unlikelihood, absurdity, or manifest impossibility. We cannot expect these persons to be convinced that the questions agitated at these several meetings of Pandæmonium were, generally speaking, of no greater importance to the existence and welfare of society than the following.

‘Frère Marmontel fait savoir qu’il est allé loger chez Mademoiselle Clairon, et qu’il compte donner incessamment un nouvel opéra-comique, intitulé *Syltain*, dont la musique est de M. Grétry. Nous lui souhaitons le naturel qui lui manque, afin qu’il plaise aux gens de gout. L’Église, faisant attention au rare génie dont le sort a doué M. Grétry, lui accorde les honneurs et droits de frère. En conséquence, nous le conjurons, par les entrailles de notre mère la sainte Église, de ménager sa santé, de considérer que sa poitrine est mauvaise, et de se livrer moins ardemment aux plaisirs de l’amour, afin de s’y livrer plus longtemps.

‘Frère Thomas fait savoir qu’il a composé un *Essai sur les Femmes*, &c. L’Église estime la pureté de mœurs et les vertus de frère Thomas; elle craint qu’il ne connaisse pas encore assez les femmes; elle lui conseille de se lier plus intimement, s’il se peut, avec quelques unes des héroïnes qu’il fréquente, pour le plus grand bien de son ouvrage, &c.

‘Sœur de l’Espinasse fait savoir que sa fortune ne lui permet pas d’offrir ni à diner, ni à souper, et qu’elle n’en a pas moins d’envie de recevoir chez elle les frères qui voudront y venir digérer. L’Église m’ordonne de lui dire qu’elle s’y rendra, et que, quand on a autant d’esprit et de mérite, on peut se passer de beauté et de fortune.

‘Mère Geoffrin fait savoir qu’elle renouvelle les défenses et lois prohibitives des années précédentes; et qu’il ne sera pas plus permis que par le passé de parler chez elle ni d’affaires intérieures, ni d’affaires extérieures; ni d’affaires de la cour, ni d’affaires de la ville; ni d’affaires du nord, ni d’affaires du midi; ni d’affaires d’orient, ni d’affaires d’occident; ni de politique, ni de finances; ni de paix, ni de guerre; ni de religion, ni de gouvernement; ni de théologie, ni de métaphysique; ni de grammaire, ni de musique; ni, en général, d’aucune matière quelconque—l’Église, considérant que le silence, et notamment sur les matières dont il est question, n’est pas son fort, promet d’obéir autant qu’elle y sera contrainte par force de violence.’

Such frivolity as this, however despicable, and however prejudicial to the interests of morality, was never, surely, the characteristic of ‘bloody conspiracy.’

Among

Among the élèves of Voltaire on the boards of the Comédie Française, was an actor named Paulin, who performed the parts of tyrants in tragedy and of peasants in comedy. M. Grimm says that 'il était paysan passable, mais mauvais tyran,' and that Voltaire was misled by his sonorous voice in imagining that nature had designed him for a Herod. 'Laissez-moi faire,' he used to say, 'je vous élève un tyran à la brochette, dont vous serez contents.' He instructed him to perform the part of Polifonte, in his tragedy of Merope; and once, while it was under rehearsal, waked his valet at three o'clock in the morning to fetch the actor to receive some new idea which he wished to communicate. The servant vainly remonstrated that M. Paulin was in his first sleep. 'Be-gone,' said the poet with great seriousness—'Va—cours—les tyrans ne dorment jamais.'

The appointment of Voltaire, by Pope Ganganelli, to the lay office of 'Père temporel des Capucins du pays de Gex,' gave rise to a variety of witticisms at his expense, and he appears to have been by no means averse to join in the pleasantries himself.

'They pretend,' says the Baron, 'that he has already written letters, signed with a cross, †, *Voltaire, Capucin indigne*. He says of himself "that those who foretold that he would die a Capuchin, have not been mistaken, and he should esteem himself very happy if, at his old age, he could hope to arrive at the *bonnes fortunes* of a Capuchin." A person, just arrived from Ferney, relates to us that the Patriarch said to him, at his first visit, "Vous me trouverez bien changé: on devient cagot à mesure qu'on vieillit; j'ai pris l'habitude de me faire faire quelque lecture pieuse en me mettant à table;" and that, in effect, they began to read to him a sermon out of Massillon's *Petit Carême*, during which the Patriarch frequently exclaimed, "Ah, que c'est beau! quel style! quelle harmonie! quelle éloquence!" but when they had got through two or three pages, he said, "tirez Massillon," upon which they shut the book, and the admiring hearer se livra, à son ordinaire, à toute la verve et à toute la folie de son imagination, qui aura bien de la peine à contracter la gravité nécessaire à un père temporel des Capucins.'

The following letter to the Maréchal de Richelieu proves the temper in which Voltaire himself received and treated his ecclesiastical promotion.

'Je voudrais bien, monseigneur, avoir le plaisir de vous donner ma bénédiction avant de mourir. L'expression vous paraîtra un peu forte: elle est pourtant dans la vérité. J'ai l'honneur d'être Capucin. Notre général qui est à Rome, vient de m'envoyer mes patentes; mon titre est; *Frère spirituel et Père temporel des Capucins*. Mandez-moi laquelle de vos maîtresses vous voulez retirer du purgatoire; je vous jure sur ma barbe qu'elle n'y sera pas dans vingt-quatre heures. Comme je dois me détacher des biens de ce monde, j'ai abandonné à mes parents ce qui m'est

m'est dû par la succession de feu Madame la Princesse de Guise, et par M. votre intendant; ils iront à ce sujet prendre vos ordres qu'ils regarderont comme un bienfait. Je vous donne ma bénédiction. Signé Voltaire, Capucin indigne, et qui n'a pas encore eu de bonne fortune de Capucin.

We have a long account of the original design of the famous statue of Voltaire, which was first proposed at the house of Madame Necker, on the 17th of April, 1770. The anecdote of M. Pigalle (the sculptor)'s visit to Ferney, is amusing and characteristic.

'Phidias Pigalle a fait son voyage de Ferney. The Patriarch granted him the honour of a sitting every day; but he was all the time behaving like a child, unable to keep himself still a single instant. The greater part of the time he had his secretary by his side, to dictate letters to him, while the artist was forming his model, et, suivant un tic qui lui est familier en dictant des lettres, il soufflait des pois ou faisait d'autres grimaces mortelles pour le statuaire. The poor artist was in despair, and seemed to have no other resource than either to return home or fall ill at Ferney of a burning fever. On the last day, however, the conversation, by good luck, fell upon Aaron's golden calf, and the sculptor having declared that he should require at least six months to cast such a piece of metal, the Patriarch was so delighted with the remark, that Pigalle was able to do whatever he pleased with him all the rest of the sitting.'

Voltaire's opposition to the atheistical principles of the '*Système de la Nature*' does not seem to have been expected or looked for by his philosophical friends at Paris. The reflections of M. Grimm on the subject, appear to us so remarkable as to deserve notice.

'Le patriarche ne veut pas se départir de son *récompensateur-vengeur*; il le croit nécessaire au bon ordre. Il veut bien qu'on détruise le dieu des fripons et des superstitieux, mais il veut qu'on épargne celui des honnêtes gens et des sages. Il raisonne la-dessus comme un enfant, mais comme un joli enfant qu'il est. Il serait bien étonné si on lui demandait de quelle couleur est son dieu, &c. &c.'

We shall not sully our pages with any of the hacknied Epicurean arguments of M. Grimm which follow in this place, and which (we suppose) were adopted by him without any reflection, after the loose manner of Messieurs les philosophes, when warned from the perusal of the '*Système de la Nature*.' It will be a satisfaction to some to know how Voltaire spoke and reasoned upon the subject. In a letter to Madame Necker, he thus expresses himself:

'Vous me parlez, Madame, du *Système de la Nature*, livre qui fait grand bruit parmi les ignorans, et qui indigné tous les gens sensés. Il est un peu honteux à notre nation, que tant de gens aient embrassé si vite une opinion si ridicule. Il faut être bien fou pour ne pas admettre une grande intelligence quand on en a une si petite; mais le comble

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de l'impertinence est d'avoir fondé un système tout entier sur une fausse expérience faite par une jésuite irlandais qu'on a pris pour un philosophe. *Les Français ont eu grand tort d'abandonner les belles lettres pour ces profondes fadaïses, et on a tort de les prendre sérieusement.* A tout prendre, le siècle de Phèdre et du Misanthrope valait mieux.

We suspect that the following anecdote is already current; but it is worth repeating. An Englishman visited Voltaire at Ferney, on his way to Rome; and asked the patriarch's commands where he was going. Voltaire entreated him, at any risk, to bring him back the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. On his arrival at Rome the Englishman mentioned this commission in many different circles, and it was at last repeated to Ganganelli, who, when the stranger attended an audience of his holiness, asked him what commands he had brought with him from M. de Voltaire? The traveller could not avoid smiling at the question, and his holiness continued, 'I beg you will inform M. de Voltaire that, for a long while past, the inquisition has had neither ears nor eyes.'

The terrors of Voltaire's satire are well known, especially against all unfortunate poets, whose evil destinies led them to meddle with what he deemed his own peculiar provinces in literature. An unhappy being of this description, by name Clément, (whom Voltaire called Clément *Maraud*, to distinguish him from the old bard Clément Marot,) was induced to write a tragedy called *Mérope*, for which he endeavoured in vain to procure the honours of representation. A servant once offered himself to Voltaire, who said he came from the service of this Clément. '*Coquin,*' said Voltaire, looking him full in the face, '*tu m'as bien l'air d'avoir fait les trois premiers actes de sa Mérope.*'

The following anecdote is much more discreditable to him. He had conceived a mortal displeasure at the popularity of a young actress called Mademoiselle Raucourt, who valued herself on the purity of her reputation, which, it seems, had never been called in question. In a fit of ill humour, he wrote to the Maréchal de Richelieu, that this person had been formerly mistress to a gentleman at Geneva, and was even now ready to accede to the terms of the best bidder. It happened that the epistle was received by the Maréchal while at table with the very lady in question, and he immediately, without looking at its contents, put it into the hands of one of the party to read aloud for the benefit of the rest. The fair Raucourt fell senseless into the arms of her mother, and D'Alembert dispatched an indignant remonstrance to the guilty patriarch, who was obliged to submit to the shameful humiliation of retracting the whole invention. The only cause which M. Grimm is able to assign to this '*incartade tres-répréhensible*' of his oracle, is, that the intended representation of his tragedy of the '*Lois de Minos*,'

had been forced to give way to the fashionable novelty of *Made-moiselle de Raucourt*. 'Cela suffit pour indisposer un enfant de soixante-dix-neuf ans contre un enfant de dix-sept qui dérange et trompe ses espérances.'

The Abbé Coyer, who is here characterised as being 'l'homme du monde le plus lourd, l'ennui personnifié,' kindly undertook to pay Voltaire a visit for two or three months at his Château de Ferney. The first day the philosopher bore his company with tolerable politeness; but the next morning he interrupted him in a long prosing narrative of his travels, by a question which appeared to embarrass him not a little. 'Savez-vous bien, M. l'Abbé, la différence qu'il y a entre Don Quichotte et vous? c'est que Don Quichotte prenait toutes les auberges pour des châteaux, et vous, vous prenez tous les châteaux pour des auberges.' This address effected the immediate disenchantment of M. l'Abbé, who took his departure within twenty-four hours afterwards. But the following letter, describing a somewhat similar visit made by an unhappy dramatic author, is still more characteristic.

'You wish to hear, madam, the true history of the pilgrimage lately made by M. Barthe, to Ferney; and you will see how it is possible to be damned in labouring after salvation. Imagine to yourself, then, madam, that he comes express from Marseilles, . . . . . to see M. de Voltaire? . . . No; to read to him his new comedy in five acts and in verse, entitled, *l'Homme Personnel*. The whole business had been negotiated before-hand by M. Moulton, a great favourite of Voltaire, who had granted the favour desired with the most gracious good humour. Accordingly they came to Ferney together, and were received by the patriarch in the most civil manner possible: at last the reading commenced. Now you might behold Barthe, with one eye upon his MS. the other armed with a spy-glass, watching with the utmost anxiety every change in the countenance of the great critic. At the ten first verses, M. de Voltaire made such grimaces and contorsions as would have frightened any other reader than M. Barthe. When he came to the scene in which the valet relates how his master made him submit to have one of his teeth pulled out in order to make trial of the dentist's skill, he stopped him short, and with his mouth wide open, '*Une dent ! là ! ah ! ah !*' The whole act passed off without the slightest applause, not even a smile; and, as soon as he talked of beginning the second, M. de Voltaire was suddenly seized with a terrible fit of yawning—he finds himself unwell—is quite in despair—withdraws to his closet—and leaves poor Barthe in a state of positive distraction. It had been arranged that he should sleep at Ferney; but this he could not consent to after what had passed; so all his baggage was packed up again, and he returned, sad and disconsolate, to Geneva.—Next morning he received a most polite note from M. de Voltaire, containing a thousand apologies, entreating a continuation of the reading, and expressly promising that the accident of the preceding night shall not be repeated. *Quel persiflage !*



*siflage!* In spite of all they could say to him, M. Barthe was resolved to be the dupe of it. He returned to Ferney, and was received with still greater civility than before: but, having heard out the second act, yawning all the time, in the very middle of the third, Voltaire took himself off with all possible ceremoniousness; and poor Barthe was reduced to take his departure a second time without having finished his piece; and, what was perhaps still more mortifying, without having any body to fight with.

Voltaire returned to Paris, after an absence of twenty-seven years, on the 8th of February, 1778.

'Non l'apparition d'un revenant, celle d'un prophète, d'un apôtre, n'aurait pas causé plus de surprise et d'admiration que l'arrivée de M. de Voltaire. Ce nouveau prodige a suspendu quelques momens tout autre intérêt, il a fait tomber les bruits de la guerre, les intrigues de robe, les tracasseries de cour, même la grande querelle des Gluckistes et des Piccinistes. L'orgueil encyclopédique a paru diminué de moitié, la Sorbonne a frémi, le parlement a gardé le silence, toute la littérature s'est émue, tout Paris s'est empressé de voler aux pieds de l'idole, et jamais le héros de notre siècle n'eût joui de sa gloire avec plus d'éclat, si la cour l'avait honoré d'un regard plus favorable ou seulement moins indifférent.'

'Whoever should undertake the history of French vanity during the eighteenth century, would go far towards explaining the causes of the revolution,' is a very true saying. Vanity was evidently the spring of all Voltaire's actions and sentiments; nay, it had so incorporated itself with his very essence that, we are persuaded, the very inconsistencies and alterations which were remarked in him towards the close of his life, were owing more to that pervading principle than either to repentance or foresight. The extraordinary part which he took in the affair of M. de Morangiés, has been generally ascribed to the apprehensions which he latterly began to entertain of an approaching overthrow of the very foundations of society; and the philosophists of Paris appear, from the correspondence before us, to have been equally astonished and mortified at the desertion of the 'great defender of Calas' from the popular cause which he had hitherto so successfully maintained. Nevertheless, if we consider what part his vanity would naturally have induced him to take in the business, we should be inclined to say that it was that which he in fact espoused. Where all the chiefs of the philosophical party, and all the rabble, were of one mind on the subject, little honour was to be acquired, or notice attracted, by taking the same view of it with them. It was quite otherwise in those earlier times when he so nobly attacked the parliament of Toulouse on the subject of the melancholy affair above alluded to. Besides, he was sick of the homage of those

whom he had taught to go far beyond himself in his philosophical career; and his vanity would fain have procured to itself new food in the applause and gratitude of the court, and, if possible, of the church also. The affair of M. Morangiés was, after all, very doubtful; and the final decree of the parliament in his favour does not appear to have excited, in dispassionate persons, any suspicion of partiality or corruption. This decision is, however, remarkable as having given rise to one of the earliest public demonstrations of the spirit and power of 'le souverain peuple.' In a play which was represented two nights afterwards, at the *Comédie Française*, there occurred the following expression,

Dans une cause obscure,

Des juges bien payés verraient plus clair que nous,

which the pit immediately applied; and the whole theatre resounded with applauses *si fous et si opiniâtres*, that it was deemed necessary to put a stop to the performance. M. de Grimm was certainly not endowed with the spirit of foresight which has been attributed to his oracle, or he would not have remarked upon such an occasion, after allowing the whole *parterre* to be worthy of the Bastille for their insolence, 'j'aime, je l'avoue, à me voir transporté un moment à Rome ou à Athènes, pour admirer combien le goût des arts et surtout celui du spectacle dispose les esprits à jouir de la liberté et à se livrer aux saillies d'une gaiété vive et pétulante.' It required fifteen years longer experience to prove, that it is not quite safe to indulge the subjects of an absolute monarchy in acting the parts of Athenians and Romans.

The name of Rousseau naturally follows that of Voltaire; but we have already noticed his quarrel with the principal writer in these pages, and his name does not very often occur in the correspondence. There is great good sense, however, in the following remarks on his character and genius.

'Jean Jacques Rousseau n'a point d'admirateurs, il a des dévots: né avec toutes les qualités d'un chef de secte, il s'est trouvé déplacé dans son siècle, dont l'esprit tend à une association générale de culture et de philosophie, fondée sur une grande indifférence pour toutes les opinions particulières: on ne veut plus aujourd'hui se partager en sectes, ni faire pot à part: c'était la fureur des siècles précédens, elle est passée. Voltaire a senti la pente de son siècle, il en est devenu l'apôtre; Rousseau aurait joué un grand rôle il y a deux cents ans; comme réformateur, il aurait pu être l'âme d'une révolution générale: dans ce siècle, il meurt oublié en Dauphiné, sans avoir produit aucun effet mémorable.'

It is seldom that the characters and powers of men are estimated

mated with so much precision and accuracy while they are yet alive. His return to Paris in the year 1770, by the connivance of the magistrates, under the condition of not publishing, is described with a very allowable portion of ridicule.

'He has made a display of his person several times at the Café de la Regence in the Palais-Royal, and has attracted prodigious crowds to come and gaze at him. They were asked, what they were doing there, and answered, "que c'était pour voir Jean Jacques;" but when they were again asked "ce que c'était que ce Jean Jacques," they answered, that they knew nothing about the matter; but that he was going to pass that way.'

M. Rousseau was exhorted to put an end to this species of public exhibition without delay, and poor Jean Jacques sank very obediently and peaceably into his former retirement. Grimm, however, appears to have always entertained a very high, not to say extravagant, respect for the talents of this extraordinary man. He says, in another place,

'C'est le sort de Rousseau d'être réfuté par des gens qui n'ont pas voulu ou qui n'ont pas su l'entendre.' And again: 'It seems to me, that you have never caught the true character of J. J. Rousseau. This celebrated man, born with rare abilities to persuade others of all that he wished them to believe, has endeavoured, above all things, to render popular those truths which he himself believed to be of public utility. If the bodies of infants are no longer cramped by whalebone, their minds no longer oppressed by precepts, their earliest years exempted from slavery and torture, it is to Rousseau that they owe all this. As for the women, if they dare to act the nurse, or to become the real mothers of their children, or even the real wives of their husbands, this also is the work of Rousseau. He has awakened in young minds the enthusiasm of virtue which is so necessary to counteract the enthusiasm of the passions. Among modern philosophers, he is one of those who have produced the greatest effect on the human mind, because he possessed the talent of disposing the minds of his readers, as the orators of old disposed those of their auditors. Few have written better against us, and none have written so well in our favour.'

This is high colouring, and certainly presents only one side of the picture. The following anecdote is very characteristic:

'He had long lived on his fifth floor in Paris entirely forgotten by the world which he affected to despise, and from affectation really shunned, when an accident that happened to him, in one of his solitary walks, brought him once more, for a single moment, on the stage of the public. He was met in a narrow part of the street by M. de St. Fargeau, driving very fast in his carriage, and in his attempt to get out of the way, was pushed by a large Danish dog running before the horses, and thrown down in the road. M. de St. Fargeau immediately stopt

his coach and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down; but as soon as he recognised the author of Emile, he redoubled his apologies and his attentions, and pressed him, in the most polite manner possible, to allow him the happiness of conveying him back to his lodgings. The philosopher was inexorable, and returned alone and on foot. Next morning, M. de St. Fargeau sent to inquire for him. "*Dites à votre maître qu'il enchaîne son chien*" was his only answer. Could Diogenes have framed a better?

His unfortunate marriage was a butt for all the shafts of ridicule, which, however, he seemed rather to court than shun. His physician going to visit him at Ermenonville, a short time before his death, found him mounting his staircase with great pain and difficulty, after having been in the cellar, and asked him why, in his infirm state, he did not make his wife act the part of butler. "*Que voulez vous?*" he answered, "*quand elle y va, elle y reste.*"

The posthumous publication of that strange production, *Rousseau juge de Jean Jacques*, gives occasion to some good reflections both on the individual and on the extraordinary construction of the human mind exemplified in his conduct.

'On y verra le mélange le plus étonnant de force de style et de faiblesse d'esprit, tout le désordre d'une sensibilité profondément affectée, un ridicule inconcevable avec la folie la plus saine et la plus digne de pitié. On ne peut douter qu'en écrivant ceci, Rousseau ne fût parfaitement fou; et il ne paraît pas moins certain qu'il n'y a que Rousseau dans le monde qui ait pu l'écrire.'

We have here a very curious account of the démêlé between the Encyclopédistes and their printer and publisher, M. Breton, (who was also a joint proprietor of the work,) on occasion of a discovery, made too late for prevention or remedy, of the 'horrible' mutilations which this nefarious printer and his foreman had taken upon them to make in almost all the principal articles of the last ten volumes, as they went to the press. The utter dismay of the philosophers, on the first revelation of this act of barbarism, may be conceived by those who are at all acquainted with the impetuosity of a Frenchman's emotions upon every occasion where his vanity or self-love receives a wound, however trivial. Grimm, who was too much a man of the world to be a very ardent philosopher, manifestly laughs in his sleeve all the time that he is affecting to sympathize with his friends in their distress and indignation; and this tone of half banter and half earnestness contributes to render his whole history of the transaction remarkably amusing. His heroi-comic style of narration, however, falls short of the language used by poor Diderot in serious earnest; and the letter which he addresses to 'the sacrilegious printer,' on coming to the determination of continuing the management of the work for the

the sake of the remaining proprietors, and keeping secret from the world the fearful story of its wrongs, is calculated, at this distance of time, when all the actors of the melodrame have long since left the stage, to raise only a smile at the objects of human ambition and the ebullitions of human vanity. If the interests of the whole world had depended on the fatal scissars of M. Breton, this chief of the Encyclopedistes could not have used language expressive of deeper horror, or more incurable despair. Nevertheless, we would by no means be understood to think slightly of the provocation of the unfortunate authors, or of the atrocity of the act which M. Breton committed; and should be very sorry to be considered as inculcating the propriety of Messrs. Ballantyne, Bulmer, or Bensley, undertaking to interfere in a similar manner with the immortality of the present race of British philosophers.

There is a great deal of justice as well as of feeling in some of the following observations on the supposed advantages of a philosophical age over times of less illumination, but of less sophistry and more natural impressions and habits. Had M. Grimm been capable of continuing in such a train of reflection as this and other passages of his work exhibit, we do not think he would have long ranked himself among the *philosophes* of the school of Voltaire.

‘ Il me semble qu'on est presque toujours malheureux en écrivant sur quelque objet que ce soit, lorsque, même sans avoir discuté la question, on sait d'avance le résultat que l'on sera obligé d'établir. Prétendre que la philosophie éteint le génie, qu'elle a détruit le goût des arts et sappé tous les fondemens de la société morale et civile, c'est soutenir sans doute une calomnie atroce ou faire une déclamation ridicule: mais de bonne foi, peut-on nier que la philosophie n'ait fait quelque tort à nos plaisirs et à notre bonheur, en affaiblissant le ressort de l'imagination, en refroidissant l'âme, en nous ôtant de douces illusions, et en nous forçant à secouer le joug de plusieurs préjugés utiles à la multitude?—Se déchaîner contre le siècle parcequ'il est le siècle de la philosophie, c'est se déchaîner contre les arrêts de la nécessité, c'est se révolter contre la loi qui régla de toute éternité la marche et la conduite de l'esprit humain—tout cela ne nous persuade point encore que ce soit une chose si douce et si désirable que d'être d'un siècle philosophe. S'il est vrai que le monde ne devient sage qu'en vieillissant, comment nous applaudir de notre profonde sagesse, sans regretter un peu les douces erreurs du bel âge, sans craindre sur-tout d'approcher bientôt du terme où l'on ne fait plus que radoter?—Le seul sentiment qui nourrisse le goût de la philosophie, le seul qu'elle exalte, c'est la curiosité. Ce sentiment, tout froid qu'il est, exclut, absorbe, presque tous les autres: il donne à l'âme une sorte d'inquiétude et d'impatience qui ne paraît guère compatible avec cette chaleur douce, avec cette sensibilité profonde et recueillie que demande l'amour des arts et de la poésie. Le beau, qui en est l'objet et le principe, veut être senti. La philosophie n'aspire qu'à connaître à force de chercher et d'approfondir la source de nos plaisirs;

elle en perd le sentiment et le goût ; le charme qu'elle poursuit échappe aux efforts qu'elle fait pour le fixer. Se défiant trop des premières inspirations de la nature, elle imite le crime de Psyché, et en est punie comme elle.'

The language which follows would probably be admitted by the most orthodox divine without scruple, and can hardly fail to excite the astonishment of those who remember the doctrines elsewhere professed by M. Grimm, and alluded to in a former part of this article.

'Le même tort que la philosophie a pu faire aux arts, elle l'a fait sans doute aussi à la religion. En la rendant plus sage, plus raisonnable elle l'a rendue plus froide : et la dévotion s'est bientôt ralentie. Il est vrai que si la religion n'a jamais été attaquée avec plus de hardiesse, elle n'a jamais été mieux défendue ; mais pour la défendre avec quelque avantage, il a fallu se contenter de la réduire à ce qu'elle a d'essentiel.'

He says, in another place,

'Je suis loin de croire que la liberté avec laquelle on s'est permis de discuter les questions les plus graves de la métaphysique et de la morale, ait favorisé beaucoup les progrès du vice : le mal était déjà fait ; je soupçonne seulement que cette circonstance a pu enhardir le libertinage à se montrer avec un peu plus d'indécence. On n'a fait que ce qu'on faisait depuis long-temps, mais on l'a fait avec moins de gêne, et l'hypocrisie à presque passé de mode.'

But at the time when these passages were written, the philosophical party had already lost much of its credit with the literary world of Paris ; a circumstance which M. Grimm himself acquaints us with in another article written a few months before the death of Voltaire. 'This age,' he says, 'will always be an age of genius and illumination ; but we must not dissemble that philosophy and philosophers have lost a great deal in the public opinion, for some time past.' Much of this declension he seems inclined to attribute to the publication of that celebrated work, '*le Système de la Nature*,' concerning which he has this remarkable expression, 'sans compter que cet ouvrage a révolté le plus grand nombre des lectures, qu'il a déplu à beaucoup d'autres, qui ont été fâchés de voir qu'on prodiguait un secret qu'ils voulaient garder pour eux et pour leurs amis, il a eu le grand inconvénient de rendre toutes les recherches relatives à cet objet parfaitement insipides, parfaitement indifférentes.' But no inconsiderable share in the same consequences is ascribed to the disorder and anarchy which prevailed in the party itself, 'depuis la mort de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, et depuis la paralysie de Madame Geoffrin ;' and the mention of these two female regents serves to remind us that we promised, at the outset, more of anecdote than of grave reflection, and



and to recal us to the design which we may seem to have too long forgotten.

The following is the description of a Scotch gentleman, General Clerk, who, in the course of his travels on the continent, fell in with Madame Geoffrin's coterie.

'C'est un homme d'esprit, mais grand parleur, et même fatigant par le tic qu'il a d'ajouter à chaque phrase qu'il prononce un *hem*? de sorte qu'il a l'air de vous interroger continuellement, quoiqu'il n'attende jamais votre réponse.' 'Notwithstanding this,' proceeds M. Grimm, 'we were all tolerably well reconciled to him, except Madame Geoffrin, who hates to rest long upon any one subject, and who, even at this day, can never think of General Clerk without a shuddering over all her frame. It was Baron Holbach who introduced this stranger to her, and, after the usual compliments and a visit of half an hour, rose to take his leave. M. Clerk, instead of following the friend who had presented him, as is usual on a first visit, remained behind. Madame Geoffrin asks him, if he often goes to the theatre?—Very seldom.—If he frequents the promenades?—Not much.—At court, or among the princes?—No man less.—How then do you pass your time?—Oh, why, whenever I find myself comfortably settled in a friend's house, I love to talk and sit still. At these words, Madame Geoffrin grew pale. It was six o'clock in the evening—she fancied that at ten o'clock M. Clerk might still perhaps find himself comfortably settled in her house; and the bare idea threw her into the cold fit of an ague. Chance brought M. d'Alembert to her rescue; Madame Geoffrin soon finds means to persuade him that he is far from well, and entreats him to suffer the general to take him home in his coach. The latter, charmed at an opportunity of rendering d'Alembert a service, tells him that he is master of his carriage, for which he shall have no manner of occasion till it comes to take him back at night. These words were a thunderstroke to poor Madame Geoffrin, who was now unable to disengage herself from our Scotchman all the evening, let who would come and go in the mean time.'

This lady was very severe upon all *proserers*.

'M. le Comte de Coigny was one day at her table, telling stories which had no end. They set some dish before him, and he took a little clasp-knife out of his pocket to help himself, still continuing his tale. Madame Geoffrin, quite impatient, at last, said to him, "M. le Comte, il faut avoir de grands couteaux et de petits contes."

Some interesting particulars are here given of Madame Geoffrin's last long illness, which produced the effect of separating her from her friends the philosophists, and throwing her, in great measure, into the arms of the *parti dévot*. M. Grimm, in inquiring into the cause of this change, seems, however, to doubt the fact. 'This lady's religion,' he says, 'seems to have always proceeded on two principles; the one, to do the greatest quantity of good in her

her power; the other, to respect scrupulously all established forms, and even to lend herself, with great complaisance, to all the different movements of public opinion.' A stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which she never recovered, left her, enfeebled both in mind and body, in the power of her daughter, Madame la Marquise de la Ferté-Imbaut, who immediately shut her doors against d'Alembert, Marmontel, and all her mother's old friends. 'This conduct,' he continues, 'has set the philosophical party against her; and the respective orders of *Lantuzelus* and *Lampons* are at open war with the whole *Encyclopédie*.' (These were names adopted in pleasantry by those who frequented Madame de la Ferté's house, in order to ridicule the two parties of the philosophers and the court.) 'All people expected that as soon as Madame Geoffrin came to herself, she would disavow her daughter's proceedings; but the world was mistaken. After having scolded a little, she pardoned every thing, and came to the resolution that *'le viatique et les philosophes n'allaient pas trop bien ensemble*. Elle a traité sa fille en folle, mais elle a loué son zèle. Ma fille, a-t-elle dit en riant, est comme Godefroi de Bouillon, elle a voulu défendre mon tombeau contre les infidèles.'

Madame Geoffrin outlived the remembrance of the world, and even of the society, of which for a long time she seemed to constitute the soul and essence. 'Never did any person with a middling fortune, in a private station, possess so many rights to the remembrance of society; yet, hardly had she disappeared from the stage of the world before she was forgotten in it, and, were it not for the homage lately rendered by three men of letters to her memory, the very existence of this singular and respectable woman would already have left no trace behind it; so true is it, that that which we call society is the most light, the most ungrateful, and the most frivolous thing in the world.' And this is the testimony of a man who always lived in the best society that the most social of all cities could yield, and who was himself one of its most brilliant ornaments! The works to which he alludes are three several essays on the life and character of this lady, by M. Thomas, the Abbé Morellet, and d'Alembert; and the anecdotes which are here selected from them of the uncommon goodness of heart, and princely generosity of her whom they are designed to celebrate, have tended to exalt her very highly in our estimation. She seems to have been really animated, as one of her eulogists expresses it, with *the passion of giving*, and yet we do not find that this passion led her into any acts of thoughtless and injurious profusion. She did all the good in her power, without impairing the sources of her benevolence.

'They have told us,' says d'Alembert, 'to what a degree of restlessness.

ness and obstinacy she carried her goodness ; but they have not told us what adds infinitely to her praise :—that, as she advanced in age, that goodness continually increased from day to day. For the misfortune of human society, age and experience too often produce the contrary effect, even in virtuous persons, unless their virtue is of a very strong and uncommon character. The greater benevolence they have at first entertained for their fellow creatures, the more (as every day brings before them fresh instances of ingratitude) do they repent of having served them, and grieve that they have ever loved them. A more reflective study of mankind, more enlightened by reason and justice, had taught Madame Geoffrin that they are even more weak and vain than they are wicked ; that it is our duty to have compassion on their infirmities, and bear with their vanity, to the end that they may bear with ours. “ I perceive with satisfaction,” she said to me, “ that as I grow old, I become more benevolent, I dare not say better, because my goodness perhaps is, like the mischievousness of some, the effect of weakness. I have made my advantage of what was often said to me by the good Abbé de St. Pierre, that the charity of a worthy man should not be confined to the support and relief of those who suffer ; but that it should extend itself to the indulgence of which their faults so often stand in need ; and, in imitation of him, I have taken for my device two words, *donner et pardonner*.”

Some stories of the person who had the honour to be her husband may serve rather to divert us by way of contrast. He was in the habit of borrowing books of a friend, who, either of malice prepense, or from inattention, lent him several times following the same book, which happened to be a volume of the Père Labat's Travels. M. Geoffrin, with the most perfect good faith imaginable, read it over again and again, every time it was lent to him. ‘ Well, sir, how do you like these travels ? ’— ‘ Very interesting indeed ; but methinks the author is apt to repeat a little.’ A stranger who was much in the habit of dining at Madame Geoffrin's, without knowing her husband, asked her one day what she had done with that poor gentleman whom he used to meet there, and who always sat without speaking— ‘ *C'était mon mari, il est mort*.’

Madame la Marquise de la Ferté-Imbaut was never forgiven by the philosophers ; she was besquibbed and pasquinaded, week after week, and day after day, so long as the whim lasted ; and if we may believe the scandal of these exasperated enemies, her affectation of the honours of the blue stocking deserved their ridicule even more than her anti-philosophical spirit. We cannot afford room to any of these pleasantries, and shall now take our leave both of mother and daughter, and pay our respects, *en passant*, to another literary lady of a very different character.

‘ Le bon président (M. de Hénault) avait été dans sa jeunesse l'amant

de

de la Marquise du Deffant, femme célèbre à Paris par son esprit et par sa méchanceté. Elle a aujourd'hui plus de soixante-dix ans, et il y en a presque vingt qu'elle est aveugle ; mais son esprit a conservé toute sa fleur, et sa méchanceté, à force de s'exercer, est devenue, dit-on, beaucoup plus habile. Elle se pique de hair mortellement tout ce qui s'appelle philosophe, et cela lui a conservé un grand crédit parmi les gens de la cour et du monde, aux yeux desquels les philosophes sont la cause immédiate de tout le mal qui arrive en France.'

The wicked portrait which she drew of her intimate friend, la Marquise du Châtelet, on the very morning after her death, has been given, in part only, in the publication of her correspondence with Horace Walpole. In this work, we have it entire, and a more flagrant proof of innate deformity of heart and execrable perversion of talent we do not recollect having ever met with. We shall be pardoned for directing our attention to subjects less disgusting ; and yet scarcely less so is the unfeeling but witty epigram which she made on the Maréchal de Belle-isle just after he had lost his wife, son, and brother, within very short intervals of each other, during the course of his administration.

' Sur l'air de CONFITEOR.

' J'ai perdu ma femme et mon fils,  
Et puis le chevalier mon frère ;  
Je suis sans parens, sans amis,  
Hors l'état dont je suis le père :  
Hélas ! je vais le perdre encor ;  
Dirai-je mon confiteor ?

' Madame de Lalande, Marquise du Deffant, née de Vichi de Chamru, vient de mourir à Paris le 23 du mois dernier (August, 1779) âgée de quatre-vingt-quatre ans. Ce fut sans contredit une des femmes de ce siècle les plus célèbres par son esprit : elle l'avait été long-temps par sa beauté. Ayant perdu la vue encore assez-jeune, elle tâcha de s'en consoler en rassemblant autour d'elle la société la plus choisie de la ville et de la cour ; mais la malignité de son esprit, dont il lui était impossible de réprimer les saillies, en éloigna souvent les personnes avec qui il lui convenait le moins de se brouiller.'—' Ses meilleures amies, Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg, Madame de Choiseul, Madame de Cambise, ne l'ont presque pas quittée dans sa dernière maladie ; par un excès d'attachement, même assez rare, ces dames n'ont pas cessé, dit-on, de jouer tous les soir au loto dans sa chambre jusqu'à son dernier soupir inclusivement. Elle n'a point voulu entendre parler ni de confession, ni de sacrement. Tout ce que le curé de sa paroisse, qui lui a fait une visite d'office, en a pu obtenir, après les exhortations les plus pressantes, a été qu'elle se confesserait à son ami, M. le duc de Choiseul. Nous ne doutons pas qu'un confesseur si bien choisi ne lui ait accordé, de la meilleure grâce du monde, l'absolution de tous ses péchés, sans excepter le petit couplet impromptu qu'elle fit autrefois contre lui-même.'

Of

Of her friend the president, already mentioned, the report here given is not very flattering; but we must always remember that he was *anti-philosophe*.

'Born with amiable qualities, but not sufficiently remarkable to excite the envy or jealousy of others, he enjoyed the privilege of *les gens médiocres*, of being loved by all the world without having a single enemy. He was very frivolous; had nothing in him but what was superficial; but this very superficial was agreeable. Il faisait de jolis vers de société; il donnait d'excellens soupers; il avait été à la mode dans sa jeunesse, et avait conservé l'usage du grand monde dans un âge plus mûr. Pour satisfaire sa petite ambition, car tout était petit et joli en lui, il quitta de bonne heure le palais, et acheta la charge de surintendant de la maison de la feue reine, et ne laissa pas d'avoir aussi sa petite existence dans ce petit cercle.'

Of his *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, M. Grimm is of opinion that 'si un pauvre diable relégué dans un quatrième étage avait publié ce livre, il n'auroit pas reçu la moitié des éloges qui ont été prodigués au Président Hénault.'

Those who know Helvetius only by the grave Latin termination of his name, and the serious and important subjects of the works which he composed, will be somewhat surprised to see him appear before them under the strange anomalous form of a dancing Dutchman. 'He was remarkably well made, and excelled most particularly in the dance. He even carried this passion to a great excess; and it is confidently affirmed that he has more than once performed in the opera ballet, under a mask, in the place of Dupré.' Very early in life he obtained the post of farmer-general, and spent the enormous wealth which that office procured in the most complete abandonment to his pleasures, but always kept up a considerable intercourse with men of letters to whom he was very generous and obliging. His ruling passion was that of women. He made his first essay in gallantry under the auspices of a certain countess, 'qui se piquait d'athéisme comme d'autres se piquent de Jansénisme ou de Molinisme.' In all his connexions, however, the heart had no share whatever; and his opinion of the female character necessarily partook of the depravity of his own taste and feelings. Thus admirably trained for philosophy, 'the love of reputation suddenly surprised him in the midst of his career of dissipation and voluptuousness. Maupertuis had just then brought geometry into fashion; and it became a mark of *bon ton* among the women to have a geometrician at their suppers. Helvetius one day saw Maupertuis (un des plus fiers charlatans de notre siècle) walking at the Tuilleries, in a most ridiculous costume, surrounded and cajoled by all the great ladies of the court, and all the brilliant women of the city. Maupertuis was all for effect; if he had been dressed like

like other people, his promenades on the Thuilleries would have attracted nobody. Helvetius was caught, and immediately set himself to study geometry; but his attempts must have been attended with little success, since he very soon renounced it.' He was then dazzled by the glory of Voltaire, and instantly conceived the project of partaking it, by throwing himself into the field of poetry. He composed a poem on happiness, which Voltaire himself approved; 'but from the specimens which I saw of it,' says M. Grimm, 'I doubt if it would ever have made its way in the world.' At last, the renown of *l'Esprit des Lois* completed the turning of his brain, and inspired him with the resolution of achieving the honours of a quarto and the immortality of a long philosophical treatise. This also was the epoch of an entire change of life. Montesquieu's book appeared in 1749, and in 1750 Helvetius resigned his place, married a girl of family but no fortune in Lorraine, and ran to shut himself up at his country-seat, where he divided his time between his book, the chase, and the society of his wife. The book '*De l'Esprit*' made its appearance just ten years after the *Esprit des Lois*; but was far from procuring the author all the consideration which he expected from it, and owed its subsequent celebrity entirely to the persecution which it excited against him. 'A la cour de la reine, et de feu M. le Dauphin, M. Helvétius fut regardé comme un enfant de perdition, et la reine plaignait sa malheureuse mère, comme si elle avait donné le jour à l'antichrist.' After all, says Grimm, Helvetius wanted nothing but genius—but it is that terrible want which renders so true what his friend Buffon used to say of him, 'qu'il aurait dû faire un bail de plus, et un livre de moins.'

M. Grimm does not seem to have entertained much respect or affection for Marmontel. If we are not mistaken, there had been some quarrel or dispute between them which was never reconciled: however that may be, we are somewhat inclined to join with the former in many of the censures which he casts on his good brother. In 1770, his opera of *Silvain* was represented at the Comédie Italienne, and the subject of it gave great offence to the court. The Duke de Noailles said that the moral it inculcated was *qu'il faut épouser sa servante et laisser braconner ses paysans*; and the generality of the courtiers were firmly persuaded that it was composed by virtue of an order issued by the Encyclopédistes for a sermon to be preached at the Comédie Italienne, 'par le révérend père Caillot et par notre chère sœur Laruelle, De la Chimère des Naissances illustres et la Doctrine abominable de la Liberté de la Chasse.' 'Had they consulted me,' proceeds our author, 'I would have told them that what they attributed to a plot of the philosophical party was no more than a very natural effect of the weakness



ness of M. Marmontel's genius, and his want of dramatic talent; it is only that it is much more easy to be outré than simple, to imagine romantic manners and events, than to find out real subjects and paint manners such as they are.' In another place, he speaks highly of the effect of the *Zemire et Azor* at the representation, but adds, of the piece itself, 'Mais M. Marmontel est froid; il n'a point de sentiment; il n'entend point le théâtre, et sa pièce se ressent de tous ces vices.'

In his remarks on national taste, M. Grimm evinces a much more just and philosophical spirit than most of his contemporaries, whether of France or England. The attack of Voltaire on the reputation of Shakspeare had, about this time, turned the tide of popular opinion very strongly against the *Anglomanie* which had previously begun to infect all classes of dramatic critics, that is to say, all orders and degrees of society in Paris. Our candid and sensible German observes, upon much sounder principles, that it is a very bad sign of the times, when one nation is so passionately fond of imitating the fashions of another, as to forget that there are natural barriers of taste and feeling, which can never be altogether surmounted, and which to endeavour to level, is to enfeeble the powers of genius, to narrow the soul; to refrigerate the imagination, and ultimately to corrupt the purity of manners, and extinguish the national character. 'The theatre of Shakspeare,' he continues, 'may be excellent for the English; but only that of Corneille and Racine is good for us; and it seems to me that we have no need to complain of the part which is fallen to our lot. When the English took it into their heads to imitate the regularity of our dramas, they appeared cold and feeble. When we, in our turn, ventured to take them for our guides, we became only outrageous and extravagant, without energy or originality:' as La Fontaine says,

'Ne forçons point notre talent,  
Nous ne ferions rien avec grace.'

His reflections on the state of the stage about this period are not of a very complimentary nature to the Parisian dramatists.

'For several years,' he says 'M. Mercier the *dramomane* has predicted the approaching fall of French tragedy. We know the particular reasons which influence him to believe in it more than others; but it is possible to find better reasons for drawing the same conclusions, and, without being *dramomanes*, to agree that the accomplishment of the fatal oracle was never more to be dreaded. All the resources of our dramatic system seem to be used up; after two or three thousand pieces cast, as one may say, in the same mould, how should it be otherwise? where are we now to look for new subjects, situations, movements, and effects, while we attach ourselves to the eternal pursuit of the same method, the same course of proceeding?

The

The decay of dramatic talent is always sure to be accompanied, either as a cause or effect, with a proportionate declension in the histrionic art. 'We have seen disappear from the stage, by turns, Le Couvreur, Dufresne, Gaussin, Clairon, Dumesnil; and those great powers have not even left behind them the hope of ever being replaced. A single actor of this brilliant school yet remained to us; he had alone out-lived the glory of the theatre, and alone supported all its remaining lustre. He is no more.' The death of Le Kain is attributed to a cause which has always taken off a larger proportion of great men of the French nation, from *Louis Douze* down to himself inclusive, than of any other tribe under the sun.

'On attribue la maladie inflammatoire qui vient de nous l'enlever, aux efforts qu'il fit dans le rôle de Vendôme pour plaire à une certaine dame Benoît, dont il était éperdument amoureux, et dont l'excessive reconnaissance a bien plus contribué, dit on, à précipiter le terme de ses jours que les rigueurs d'Adélaïde. Il est fort à craindre que les charmes de Madame Benoît n'aient fait plus de tort à la tragédie que toutes les Phillippiques de M. Mercier.'

Nature had refused this great actor every exterior advantage of voice, person and countenance.

'One only gift supplied all these defects, c'était une sensibilité fort et profonde, qui faisait disparaître la laideur de ses traits sous le charme de l'expression dont elle les rendait susceptibles, qui ne laissait apercevoir que le caractère et la passion dont son âme s'était remplie, et lui donnait à chaque instant de nouvelles formes, un nouvel être.'

In the motion of his eyebrows, we are told, there resided a magical expression, entirely his own, *et dont il tirait un parti prodigieux*: he was an actor to the very tip of his nails; his smallest gestures and most indifferent attitudes were studied with a degree of painful minuteness of attention, which we are at first apt to imagine incompatible with the efforts of real genius, and destructive of all the finer qualities of conception and feeling. On this point, however, we have at least the force of authority against the general and most natural opinion. Mr. Kemble undoubtedly thinks with Le Kain. In another part of this work, we have a remarkably ingenious paper of Diderot's, expressly to prove, not, as might erroneously be inferred from it, that original taste and feeling are unnecessary to an actor, but that minute study and repeated practice, which must gradually wear out the original feeling of the part which is performed, tend in the same degree and proportion to refine and improve the performance; in other words, that a great actor seldom attains, in the representation of any part, that degree of perfection which most engages the sympathies and awakens the passions of the spectators, until continual practice has blunted his own feelings and rendered him really insensible in his own person to the

the passions which he excites in others. This metaphysical assertion is supported by many curious anecdotes, which apparently tend to confirm it.

At the first representation of the play of 'Inez de Castro,' some absurdity in the performance set the pit in a roar of laughter in the most pathetic part. Mademoiselle Duclos, who acted Inez, exclaimed in a transport of indignation, *Ris donc, sot parterre, au plus bel endroit de la pièce!* The pit was immediately silent; the actress as immediately returned from her real indignation to her fictitious grief, and the tears of the spectators began to flow in good earnest. Du Fresne was playing the part of Sévère in Polyeucte, where he confides to a friend his secret opinions respecting the oppressed party of the Christians; and, as is obviously right, he communicated this confidence in an under-tone of voice: the pit called out 'Plus haut!' the actor instantly answered, *Et vous, messieurs, plus bas!* If he had been really Sévère, (asks M. Diderot,) could he so immediately have fallen back into Du Fresne?

'Quant au philosophe, (this is a note of the Editor's on the little Essay above mentioned,) 'il n'aurait pas encore fini, s'il avait su le fait que je vais rapporter ici. C'est que Mademoiselle Arnoud, cette Sophie si touchante au théâtre, si folle à souper, si redoutable dans la coulisse par ses épigrammes, emploie ordinairement les momens les plus pathétiques, les momens où elle fait pleurer ou frémir toute la salle, à dire tout bas des folies aux acteurs qui se trouvent avec elle en scène; et lorsqu'il lui arrive de tomber gémissante, évanouie, entre les bras d'un amant au désespoir, et tandis que le parterre crie et s'extasie, elle ne manque guère de dire au héros éperdu qui la tient: *Ah mon cher Pillot, que tu es laid!* Quel parti notre philosophe aurait tiré de cette anecdote!'

Sophie Arnoud was a celebrated performer at the Opera, but still more celebrated for her native wit than her talents for the stage. Mademoiselle Clairon, for some offence on the stage, was once committed to Fort l'Evêque, and exclaimed in a tragedy strain, that the king was master of her life and fortune, but not of her honour. Sophie replied in a soothing accent, *Vous avez raison, mademoiselle; où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits.* She once complained that her chimney smoked; and M. Thomas undertook to apply on her behalf to the minister to have some nuisance removed which caused the obstruction. When he came to inform her of the execution of his commission, he began in a formal manner, 'Mademoiselle, I have seen the Duc de la Vrillière, and took an opportunity of speaking to him about your chimney. I talked to him first, as a citizen, then, as a philosopher'—*Eh! monsieur*, interrupted the lady, *ce n'était ni en citoyen ni en philosophe, mais en ramoneur, qu'il fallait parler.*

Whether it was the cause or the consequence of the decline of

French tragedy, already noticed, the Opera, and most especially the corps de ballet, engaged much more of the attention of the good citizens of Paris during all this period, than the drama. The National Assembly might have taken the hint of many of their proceedings from those of the grand Congress (the denomination they themselves affixed to their meeting) of the *Vertus d'Opera*, who drew up manifestos and framed memorials to be presented to the manager, complaining of his encroachments on their rights, representing *qu'elles dansèrent beaucoup plus sous son règne que sous celui de ses prédécesseurs, et qu'il serait juste d'augmenter en conséquence leurs honoraires*. Mademoiselle Guimard sent to demand a new dress *pour danser les plaisirs célestes de Castor*; and the economical manager having hazarded a refusal, she, with a spirit of exalted patriotism, immediately tore her old dress into a thousand pieces and sent him the tatters. 'Scenes of this kind,' observes the Baron, 'renewed daily, might compromise a little the dignity of government; but could they have excited a general revolt, but for the spirit of independence with which this unhappy philosophy has infected all orders of the state—what do I say?—all kingdoms and nations of the earth?' This communication bears date, March, 1779.

The Congress of the rebel dancers was held in the dressing room of Mademoiselle Guimard, and Vestris, *le Dieu de la danse*, (as he stiled himself in his Provençal accent,) set up for the Washington. *Le ministre veut que je danse*, said Mademoiselle la Presidente, *'eh bien, qu'il y prenne garde, moi je pourrais bien le faire sauter.'* At last government interfered. Among others the son of Vestris was condemned to fort l'Evêque. 'Nothing so pathetic was ever witnessed as the parting of father and son—*Allez*, said the *Dieu de la danse*, *Allez, mon fils; voilà le plus beau jour de votre vie. Prenez mon carrosse, et demandez l'appartement de mon ami le roi de Pologne; je paierai tout.*' How wise was the moderation, and how just the reproof, of poor Louis Seize when his ministers detailed to him the history of these theatrical commotions! 'It is your own fault, gentlemen—these opera girls would not be so insolent but for your encouragement. *Si vous les aimiez moins, elles ne seraient pas si insolentes.*'

There are other anecdotes of extraordinary conceit and self-sufficiency of the *Dieu de la danse*, not a little amusing.

'Lorsque le jeune Vestris débuta, son père, le *Dieu de la danse*, vêtu du plus riche et du plus sévère costume de cour, l'épée au côté, le chapeau sous le bras, se présenta avec son fils sur le bord de la scène; et après avoir adressé au parterre des paroles pleines de dignité sur la sublimité de son art et les nobles espérances que donnait l'auguste héritier de son nom, il se tourna d'un air imposant vers le jeune candidat,

et

et lui dit: *Allons, mon fils, montrez votre talent au public: Votre père vous regarde!*

Young Vestris was reputed to be the fruit of the tender, but unsanctioned, loves of the *Diou de la danse*, and Mademoiselle Allard, also a dancer at the opera; and the public gave him the happily combined appellation of Vestrallard. He performed wonders one day at the ballet, while his father was looking on, who exclaimed in rapture, 'If he goes on thus, I have a great gift in store for him; I will allow him to bear my name!' Dauberval, another member of the corps de ballet, who divided with Vestris the favours of Mademoiselle Allard, was observed also eying the young prodigy with vast earnestness, and was heard to say, with a mixture of vexation and admiration, '*Quel talent! C'est le fils de Vestris, et ce n'est pas le mien! Hélas! je ne l'ai manqué que d'un quart d'heure.*'

A very few morsels of criticism are all that we shall permit ourselves farther to extract from this amusing publication.

Of Dorat, whose name is generally understood to stand high among the modern amatory poets of France, after saying that his 'Kisses' are a free imitation of those of Secundus, 'poète Latin du 16ème siècle, plein de graces et de volapté,' our Baron adds, 'il n'y a pas l'ombre de volupté dans les baisers de M. Dorat: cela est d'un froid, d'un vide, d'un aride, à dessécher le tempérament le moins incliné à la consommation.'—'Il n'a pu cacher sa surprise de la réputation que la Fare et Chaulieu ont conservée. C'est que, remplies de négligences, leurs poésies respirent la volupté; c'est qu'on y remarque cette douce flexibilité, cette tendre mélancolie, d'une âme passionnée et philosophique, dont on ne trouve aucun vestige dans les poésies de M. Dorat.'

'En révanche, je ne ferai pas relire, avec les insipidités de Messrs. Dorat et Desfontaines, la *Première Nuit d'Young*, traduite en vers française par M. Colardeau. Dans toute notre jeunesse poétique, il n'y a que M. de la Harpe et M. Colardeau qui aient quelque idée de l'harmonie, de cette douceur de versification qui dispose insensiblement l'âme à une douce et tendre mélancolie, de cette poésie imitative qui, par je ne sais quel prestige secret, établit une liaison entre telle sensation de l'âme, et tel choix de mots ou telle suite de sons.'

Of the original poem which M. Colardeau undertook to translate, he expresses himself in the following terms; and however we may despise the censures of critics so prejudiced as Voltaire, the judgments of a candid and judicious foreigner, like M. Grimm, are always worth attending to.

'Ce genre ne peut réussir en France; nous ne sommes pas assez recueillis, assez solitaires; nous ne pouvons lui accorder le temps dont il a besoin pour affecter. Un reproche plus réel que je fais à cette

espèce de poésie, c'est le vague dans lequel elle fait nager son lecteur. On remarque dans Young et ses pareils plutôt une tête échauffée, une imagination exaltée, effarouchée, qu'un coeur profondément affecté; on ne sait proprement de quoi il se plaint, quels sont ses malheurs; on ne connaît pas les objets de sa douleur, quoiqu'il vous y ramène sans cesse. Il y a dans tout cela trop de cloches, trop de tombeaux, trop de chants et de cris funèbres, trop de fantômes; l'expression simple et naïve de la vraie douleur ferait cent fois plus d'effet que toutes ces images; il s'agit de faire couler des larmes, et non de m'effrayer comme un enfant par des images imposantes et terribles en apparence, mais qui n'effleurent pas mon âme, et n'y laissent aucune trace, aucun sentiment durable.

Besides Colardeau, however, one M. de Tourneur also conceived and actually executed the project of translating Young's Night Thoughts into French verse. The last named author was likewise known by a translation of Johnson's Life of Savage, to which were added memoirs of Thomson, the author of the Seasons. Grimm's remarks on this publication, are, at least, lively and curious.

'Rien à dire de celui-ci, (the life of Thomson,) sinon que c'était le revers de l'autre; aussi son histoire est-elle très-fastidieuse à lire. Il faut, pour le bonheur de ceux qui ont à traiter avec un homme, qu'il ressemble à Thomson; par l'intérêt et l'amusement du lecteur, qu'il ressemble à Savage. Je ne dirai qu'un mot des *Saisons* de Thomson, comparées aux *Géorgiques* de Virgile; c'est que la muse de Thomson ressemble à Notre-Dame de Lorette, et la muse de Virgile à Vénus: l'une est riche et couverte de diamans, l'autre est belle, nue, et n'a qu'un simple bracelet. Virgile est un modèle de bon goût; Thomson serait tout propre à corrompre celui d'un jeune homme.'

Those who incline to consider man as a mere machine, says our critic, will find themselves singularly confirmed in that opinion by observing Piron.

'C'était une machine à saillies, à épigrammes, à traits. En l'examinant de près, l'on voyait que ses traits s'entrechoquaient dans sa tête, partaient involontairement, se poussaient pêle-mêle sur ses lèvres, et qu'il ne lui était pas plus possible de ne pas dire de bons mots, de ne pas faire des épigrammes par douzaine, que de ne pas respirer.'— 'Voilà pourquoi M. de Voltaire craignait toujours la rencontre de Piron, parceque tout son brillant n'était pas à l'épreuve des traits de ce combattant redoutable qui les faisait tomber sur ses ennemis comme une grêle.'

Very early in life, he narrowly escaped being massacred in his native village for a bon mot, accompanied, it is true, by a somewhat scurvy practical joke.

'Il s'était associé à une compagnie d'arquebusiers à Beaune. Messieurs de Beaune ne sont pas fameux par leur esprit, et ils ont le faible de ne pouvoir entendre parler d'ânes. Piron fit habiller un âne en arquebusier,



busier, et le conduit à sa suite dans le lieu de l'exercice. Heureusement on ne le soupçonne pas de cette mauvaise plaisanterie. Le soir, il va à la comédie avec son honorable corps. On lève la toile. Les acteurs parlent un peu bas. Les spectateurs se mettent à crier, *Plus haut! on n'entend pas.* "Ce n'est pourtant pas faute d'oreilles," s'écrie Piron; et voilà tout l'auditoire qui lui tombe sur le corps, et il a toute la peine du monde à se sauver."

Materials for a most amusing biographical dictionary of all the men of letters and beaux esprits of Paris might easily be collected from this correspondence; and Piron, Dorat, le Gentil Bernard, La Harpe, Marmontel, Arnaud, Thomas, Linguet, Condorcet, would form prominent articles in the miscellaneous compilation.—But time presses, and we must part abruptly. Should we once venture to look back, we shall find so many objects still left unnoticed, and reproaching us with neglect, that our only safety seems to consist in immediate flight.

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ART. VII. *An Introduction to Medical Literature; including a System of Practical Nosology: intended as a Guide to Students, and an Assistant to Practitioners.* By Thomas Young, M. D. F. R. and L. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician to St. George's Hospital. 8vo. pp. 602. London. 1813.

AT a time when so much discussion has been provoked, and such activity displayed in pursuit of the best method of instilling the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic, we cannot but persuade ourselves that a proportionate ardor will be excited by every endeavour to improve the higher branches of knowledge, and to diffuse the elements of more exalted science. In this latter class medicine holds a distinguished rank—whether we consider the enlarged field of information on which it is raised, the numerous subjects for reflection which it comprehends, or the beneficial application of its powers to the comfort and continuance of life. Under these impressions, we are confident that we are performing an acceptable service in accommodating ourselves to the prevailing taste, and in calling the notice of our readers to Dr. Young's recent work on the literature and study of medicine. A brief description of the object and execution of this publication will be no less interesting than useful, and we shall exhibit the author's views and intentions in his own words.

'In a science so complicated and obscure as that of physic, the want of some direction for the assistance of a student has been the more felt, as the difficulty of the execution of such a work has been greater.'—'In no department of human knowledge is the work of literary discrimination more necessary than in physic; in none is it more difficult, and in

none has it been more neglected, at least in this country.—The non-existence of any work in the English language, resembling that which is now offered to the public, while the subject is of the most undeniable importance, must be admitted as an apology for its appearing with many imperfections in some degree inseparable from the nature of the undertaking.'—'The collection of literary information, and of references to various authors, is a step which ought always to be preliminary to the execution of a detailed treatise on any department of science, Having completed this collection, I have been principally induced to lay it separately before the public by the approbation which has been bestowed on the second volume of my lectures on Natural Philosophy, consisting principally of a similar methodical catalogue of the literature of all the subjects which had been explained in an elementary manner in the first volume.'—'To assist in furnishing the student with a sufficient direction for cultivating any particular department of his profession, in the most advantageous manner, is the principal object of this work.' Pref. pp. 3—8.

Medical education amongst us is carried to the highest perfection, as far as regards the assistance to be derived from lectures and hospitals; but there has always been wanting a guide in the closet, a director in literary research. It is no less true than strange, that no attempt to supply this deficiency should have been made before; and that while the acquirement of the other learned faculties, as well as of moral and political, metaphysical and natural philosophy, has been facilitated by the aid of the most distinguished ornaments of those professions and sciences, physic alone should have been suffered to remain unassisted, in this respect, by any of its professors, in a country so justly celebrated for its medical attainments. The work before us will remove the stigma, and complete our system. It is not, however, to the student alone, that this introduction will be found of use, it will prove equally serviceable to those far advanced in knowledge. The mere perusal, indeed, of the catalogue of references will often be alone sufficient to awaken recollection by reviving the trains of interrupted impressions, through the association of system, or the influence of names; and of such an auxiliary, practitioners, from the nature of the science, are continually in need.

Preparatory to directing the student in his medical studies, Dr. Young has with great propriety called his attention, in a preliminary essay, to the general education upon which those studies must be engrafted; to the professional expectations which may reasonably encourage his pursuits, and to the moral and intellectual qualifications required to attain the objects of his ambition. The principal part of this essay consists of an elegant translation of a work by Professor Vogel, enlarged and illustrated by the reflections of the author. This dissertation abounds with useful instruction and strong sense. The character of the science and profession  
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of physic here delineated inspires us with exalted notions of their excellence, when carried to the perfection thus prescribed.

'Medicine not only comprehends so very extensive a range of knowledge, but its truths are often so profound, and so much concealed from a cursory inspection, so intricate, so much disguised, distorted and obscured by a multitude of delicate and invisible causes, that nothing less than the all-commanding eye of the most enlightened understanding, than the all-penetrating and all-searching power of genius, can possibly recognise that which is hidden in darkness, can follow that which is remote into the last traces that it imprints, can distinguish certainty from opinion and probability, can separate the essential from the accidental, and finally, can analyse and develop any subject of investigation so completely as to leave no further doubt respecting any of its properties which are cognisable by human means.'—Prelim. Essay, p. 7.

'Perhaps there is no science which requires so penetrating an intellect, so much talent and genius, so much force of mind, so much acuteness and memory, as the science of medicine. For the full attainment of its proper and ultimate object, it requires also indispensably the possession of stability of judgment, rapidity of decision, and immovable firmness and presence of mind, readiness of recollection, coolness, flexibility of temper, elegance and obsequiousness of manners, and a profound knowledge of mankind, and of the secret recesses of the human heart.' p. 9.—'These qualifications can only be obtained by means of a good education, united with opportunities of becoming acquainted with the world, and habits of intercourse with society.'

The course of general and of medical education here laid down, as necessary to be pursued, coincides so nearly with the present general practice that it will be readily admitted to be right. In conclusion we are furnished with a demonstrative refutation of some opinions published by Dr. Brown, in discouragement of our reliance upon the efficacy of medical practice.

'This discussion appeared essential, since if it were true that the medical science of the most celebrated professors could effect so little, under circumstances so favourable as he has supposed, the public would have scarcely any motive left for encouraging a pursuit so fruitless, nor an individual for devoting himself with zeal and enthusiasm to the attainment of knowledge, where nothing further than doubt and difficulty could reasonably be anticipated.' p. 25.

We come now to the body of the work. Medical literature is very extensive; and to render so large a collection manageable by a student, it requires to be reduced and distributed into systematic order. Here peculiar difficulties occurred, 'since there is no science in which selection is so important and so difficult,' p. 43. One cause of this difficulty is the state of medical literature, which for the most part is either desultory and detached, or involved in artificial and erroneous combinations. To combine

bine the one and disunite the other requires infinite labour and research. The author appears to have been very attentive to the difficult task of selection, 'having inserted no books but such as he conceives to be necessary to a complete medical library.' Pr. p. 11. These have been chosen for their reputation, authority and usefulness. To the titles of the most important is often adjoined a concise critique upon the merits of the work, a short account of its contents, and a distinguishing mark expressive of its relative value in a course of study. Having finished the selection, the next proceeding to fit it to use was the arrangement of the subjects into their respective parts. Without the employment of a philosophical method, the collection, however ably selected, would have continued inaccessible to a student, and the catalogue have conveyed no further information than those of the same kind which have been published on the continent. The greater part of these, which profess to be guides to medical literature, scarcely answer this purpose better than the digested catalogue of a medical library as disposed for sale. What was required was a *dictionnaire raisonné*; and this the author has furnished. We find his ingenuity here applying a precision almost mathematical to an extensive yet minute classification; so that the inquirer is enabled, by the natural dependence of the distribution, to obtain information upon any single point of medical science. The force of this arrangement may be regarded in the same light as the geometrical aids employed in geography, which empower us to lay our finger upon the most insignificant spot upon the surface of the globe; and thus facilitate our investigations into its history and nature, its relations and its use.

The first department of this distribution is allotted to works on medical literature in general, and is divided into eleven sections. The plan then breaks into certain general classes disposed according to their natural sequence. 1st. Those works which treat on the properties of matter in general, or on chemistry. 2d. On the arrangement of matter in the structure of the body, or on anatomy. 3d. On the functions or intentions of that structure, or on physiology. 4th. On the disorders of that structure, and of those functions, or on pathology. 5th. On the removal of those disorders, or on therapeutics.

In the system, or rather systematic nomenclature, of chemistry, the author has availed himself of all the new lights which have been thrown upon this branch of philosophy by the discoveries and arrangement of Sir H. Davy, in his late illustrations of electrochemical science. This compendium contains a brief abstract of the objects, laws and combinations of chemistry in its most improved state.

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The divisions of anatomy have been always fixed and certain, being determined by the different component parts of the body, and are distinguished here by the usual titles of osteology, myology, splanchnology, dermatology, angiology, and neurology. To assist the memory upon these points, tables of their respective subjects are introduced.

Physiology, having for its object the explanation of the functions of the parts enumerated in anatomy, divides itself, of course, into similar heads, and is distributed into classes relating to the office of the nerves, bones, muscles, vessels, and viscera.

The division which succeeds, as it is the largest of the whole, and most applicable to medical instruction, seems also to have most engaged the author's attention; and to bear, in consequence, the strongest marks of the exertion of industry and genius. After a few sections upon points connected with general pathology, we are presented with a new system of nosology. For this innovation, satisfactory reasons are adduced in the Preface. The necessity of departing from the system of Dr. Cullen, which has been most generally received, is there made apparent; and the omission of every other which has since appeared is sufficiently justified. In the construction of a new system, the author has conformed himself 'to the strict rules of Linnæus, notwithstanding the irregularities which embarrass the classification of diseases.' Pref. p.v. To enable the reader to ascertain the preciseness of this accommodation, and at the same time to put him in possession of a treatise of much general application to philosophical arrangements, the author has furnished him with a translation of great part of the *Philosophia Botanica* of Linnæus. Notwithstanding the ability manifested in this part of the work, Dr. Young does not arrogate to it any undue importance. He seems sufficiently aware that systems of nosology are little better than technical aids. He will not dissent from our opinion, that they afford but little elucidation to pathology, and are most serviceable in assisting the memory and facilitating research. How little applicable the distinctions of systematic arrangement are to the varieties of disease, in comparison with other objects of science to which they have been attached, is evident from the following declaration:

'It is true, that we must not expect the same rigid accuracy in medicine, that may be obtained in some of the departments of natural history, since, in fact, many of the distinctions which are required in a nosological system, are rather established for the sake of practical convenience, than strongly and immutably characterized by nature.'—Pref. p. iv.

The body is not composed, like the objects of chemistry, natural history, or abstract science, of independent forms and members—  
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it is one whole ; it lives and suffers as a whole, and cannot be separately and unconsciously injured in any part. It is impossible therefore, strictly speaking, for any part to sustain an individual disease. If one member be disordered, the rest will be reciprocally affected. A sympathetic connection unites all divisions and systems of the human frame. Like joint-tenants, all the component members hold a communion of interest, and affection and power, not separately and individually, but 'per my, et per tout.\*'

For the particulars of this reformed system of nosology, we must refer our readers to the work, as it is too extensive for recital, and yet too concise for abridgment. We shall content ourselves with enumerating the titles of the classes and orders.

Class I. Paraneurismi. Nervous diseases. (Consisting chiefly of the Neuroses of Cullen.)

Class II. Parhæmasiæ. Sanguine diseases.

Order 1. Phlogismi. Flushes. (Chiefly simple inflammations.)

Order 2. Pyrexix. Fevers.

Class III. Pareccrises. Secretory diseases.

Order 1. Epischeses. Retentions of various kinds.

Order 2. Apoceneses. Effusions of secreted fluids.

Order 3. Cacochymix. Cachexies, or vitiated secretions, (as dyspepsia, podagra, diabetes.)

Class IV. Paramorphix. Structural diseases.

Order 1. Paraphymata. Local changes, (for instance, tumours.)

Order 2. Epiphymata. Eruptions, (chiefly cutaneous.)

Class V. Ectopix. Displacements, (including surgical and obstetrical cases.)

The genera, species, and varieties, are equally extensive and defined. From a due examination, it will appear that this is the most exact and practical nosology which has hitherto been submitted to public attention. The merit of this system consists not merely in the absence of the objectionable parts of that of Dr. Cullen, but in the incorporation of Dr. Willan's valuable nosology of the skin, and in the addition of a great variety of diseases hitherto confined to chirurgical collections. That imperfections should still remain amidst so much improvement, is not altogether chargeable to the author. 'Many are inseparable from the nature of the undertaking,' others depend upon the progressive and defective state of the science, and some will give way under more favourable circumstances than a first essay, to future correction. We have an earnest of this last expectation in the numerous amendments introduced by the author into his present system, since it was first published in his syllabus of a course of lectures, for which it was prepared : and we will even venture to

\* Blackstone, Vol. II. p. 182.



suggest to him, that a little more equality in the allotment of his references would be a material improvement in a future edition; several diseases of considerable importance being dismissed with very slight notice, while others, comparatively insignificant, are almost overwhelmed with a profusion of authorities. The author has arranged the different accounts which have been given of the yellow fever, under three different genera, cauma, synochus, and anetus; we are rather disposed to believe that the disease is always essentially the same, and dependent on paludal effluvia. He has followed Dr. Crichton in suppressing the order of the exanthemata; an innovation, which has produced some difficulty in the arrangement of scarlatina, measles, and small-pox, diseases which certainly do vary in the type of the fever attending them, in such a manner as to require some other generic character, than can be derived from the nature of that fever alone: we do not deny that some of these difficulties are almost unavoidable; but we trust that something more may hereafter be done for overcoming or diminishing them, than our author has hitherto effected.

The remaining division of the work, referring to the means to be used for the removal of disorders, differs but little in its arrangement from that which is usually admitted into all later systems of therapeutics. The sub-divisions are established upon the acknowledged agency of pharmaceutical means. Posology has been usefully annexed to this part of the subject; and there are added, as intimately connected with pharmacy, the very ingenious tables of chemical affinities, constructed by Dr. Young, and already published in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

The extensive range of the author's literary attainments has enabled him to give us a translation of some of the Swedish works of Professor Berzelius, upon animal chemistry, and the laws of chemical combinations. This compendium contains the chief of what has been discovered upon the subject so interesting and important to a medical philosopher. The authorities upon which the facts and opinions rest are historically detailed, together with the corrections afforded by the arguments and experiments of the professor, and the discoveries which he has made in this department of chemistry. The name of Berzelius is a sufficient surety of the value of this treatise.

Two essays, by the author, close the volume, the first containing remarks on the measurement of minute particles, especially those of blood and pus, and the last on the medical effects of climates.

The observations and discoveries in the former are not only relevant and subservient to physiology, but, in a more especial manner, to pathology, by the suggestion of an easy mode of distinguish-  
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ing morbid from natural secretions. It has always been a desideratum with medical practitioners to obtain some test of the difference between pus and mucus; as being the products of different states of the discerning vessels. Most of the chemical methods, which have been pointed out, have been found in practice insufficient or inconvenient. Dr. Young, however, has invented an optical test of a decisive power, and of easy application. The optical discoveries which led to this invention, and to the present observations, were read before the Royal Society in July, 1802, from a paper by the author, entitled, 'An account of some Cases of the production of Colours, not hitherto discovered.' Having given a test, 'applicable to all cases of minute particles held in suspension in transparent fluids,' he proceeds to observe, that

'Where the greater number of the particles are nearly equal in dimensions, a luminous object, viewed through them, is surrounded by rings of colours, somewhat resembling those of the rainbow, but differently arranged, and often beautifully brilliant. The blood, a little diluted, always exhibits them in great perfection, and they afford a very accurate criterion for the distinction between pus and mucus. Mucus, containing no globules, affords no colours, while those which are exhibited by pus exactly resemble the appearance produced by the blood, the rings being usually of the same dimensions.' 'A minute quantity of the fluid, to be examined in this manner, may be put between two small pieces of plate-glass, and if we hold the glass close to the eye, and look through it at a distant candle, with a dark object behind it, the appearance, if the globules are present, will be so conspicuous, as to leave no doubt respecting their existence.'—P. 547.

This discovery he has further improved, by rendering it applicable to the measurement of the fibres of wool, hair, and other substances employed in manufactures; the construction of an instrument for this purpose is next described, and its uses explained. These principles and optical observations are employed also for the solution of some microscopical, optical, and meteorological phenomena.

The essay on the medical effects of climates will be read with equal eagerness and advantage by medical practitioners, and by those whose health requires them to consult the means of obviating the effects arising from the variableness of the weather. It contains all that can be said for their information in a medical point of view, and is replete with judicious remarks. These are grounded on philosophical observations, and are urged with much force.

The style throughout is clear and polished; refined without affectation, and easy without the sacrifice of dignity and correctness. It may be regarded both as an example and incitement to the introduction of a more finished mode of writing in medical compositions. We are not pronouncing too favourably of this work;  
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when we express our confidence that, stored with such valuable learning and information, and enriched with such advantages of method and composition, it will not only be resorted to as a direction to students, but will find its way, as a book of reference, into the hand of the enlightened physician. It is no less a guide to youth, than a staff to age; and both descriptions of practitioners are under great obligations to the author for this productive effort of talent, labour, and erudition.

ART. VIII. *The 'New Art of Memory,' founded upon the Principles taught by M. Gregor Von Feinaigle, illustrated by Engravings.* 8vo. London, Sherwood. 1812.

Dr. R. Grey's '*Memoria Technica,' or Method of artificial Memory. To which is subjoined 'Lowe's' Mnemonics,* 9th Edit. 8vo. London. 1812.

TWO years have elapsed since we first heard of Mr. Feinaigle's lectures upon 'Mnemonics and Methodics' in this country; but the treatise which professes to explain the principles of his art, has but just appeared. There is a general disposition in the public to suspect some latent quackery even in the best parts of such systems; and it would be difficult to avert the scepticism of those, who are impatient of means, as well as of effect. It has been frequently remarked that the characteristics of memory, are, susceptibility, readiness, and retention. The palpable inequality with which these properties are meted out to different individuals, would encourage the hope that the deficient qualities may be materially supplied by the intervention of mechanical aid, founded upon philosophical principles. Those who have susceptible and ready memories, but whose minds are indisposed to habits of method and classification (so favourable to the retention of acquired knowledge) should impose upon themselves the adoption of philosophical arrangement. Those, on the other hand, whose minds are only inclined towards abstraction and arrangement, should not hesitate to supply the want of a susceptible and ready memory, by those helps which ingenious men have invented for the purpose. No method of assisting the memory can be popular, unless its object be to direct and apply those faculties, whose exercise appears to be involved in every effort of memory; nor should we doubt that as the body may be trained to extraordinary feats of strength and agility by the pursuance of a system adapted to give free scope to the powers of muscular action, so the judicious direction of those mental faculties, by whose agency the mind is competent

to perform certain offices, cannot fail to give superior efficiency to its powers. The most approved philosophy asserts the dependence of memory upon two leading principles, attention, and the association of ideas; it follows, therefore, that whatever tends to concentrate attention, and to command and direct associations, may very essentially contribute to its improvement.

Objects perceived by the eye are remembered more easily than by any other of our senses, in proportion as the impressions of sight are more rapid and numerous. We comprehend the infinite variety of a prospect in a momentary glance, and the imagination can revive the picture; but a verbal description of it would be tedious, and the impression faint: on this principle geography is taught by maps, geometry by diagrams, and architecture by drawings. The most casual observation was sufficient to prove the constant association of ideas with sensible objects, and the effect of these objects in recalling to the mind former ideas. This naturally suggested the hint of a topical memory, which should encourage an association of ideas with visible objects, arranged in order; and as these objects were at will summoned before the imagination, they would naturally bring with them the ideas with which they had been previously associated, and without confusion, as we shall presently demonstrate. We find in Quintilian the following minute account of the topical memory\* in use among the ancients:

‘ They (the students of topical memory) become intimately acquainted with the arrangement of particular situations of considerable extent, for instance, of a spacious mansion divided into many apartments; every marked object contained in this building is attentively impressed upon their mind, that the memory may recur to the individual parts of it, without the smallest delay or hesitation.

‘ In the next place, whatever they have written, or reflected on, they connect with a *casual* association, by which they may be reminded of it. This association may either relate to universals, as for example, to navigation or war, or to particular words; for if they lose the train of their ideas, they are enabled to recover them, by the prompted suggestion of one individual word, whether this be the type of navigation, as an anchor, or of war, as a particular weapon; they therefore arrange these objects of association in order, and assign the first place, or the first idea, which they wish to remember, to the portico, the second to the hall; then they go round the inner courts: nor do they only commit these associations progressively to the bed-rooms and anti-rooms, but even to their furniture. When they have performed the

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\* Many interesting remarks on this subject occur in Cicero, who describes the application and advantages of this artificial mode of assisting the memory, with great neatness and perspicuity.—*Rhetor.* lib. iii. 16.

circuit, and are anxious to recollect the associations, they recur mentally to those places in order from the beginning, they regain every sensible type which they had entrusted to each particular spot, and this type at once suggests the idea connected with it.'

In considering this scheme of topical memory, we must advert to an extraordinary property of the mind, viz. that without a certain degree of volition, these associations will not operate. If we were unconsciously to revisit a scene, which had once been familiar to us, but of which we only retained a general impression, we should probably pass by a number of objects, to which our attention might be partially or even earnestly directed, without experiencing the revival of any ideas; but if at last we discovered where we had been, and retraced our steps with anxious curiosity, those objects which in the first instance had not awakened any ideas, would inevitably arouse our dormant associations, when the mind was exerting a particular act of volition. We were induced to remark this property, with the view of anticipating an objection, that the association of an infinite variety of trains of thought with the same series of objects, would be liable to generate confusion; whereas the volition of the mind to pursue a particular train of thought, of itself awakens the ideas belonging to that train, and this without confusion or mistake. It is from this principle in the constitution of our minds, that we are enabled to recollect an infinite number of lines in poetry, of the same measure and subject, or to remember distinctly a variety of tunes, which are in the same time and key, and which correspond in general effect of harmony. If an orator had associated a series of arguments upon a particular question of law, with a series of apartments, and at the same time had also associated a series of arguments upon a political question, there would be no danger of confusion. The volition which the mind would exert in the first instance would suggest the first train of associations, distinct and separate, and equally so in the second case; in fact, if the two arrangements were both upon legal points not essentially different, the train would not even then be confused.

We have long been disposed to think that it would be impossible to convey in writing an adequate and practical explanation of the system of mnemonics arranged by Feinaigle.\* The present publication, which is illustrated by plates and diagrams, and is not deficient in merit, tends to confirm our opinion. If we attempted to define this system, we should call it, a method of re-

\* We could not say 'invented,' for a reference to a work published in 1617, entitled, '*Ravellini Ars Memoriae*,' will convince the reader that he has few claims to invention.

calling to the mind certain past trains of ideas, by varied associations of sight succeeding each other in preconcerted order, and of employing consonants as the type of numerals. The first method is to divide an apartment into fifty ideal squares: any four sided room is fitted for the purpose, and the more applicable as it approaches to the form of a square. In arranging these squares, it will be necessary to place yourself in one uniform position; for instance, with your back towards the window: you then conceive the floor to be divided into nine squares. No. 1, being the square on the floor in the left hand corner opposite to you, No. 10 is placed upon the ceiling above the wall on your left hand, and No. 11, 12, 13, up to 19, are placed in threes upon the left or first wall, in the same manner as the numbers from 1 to 9 were arranged upon the floor. No. 20, or the twentieth square, is placed *above* the second wall, or the wall immediately before you, and from 21 to 29 on that wall. The same process is pursued on the two remaining walls, viz. the third wall on your right, and the fourth wall behind you. No. 50 is placed in the centre of the ceiling. When the precise positions of these ideal squares are imprinted on the mind, which will not require many minutes, it will be easy to ascertain the facility of associating the ideas of objects with given proportions of space, of which the order and position are intimately familiar to the mind; and here the imagination is called into action, and whatever object you wish to associate with each of the squares in succession, you have only to create a picture in your mind of that object in the particular square to which your attention is directed.

We shall now endeavour to explain the nature and application of certain hieroglyphics, a part of this system the most analogous in principle to the topical memory of the ancients. It is this part which appears most ridiculous to those who are ignorant of the method, and which is in fact the most ingenious portion of it, the most susceptible of extended application, and the basis of all the details connected with it. Two rooms are divided each into fifty compartments, in the manner which we have detailed. The first room contains hieroglyphics from one to fifty, the second from fifty to one hundred. These hieroglyphics, which might be more correctly called pictures of numbers, consist of the representation of certain animate or inanimate objects, the outlines of which are intended to bear a resemblance to the number of the square in which they are placed. The principle of this resemblance arises from the facility given to recollection, by the number exciting the idea of the picture, and the picture that of the number. Nothing can appear more absurd than one of these prints of hieroglyphics  
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engraved in the order in which they are to be associated on the walls. They may, however, in a very short time be committed to memory, and the mind turns as it were to the scite of each, with intuitive readiness. There is no necessity that a person should be in the room where these hieroglyphics are supposed to be arranged, or indeed, after some time, that he should mentally recur to any particular room, as the absolute order, number and subject of them would be spontaneously suggested to him. We shall now give some idea of their application.

If a person succeeded in repeating one hundred unconnected words in regular succession, upon their being once read to him, it would be considered as an extraordinary effort of memory; and if indeed it was an effort of natural memory, deservedly. Any person however who was conversant with the hieroglyphics, would be able to repeat them with very little effort of memory, and with almost a moral certainty of success; nay, more, after having repeated them, if he was asked which was the eighty-fifth word that had been given him, he would immediately repeat it, or any of the other numbers, in the most complicated order. From the description given of the hieroglyphics, it will appear evident that every person acquainted with them will have one hundred places, or 'Τοποι,' in recognised and familiar order: supposing the two first words of the series to be chair, and imagination, he would at once associate the word 'chair' with the tower of Babel, which picture belongs to No. 1, from the supposed resemblance of a lofty insulated building to the figure 1. He might make this association by imagining that he saw a chair upon it; or in any other manner, however incongruous; he would then discard from his mind that association, and proceed to No. 2, the hieroglyphic to which is a swan, from the resemblance of that bird to the figure 2; he would then associate the word 'imagination' with this picture, which might be done in various manners, by supposing that he saw a swan in imagination; or by associating some sensible object with the swan, which he might conventionally consider as the type of imagination: having finished that association, he would discard it from his mind, and proceed with the rest, till the hundred words were quartered in succession upon each hieroglyphic. Having concluded, his mind would not be the least on the stretch, there would be no necessity of keeping the links of the chain together, as in an effort of natural memory; he has the talisman for uniting them together at will. If required to repeat the words, he summons to his mind the first hieroglyphic, and the instant that it is presented to him the idea of a chair is suggested: he then recurs to No. 2, and the word imagination is also suggested to him. If called upon to mention the forty-second word, he recurs to the forty-

second hieroglyphic, which picture may be said immediately to prompt the word associated with it. The operation of these hieroglyphics upon the mind may be compared to that of a prompter, with this advantage; that the associations of sight are in general more vivid than those of sound.

Mr. Stewart, in his admirable work on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, has remarked of the topical memory of the ancients, that it might be applied to the prejudice of truth and justice. Certainly the absolute command of preconcerted arguments in prepared succession, in the flow of apparently extempore debate, might occasionally make the worse appear the better cause; but the abuse of an improvement can never be fairly urged against its utility, and granting the efficacy of the application, it may be made subservient to the best and holiest purposes.

The next part of Mr. Feinaigle's system is the substitution of letters for figures, which was practised both in the ancient and middle ages. He employs consonants *only*, as representatives of figures; his alphabet is as follows: and the facility with which it may be committed to memory by certain familiar associations, is no bad test of their utility.

t,	n,	m,	r,	l,	d,	c g k q,	b h v w,	p f,	s x z.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

To fix this conventional alphabet in the memory, it might be said *t* is employed for the figure 1, because it has only one stroke; *n*, for 2, because it has two strokes; *m*, for 3, because it has three strokes; *r*, for four, from some supposed analogy in shape; or because *r* is the fourth letter of the word four, &c. &c. Associations like these might be readily multiplied, and however absurd they may appear, the point is, whether a person not disdaining to adopt them, would not be able to commit such an alphabet to memory in a shorter space of time, and with greater certainty of retention: in fact, as philosophical relations cannot exist between arbitrary signs, we have only to trust, in recollecting them, to fanciful associations, or to mere strength of memory. Perhaps the ingenious person who exclaimed, 'Well may this place be called Stoney Stratford, for I never was so bitten with fleas before,' had formed some arbitrary association in his mind abundantly competent to suggest the idea. It will be at once evident that the adoption of consonants for the expression of numbers, and the exclusion of vowels, gives a facility of employing any words, in any language, for the expression of a number, provided that the word contains exactly the consonants, which are the representatives of the figures to be denoted, unless the nature of the numbers to be expressed convinces us that they could not be extended beyond units of tens, as in the case of pence and shillings

in an item of English expenditure; when the first and last may be understood to designate the number, if the word contains more than two.

The application of this art to chronology is effected by quartering the kings of each dynasty, or historical epochs of events, upon the hieroglyphics, and afterwards connecting a short story with each, in which the most prominent words shall express the date. A great part of the ridicule attached to Mr. Feinaigle's system, arises not from his proceeding to explain the 'obscurum per obscurius,' but from his constant practise of teaching the 'facilius per facile.' He has arranged the dynasty of the kings of England from the Conquest to the present time: it is probable that the names in our royal list are not familiar to him, as a foreigner; he has therefore proceeded to pun upon them in succession. Thus, with the first hieroglyphic, he associates a 'willow tree,' which is to prompt the name of William the Conqueror; a 'dead' soldier is lying by the willow, who might have more naturally lain at the feet of the conqueror; the consonants of the word 'dead' translate into sixty-six, to which if we add one thousand, we have the date of the conquest. If we were desired to learn by heart the dynasty of the Otaheitean or Abyssinian monarchs, we might find it more convenient to associate some familiar words with each, correspondent in sound, than to trust to mere strength of memory. This alphabet may be evidently employed to facilitate the remembrance of dates, independent of all locations or associations with visible objects; for example, Louis the Fourteenth came to the throne at the sound of a 'drum:' here we translate d-r-m=643=1643. Louis the Fifteenth came to the throne *quietly*: translate q-t-l=715=1715. There is no necessity for any real analogy in such associations.

It would be impossible to explain practically the ingenious application of this art to geography, without reference to diagrams; and even with their assistance, we doubt whether the account given in the volume before us, will appear intelligible. We shall only offer the most general outline of it. Two rooms are employed, one immediately over the other, the upper room is called the northern, the lower the southern hemisphere; the floor in the upper room, the equator; and the centre of the ceiling, the North Pole; the arrangement is reversed in the lower room, and the centre of the floor is called the South Pole. We must then conceive a map of the world on Mercator's projection, on the scale of ten degrees of both latitude and longitude, painted on the four walls of both rooms, the ceiling of the upper, and the floor of the lower. The hieroglyphics are associated in a *certain* order with each square of ten degrees; and by an ingenious arrangement, the

number of each hieroglyphic denotes the general latitude and longitude of that given portion of the world to which it is attached; and *vice versâ*, any longitude or latitude being given, we are enabled, by a short arithmetical process, to recur to the hieroglyphic belonging to those parallels, which will suggest the locality. This system, which vividly affects and excites the imagination, is calculated to impress very correct ideas of the relative situation of countries, though we think it rather too refined and complicated for general adoption. This mode of associating visible objects with certain degrees of space is adopted in the celestial globe, and may have suggested the hint to Mr. Feinaigle. We must again protest against the miserable horde of puns employed to fix the names of the most *familiar countries* and places in the memory, which are equally superfluous and disgusting. Mr. Feinaigle's principles of arithmetic are omitted in this treatise: there is a long unsatisfactory chapter upon the analogy of languages, as presenting an additional facility in acquiring them. The mode of committing systematic tables to memory is literally borrowed from Quintilian—it is to form a mental picture of some real or arbitrary type of the character or quality to be remembered, and to localize these pictures on the furniture of a room. We shall waive the mention of many minor details; it is the spirit of the system and not the discretionary variety of its application, which is really valuable.

Nothing can be more opposite in principle, than the 'mnemonics and methodics' of Feinaigle, which, for the most part, depend upon associations of sight, and the 'Memoria Technica' of Dr. Grey,\* which depends entirely upon associations of sound, and is utterly distinct from a topical or artificial memory. His system may be defined to be a method of translating things difficult to be remembered, into an abbreviated, and conventional language, (aided by the associations of metrical cadence,) which operates upon the mind as short-hand upon the eye; and, but for the abuse of Greek etymologies in the present day, might be termed 'mental stenography'. It is remarkable that this work should have gone through nine editions, without the least attempt at improvement. The present edition inherits all the failings of its predecessors; it is evidently edited by a person utterly ignorant of the spirit of the system, and even unacquainted with the rhythm of hexameter verse. Nothing can be more unconnected and unphilosophical than the form in which the greater part of these memorial lines are arranged: they were probably composed at successive periods, and with no view to publication; the key to their connection was in the

\* Dr. Richard Grey was born in the year 1693, he was a divine of the Church of England, a graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford, and the author of several able treatises on ecclesiastical law, divinity, and the Hebrew language.

doctor's head, he had abundantly fulfilled his task; but it was for the editors of subsequent editions to have modernized, improved, extended and arranged his system on principles of philosophical and casual association, which find no place in the method of Dr. Grey, who thus states the object of his invention. Introduction, p 2.

'The design is not to make the memory better, but things more easy to be remembered, so that by the help of it an ordinary or even a weak memory, shall be able to retain what the strongest, and most extraordinary memory could not retain without it; the whole art being in effect nothing more than this, to make such a change in the ending of a name, place, person, planet, coin, &c. without altering the beginning of it, as shall readily suggest the thing sought, at the same time the beginning of the word being preserved, shall be a leading, or prompting syllable to the end of it, so changed. Thus in history the deluge happened in the year B. C. 2348, this is expressed by the word *Del-etok*, *Del* standing for deluge, and *etok* for 2348.'

The following is the alphabet of letters to be substituted for figures.

<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>au</i>	<i>oi</i>	<i>ei</i>	<i>ou</i>	<i>y</i>
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>k</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>z</i>

Here *a* and *b* both signify the figure 1, *e* and *d* the figure 2, &c.

Dr. Grey appears to have appreciated the value of casual associations, in imprinting arbitrary relations upon the memory, by his directions for learning this alphabet, p. 2; but we would suggest what appears to us an easier method, viz. to select ten words, of which the initial letters should be the vowels and diphthongs representing the figures in the upper line; these ten words should have sufficient connection to carry on a degree of signification, no matter how incongruous; the same plan might be pursued with the consonants. When this alphabet is perfectly impressed on the memory, the next step will be the practice of forming figures into words, and of resolving words into figures. It is obvious that the same date, or number, may be expressed by different words, according as vowels or consonants are employed in the composition; thus the date of the deluge instead of being written *Del-etok*, might be written *Del-disk*, or *Del-difei*, or *Del-etfei* or *Del-diok*, all of which, by a reference to the key, will be found to signify the number 2348. In pronouncing any words that may be thus formed, it will be necessary to pronounce the letter *y* as a *w*, thus, James I. came to the throne in 1603, and the date might be written *Jam-syt*, (one thousand being understood,) which must be pronounced *Jam-swit* to distinguish it from *sit*, which would represent 633. Dr. Grey has omitted to observe that *a*=1 should be pronounced broad to distinguish it from *ei*=8, or perhaps the word *abei*=118 might be

mistaken for *eiba*=811; *z* signifying the cypher 0 should also be pronounced very broad whenever it is met with in a technical line, to distinguish it from *s*=6.

As a specimen, we subjoin the English dynasty from William the Conqueror to George III; the change of termination in the name of each sovereign denotes the year of his accession, but we have altered many chronological inaccuracies in it, which are less pardonable, as the figures expressing the date are correct, but the letters remain unaltered.

Wil-con-sah,	Ruf-koi,	Hen-pr-ag		
66	87	100		
Steph-bilet	Hen-sec-buf,	Ric-brin,	J-ann,	He-th-das et Ed-doid
133	154	189	199	216 272
Ed-se-tyr,	Ed-ter-ter,	Ri-se-toip,	He-fo-toun,	He-fi-fat-que
307	327	377	399	413
Hen-si-fed,	Ed-quar-faub,	E-fi-R-okt,	Hen-sep-feil,	Hen-oc-lyn
422	461	483	485	509
Ed-sex-lop,	Mary-lut,	Els-luk,	Jam-syt,	Caro-prim-sel
547	553	558	663	625
Car-sec-son,	Jam-seil,	Wil-sein,	Anne-pyd,	Geo-bo-doi-pauz
649	685	689	702	14 27 760

It will be observed that as Edward V, and Richard III, ascended the throne in the same year, 1483, the technical word is *E-fi-R-okt*, and as the three Georges succeeded each other, their names are not repeated, but each syllable expresses the date; after 1700, it is not necessary to express the 7 by a letter.

We shall offer a few hints to those who are desirous of composing verses for themselves, and of becoming accurate chronologists by this system. Chronology has only a relative object: it has been named, and justly, one of the eyes of history; as a moral lesson, the observation of a few years presents all the intricate variety of human passions; as a political lesson, the whole chain of history is fraught with valuable instruction, but its value is in precise proportion to the degree of chronological accuracy with which the events are recorded. It is of the utmost moment to ascertain the precise time when the operation of certain causes conspired to produce certain effects; and it is the induction of these effects, which constitutes the essence of the philosophy of history. Hence that analogical prescience, which should be the first aim of the practical politician. A constant reference to chronological tables is frequently inconvenient, and sometimes impossible; it always consumes much time, and yet to omit it is to forego the principal advantage resulting from historical study. It is perfectly easy by the system above described, to commit to memory the regular gradation, and exact date, of all the principal events from the creation



ation of the world to the present time, and if we are enabled to recollect the precise order in which a series of events succeed each other, we possess a kind of clue to their minute details, as well as to those connecting transactions of minor importance, which fill up the interstices of the historical scale. The object in forming such a system of chronology should be to select leading events at relative distances; this should be regulated by the degree of interest excited by each individual era of history; thus it might be sufficient to record very early events, at the distance of one hundred years, and to multiply them at more interesting periods. Hexameter verses are employed as a general medium for memorial lines, from the facility which the varied uniformity of that metre allows to the composer, and the advantage which the faculty of recollection derives, from being habituated to the same measured cadence. In composing them, no attention need be paid to the niceties of quantity, or even to the numbers of feet; provided they will READ into measure.

When these chronological verses are fixed in the memory, it will be perfectly easy to remember any other historical event by observing its relative position to those recorded dates. In each page there should only be a certain number of memorial lines, comprising a defined period of time, whether two or more centuries, or one or less, according to the ratio at which the interest of that particular period has induced us to record the dates. To each page, that is, to each series of memorial lines, what may be called an acrostic sentence might be attached, consisting of any words that could be strung together into sense, or even intelligible nonsense: there would be as many words in this sentence as lines in the page; of each of these words, the first syllable should resemble, in fact or in sound, the first syllable of each memorial line in succession. Every one who has repeated verses by heart, must be aware of the advantage of having the leading syllable prompted in each line. The acrostic, by binding together certain series of memorial lines, will be found to supply the place of a prompter; and to give a considerable degree of accuracy to the knowledge attained by the medium of technical verses. The geographical memorial lines are composed on the principle of abbreviated words, and occasionally initial letters only are employed to denote the names of places; it is a waste of time to commit these to memory. Dr. Grey, in 1746, apologizes for their not being sufficiently modernised, and yet they are for the ninth time palmed upon the public in 1812, and are about as valuable as a catalogue of past snow-storms.

The method of denoting the latitude and longitude by technical words, is extremely ingenious and apposite; but in this edition they are almost all incorrect. To the beginning of the name of the place is subjoined a technical ending, consisting in general of

two syllables, the first of which relates to the latitude, and the second to the longitude. Thus Lisbon, whose latitude is  $38^{\circ}$  N. l. and  $9^{\circ}$  W. long. would be written *Lis-tei-ou*. But if the latitude of Lisbon had been nearer to  $38$  than to  $39^{\circ}$ , the syllable expressing it would have commenced with a vowel, and the word would have been written *Lis-ik-ou*; again if the longitude of Lisbon had approached nearer to  $10$  than to  $9^{\circ}$ , the same substitution would be made, and the word written *Lis-ik-u*. By observing this rule we are enabled to denote the longitude and latitude of any place within thirty minutes, and by taking the mean, that is, by conventionally adding fifteen minutes, we gain it within fifteen. In the ancient geography the selection and arrangement are injudicious throughout; we have not space to offer an extended comment upon the execution of this part of the work; it will be sufficient to point out the manner in which the system, as applied to geography, may be modified and directed with the most beneficial effect. It cannot be difficult to compose memorial lines for ancient, sacred, and modern geography, upon the principle which we have already explained. The infinity of elementary books upon the subject will simplify the task, and leave nothing but the very easy process of composition.

These memorial lines should be committed to memory with constant reference to maps, so that the inspection of the map will at once suggest and prompt the lines belonging to it; and, vice versa, the recital of the lines suggest to the imagination the map with which they have been associated. In the selection of plans, of which we may wish to know the *precise* longitude and latitude, it is necessary to attend strictly to the principle which we have pointed out in our remarks upon chronology, viz. to select places which bear a relative distance to each other upon each map, and when these are perfectly familiar to us, we shall with ease be enabled to recollect the position, and almost the latitude and longitude of any place upon the surface of the globe, by ascertaining its relative position to those places which will be thus deeply imprinted on the memory and imagination.

The application of this art to astronomy, which is the subject of the fourth section, is precisely similar to that employed in chronology. In the fifth section it is applied to coins, weights, and measures.

There is great ingenuity shewn in this section; and though it is confined chiefly to ancient coins, weights, and measures, with a useless minuteness of detail, and many inaccuracies, yet it demonstrates satisfactorily the advantage of employing letters for figures; it also points out the manner in which the system may be applied to modern arithmetic, and to the value of modern coins, weights, and measures,

measures, which it is extremely desirable to retain with accuracy, without the necessity and waste of time by constant reference. The concluding section explains the possible application of this art to miscellaneous subjects. To this edition of Dr. Grey's *Memoria Technica* is subjoined 'Lowe's Mnemonics.' Dr. Watts in his *Essay on the Improvement of the Mind*, says, that 'Mr. Lowe has improved Dr. Grey's scheme,' but it is evident that he was very imperfectly acquainted with that scheme. In short we are of opinion that he has deteriorated the plan pursued by Dr. Grey, whilst he can lay no sort of claim to originality.

There is a notice given in this edition, that 'the publisher would be happy to treat with any gentleman able to correct and modernize this work against a future edition.' For any practical purpose nineteen twentieths of the original lines must be omitted in a future edition; we therefore do not consider it worth while to enter into any verbal or typographical criticism upon the present. It is much inferior, in execution, to the one printed by the same editor in 1806, and, as we before observed, is, with some slight alterations, a literal copy of the one published in 1746. In the present edition it is proposed to employ a double set of consonants to represent the numerals, in which *g*, *r*, and *m* shall be introduced, though they are already mortgaged by Dr. Grey, *g* to the value of 100, *r* to that of a fraction, *m* to that of a million. If we met with 'm' in many technical words, how would it be possible to ascertain whether it signified a million, according to Dr. Grey, or a cypher, according to the proposed extension by the present editor?

We have already pointed out the manner in which this system may be extended and improved in reference to the attainment of historical, chronological, and geographical knowledge. We will farther remark, that it is peculiarly apposite to assist the recollection in commercial and financial details. There is no extension of figures in the fearful estimate of funded debt, no minuteness of fractional expression in the economizing tone of public audits, which, by being translated into letters and embodied in hexameter verse, may not be remembered with accuracy; for example, the pith of Mr. Huskisson's pamphlet upon the bullion question, and the financial details of the two sets of resolutions, moved upon that occasion, might be comprised in about five and thirty lines, or if it was not thought necessary to remember the fractional parts they might be comprehended in ten or fifteen lines. By employing acrostic sentences to bind together the natural divisions of the subject there would be no possibility of mistake, and the lines when once committed to memory would be easily retained by occasional recurrence.

By

By dividing a series of technical words into a certain number of syllables, or by writing them with marked subdivisions, and by deciding to apply the first syllable in each series of words to one part of a subject, the second to another, &c. we think much accurate information might be gained with very little exertion of the memory; for example, if we were anxious to recollect in general terms,

1806,	1. The official value of imports from } Europe, Africa, and America	24,000,000
	2. Ditto from China . . . . .	6,000,000
	3. The official value of exports of } foreign and colonial merchandize	9,000,000
	4. The official value of exports of } British produce and manufactures	25,000,000

The word *au-do-s, ou-du* would express the estimate for the year  
6 24 6 9 25

1806. We must remark that, though pronounced as four syllables, it is divided into five parts, the first denoting the year, the second the official value of imports from Europe, Africa, and America, and so on; of course millions must be understood. It is necessary in such a case, that the sums to be expressed should be of one common denomination; thus, from 1806 to 1812, inclusive, the official value of exports and imports might be expressed in seven words, to remember which would surely require no extraordinary effort of memory.

We trust that we have succeeded in explaining the two systems of Feinaigle and Grey; it is not possible to draw a parallel between them, but we think they might be partially combined to produce a better effect than could result from the individual adoption of either: by employing invariably the alphabet and technical lines, according to Dr. Grey's method, when figures are to be remembered, and committing these lines to memory by associating them with the hieroglyphics or *τοποι*, (for there is conciliation in a Greek term,) this combination will supersede the necessity of acrostic sentences, and is, indeed, far preferable to them. No one, who has not made the experiment, can appreciate the facility and exactness with which memorial lines can be retained and referred to by this method, and, as we have demonstrated in the former part of this article, without danger of confusion; in fact the multiplication of trains of ideas, however different, with our habitual objects of association, whether those objects are ideal pictures upon a wall or the rooms and furniture of a house, will strengthen our power of recollection, as increased weight is known to strengthen an arch constructed upon sound mathematical principles.

We have no doubt that the misapplication of these systems will  
again

again render them ridiculous and consign them to a temporary oblivion. Dr. Beattie in his *Elements of Moral Science* expresses his scepticism of the possible advantages of any art of memory, having remarked, that those who possessed them were never distinguished for readiness of recollection or multiplicity of attainments; but our readers may be assured, that there always have been persons who have applied them with considerable effect, but who have never had the indiscretion to confess the nature of that assistance, of which the effects were debited to the score of their natural abilities.

If our limits had permitted we might have been disposed to enquire how far it would be possible to interweave any part of these systems with the present plan of public classical education; but fortunately we have no space for the discussion. We are well aware that the classical ear of our young students would startle at the uncouth and unpoetical metre of a technical line; yet if there be any who have some arrears of information to bring up, and who are not very conversant with the principles of law, political economy, &c. to these persons, if any abbreviated method could be suggested of mastering their multifarious details, the effect, if adequate to our expectations, might form, we should think, a sufficient apology for the apparent degradation of the means. We do not recommend the experiment to those who find their unassisted powers fully adequate to their purpose. If Briareus had been a stocking manufacturer, he would probably have despised the aid of frame-work, which, however, is no despicable auxiliary to the two-handed artizan.

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ART. IX. *Comedies of Aristophanes, viz. The Clouds, Plutus, the Frogs, the Birds. Translated into English, with Notes.* London. 1812.

WHILE the tragic writers of Greece have been cherished by us with an eagerness bordering on enthusiasm, the only perfect remains of that celebrated country in the opposite walk of comedy, have been consigned to comparative neglect and obscurity. Tragedy, indeed, as speaking a more general language than comedy, and uttering much the same kind of sentiments, whether by the mouth of a Medea, or a Lady Macbeth, might naturally be expected to be more popular than her sister muse, whose allusions must necessarily be more local and confined; yet it still appears unaccountable, that a people, possessed with so decided a taste for humour, as the English, and keenly susceptible of personal satire, should

should have done so little for an author, who yields to few writers either ancient or modern in both these qualifications.

More than three centuries have elapsed since the first edition of Aristophanes was printed; and during that period, the continent has produced a succession of commentators on his text: the Italians have made themselves masters of him by the translation (a very miserable one, we own) of the \*Rositini, and the French by that of Poinssinet, while in England we have little more than the London edition of the *Plutus* and the *Clouds*, the Oxford edition of the *Knights*, the *Acharnenses* of Mr. Elmsley, enriched with the notes of Bentley, and different translations of one or other of the four plays, which are here collected. This is the more surprising, because the scholia on Aristophanes are reckoned among the most valuable of this species of writing; the poet himself too, we should think, presented a most inviting harvest to the philologist and the commentator: there were many words to be traced to their roots, many customs to be elucidated, many difficulties to be explained; various passages to be restored, dialogues which had escaped from their right owner, to be returned; verses out of number, which required the hand of a metrical Procrustes; and an abundance of those delicious passages, at which commentators are accused of running riot. Had no specimen of the Greek comedy come down to us, there are few things, we believe, which would have excited greater regret. The scenical representations of a nation present us with so lively and exact a picture of the people themselves, that we can scarcely be said to possess *data* sufficient for forming a decided opinion upon the character of any nation, unless we have the exhibitions of their stage, both serious and comic, to assist our judgment.

The eagerness with which the octavo edition of Brunck, unsatisfactory as it is, has been purchased, is a sufficient proof, that it is not from a defect of taste in this country, that the works of Aristophanes have been so much more talked of than read, and so much more read than understood. That he will ever be very generally popular here, we cannot undertake to say. When the drama of a country is poor, they are frequently content to borrow amusement from their neighbour; the Roman was for a long time diverted with Athenian customs in Roman language, and the Frenchman laughed at Spanish phrases and habits which he scarcely understood: but when their own literature affords dramatists of the highest excellence, few people will feel much indulgence for the elementary exhibi-

\* The editor of Terucci's Italian translation of the *Plutus* and the *Clouds* says that the Rositini made their translation from a wretched transusion of Aristophanes into Latin. We have no doubt that this was the case, for the translation itself is utterly unlike the original. Terucci has succeeded better, and his translation is enriched with some excellent notes.



tions of a foreign nation. This locality, which belongs so particularly to comedy and satire, must necessarily abate the relish of the unlearned reader for the writings of Aristophanes; and after every assistance, the difficulty of the original text must prove a great bar to all but finished scholars. Comic writers are the last authors, to whom the student of a foreign language has recourse. There is necessarily so much idiom in them, the elliptic mode of speech is so continually recurring, and the transitions are so rapid, that the mind is startled at every turn, instead of sliding with ease into the subject, and catching the little niceties of the dialogue. A maxim in ethics does not lose its force, while we are consulting Hederic or Scapula. Even the sublimer emotions, excited by the writings of Euripides and Pindar, are not so likely to evaporate, while we pause to ascertain the precise meaning of a word, or a phrase, as the lighter shades of feeling excited by comedy. To be consulting the scholiast, when we ought to be carried away by the wit and spirit of the dialogue; to be searching in Bisetius, or Geraldus, whether we may laugh 'by authority,' soon exhausts the patience and fatigues the imagination.

There is one thing, on which we are particularly anxious to put the reader upon his guard, who is not familiar with the Grecian stage, and that is, not to come to the perusal of these plays with English feelings and English ideas about him. If he come fresh from his own drama, and expect a similar exhibition in that of the Grecian poet; if he look for intricacy of plot, for gradual development of character, for a leading story with a subordinate one attached to it, which at the same time shall help forward the main story and form a relief to it; above all, if he look for the delineation of that universal passion, whose innumerable varieties of tenderness and gaiety, of whim and caprice, it is the delight of modern comedy to exhibit, he will find himself sorely disappointed. He will meet with characters, marked, it is true, with strong humour, but exhibiting few lights and shades; he will find a story that has no intricacies in it; and for love—he will see but little of it indeed, and that little he will wish to have expunged. The correct refinement of modern times, the considering of love as a sentiment and not as an appetite, with all the light *badinage* and amiable gallantry which this feeling engenders, the '*dolci durezza*, e placide repulse,' were unknown to the ancients. Nothing, in fact, can be conceived more gross than the old comedy as exhibited in Aristophanes and the small remains of his contemporaries, which have come down to us. The worst of things are called by the worst of names; and the meanest of our appetites and grossest of our necessities are perpetually called in to make sport for the audience, who, if we are to judge of them by those exhibitions, (and they certainly

certainly took a singular delight in them,) can have been little better than semibarbarians.\* The plot of the *Lysistrata* turns upon a proposal so gross, that we shall not insult our readers with it; and though the effects of it upon the *dramatis personæ* are ludicrous in the extreme, the poet deserves no indulgence for his shameless and unparalleled effrontery. The marginal references of some of our old moralities, and even mysteries, are sufficiently significant; but they are purity itself when compared with the licentiousness of the Athenian stage.

The grossness of the comic theatre of Greece forms a singular contrast with the gravity, the decorum, and the sustained elegance of the tragic poets of the same period; and we can scarcely conceive it possible that the same people who had listened with the warmest enthusiasm to the wild sublimities of *Æschylus* and the moral pathos of *Euripides*, could have not only endured, but encouraged and insisted upon the buffoonery and ribaldry of the comic writers. We can ascribe this depravity of taste to no cause so much as the little intercourse which subsisted between the two sexes, and the partial exclusion of women, that is, women of virtue, (for the restriction did not extend to the profligate part of the sex,) from entertainments of the theatre. Mr. Dunster has suggested, that the grossness of *Aristophanes* was merely an artifice, and that it served him as a sort of battery for making his assaults upon the vices of his countrymen with more effect. True, indeed, it is, that the higher the object which he has in view, and the greater the danger of bringing it before the audience, so much the lower frequently is the ribaldry to which he descends. When by the most ridiculous buffoonery he has put his audience entirely off their guard, then it is that he suddenly strikes the deadliest blow. To the better part of his audience his admonitions might have the ludicrous appearance of a *Bacchus* preaching sobriety from a tub; but to the vicious no reproof comes so home as that which they hear from persons who appear to think as little of virtue as themselves. After all, this post is scarcely tenable; the poet seems voluntarily to wallow in his filth; and if his muse is not an absolute prostitute, she at least seems always willing to meet the public half-way.

Besides the embarrassments to which we have alluded, the unlearned reader will be encumbered with a new set of *dramatis personæ*, called the chorus, whom he will find possessed of a most persevering attachment to the stage, never forsaking the performers, and diving into every thought, which is within the conception and intention of the actors. To add to this seeming absurdity, he will

\* We must not, however, conclude too generally. It is well known that the philosophers rarely frequented the comic theatres, and their example, no doubt, was followed by the more respectable part of the citizens.

find this exalted post allotted to creatures of a very inferior situation, in the comic poets; to Frogs, to Wasps, to Birds, and even to Clouds. We might enlarge upon this topic; but enough, we think, has been premised to make it clear that Aristophanes was not a comic poet according to our ideas of that character: he may rather be termed a writer upon criticism, ethics and politics; and unless the reader come with these impressions to the perusal of him, he is not likely to make a fair estimate of his merits, or to imbibe that relish for his writings, which all true scholars feel.

Having endeavoured to throw some light upon the character of the dramatist, we shall add a few words on the materials from which he had to draw his comic pictures. There is no source of humour so fertile as vanity; in other words, as the affectation of pretending to be what we are not, and assuming a part for which we are not fitted either by fortune or nature. The endless subdivisions of employment in modern life must, from this cause, produce a never failing succession of fit subjects for the dramatist and the satirist. But in the earlier days of Greece, when Aristophanes wrote, this plentiful crop of pretenders did not exist. The Athenians had, it is true, like other people, their artisans, their hinds, and their merchants; but the collective character of the nation was that of soldiers and statesmen. They had no standing army, for which they paid their quota, nor a militia, for which they provided substitutes: every man was in his turn a soldier. Again, the Athenians did not express their political opinions once in seven years, and then leave them to be promulgated by the mouth of a representative; but every man was called upon continually to give his voice in the deliberative assembly himself. Such were the two great and leading occupations of the Athenians; upon these would all their ideas mainly turn, and to these would the productions of the stage, which always follows the public feeling, be directed. Accordingly, we find the plays of Aristophanes perpetually turning upon one or other of these topics, and more particularly upon that part of their civil jurisprudence which allotted the judicial situation to all ranks indiscriminately, and paid them a certain salary for their trouble. After the feelings more immediately connected with these pursuits, the Athenians were distinguished by a predominant passion for the amusements of the stage. The bounty of nature had bestowed upon them a triumvirate of tragic poets, whom it has been the pride of modern times to own as their masters; and a crowd of comic writers, whose wit seems to have been as powerful in exciting the gayer feelings, as the pathos and sublimity of the former, in raising the grander emotions. These productions were *got up* with all the magnificence of which the age could boast. The whole expenses of the Peloponnesian war, it is said, did not cost more than the exhibition

exhibition of three of the tragedies of Sophocles. The emulation of the writers kept pace with the generosity of the managers. Plays were not then contracted for, as at present, by the gross; neither was the successful candidate rewarded merely by a benefit. The applauses and distinctions, which accompanied success, were so flattering, that some of their writers expired under them. Such were the people to whom the drama of Aristophanes was submitted, and we ought to have a proper idea of his audience, in order to judge of his merits. We are apt to view the Athenians, as they did themselves, through the magnifying glasses of Marathon and Plataea; but a more odious people, as to their internal economy, never existed. They were open to the grossest flattery; they were credulous, not like Englishmen, from an unsuspecting honesty, but like Frenchmen, to whom their character is very similar, from vanity and self-conceit. They were fickle and inconstant in their tempers, melting one night into tears over the tragedies of Euripides, and the next, dying with laughter at the parodies of his incessant persecutor, Aristophanes. Of a high-wrought susceptibility, they set a fine upon Phrynicus, because his dialogue was too pathetic, and starved Anaxandrides because his invectives were too severe. Too acute to be insensible of high talents, and too envious to allow them their due sway, they persecuted the virtue which they could not but admire, and exalted the vice, which they ridiculed and condemned: the vilest tyrants where they dared, and that was chiefly with the meritorious and the virtuous; and the meanest slaves to the bullies and blockheads, who ruled them by consulting their tempers, and administering to their favourite passions—praise of themselves and abuse of others. Such are some of the traits of the incomprehensible Athenians; the people who deserted Alcibiades, in the midst of a grave oration, to run after a bird; who erected a monument to Cratinus for his talents, and recorded nothing upon it, but that he was a drunkard; who drove Aristides into banishment, because he was just, and rewarded the children of Chœrophilus with the freedom of their city, because their father sold excellent salt-fish: the people, in short, who first listened with admiration to the precepts of Socrates, then allowed him to be made a public jest, then murdered, and last of all deified him. Such, we say, were the people whose amusements, morals, and politics, Aristophanes undertook to criticise, to amend and to direct. It was a hazardous task; but of this he seems well aware. To arraign them seriously and severely was dangerous; to bend, and crouch before them scarcely less so. Whenever, therefore, he has any important object in view—a sophist to expose—a public defaulter to arraign—a war to condemn—a peace to recommend, he generally commences with a scene of low buffoonery, or introduces some of their great people

in

in a ludicrous situation, such as was peculiarly acceptable to the levelling disposition of the Athenians. Having thus prepared his audience, he opens his battery; and the boldness with which he directs his assault, when we consider the powers of those subjected to his lash, places him on very high ground indeed. It is here that we feel the character of sublimity in our author, which Longinus applies only to the apt collocation of his words and sentences. His undaunted denunciations of public villainy; his bold appeals in favour of his own patriotic intentions; his sudden and unexpected turns of wit, drawn from new and peculiar sources; his pointed, short and resistless sarcasm, are among the finest specimens of moral reprehension. The addresses of Dicaeus and Adicus in the *Clouds*, are both grand in their display; the cutting satire with which the former gives up the contest, and throws himself upon the audience as an universal mass of villainy, is more than grand; it is a stroke of true sublimity.

Of those who suffered from this writer's ridicule, there are three so conspicuous, that we cannot avoid saying a few words on each; —we mean Socrates, Euripides, and Cleon. His motives for attacking the former are not sufficiently clear. The idle story of his being suborned by Melitus, to write the comedy of the *Clouds*, and thus to pave the way for the death of Socrates, is refuted by the dates of his pieces, from which it appears that that event did not take place till more than twenty years after the performance of the play in question. Besides, though Aristophanes had a strong turn for the ridiculous, he does not seem to have had much malice in him: his satirical strokes are in general short and pointed; he sometimes fastens, indeed, upon the tender parts, but he exhibits none of the marks of a determined and cold-blooded satirist; he does not coolly gaze upon the wound which he has laid open, nor watch the agonies which he has excited. To a man who, like Aristophanes, saw things on the side of ridicule only, Socrates might easily appear little more than an officious meddler. The nature of his discourses too, which regarded ends more than means, and not unfrequently pleaded what was fallacious, in order to elicit what was true, laid him very open to witty mistake and misrepresentation. The aphorism of Donne respecting scriptural texts, may not unaptly be applied to the *Socratici sermones*: 'sentences in scripture,' says he, 'like hairs in horse-tails, concur in one root of strength and beauty; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springs and snares.' We have the greatest veneration for the name of Socrates; but we cannot see that personality in the *Clouds*, which some have ascribed to it. It appears to us that the play was principally intended to retort the indignity thrown upon the comic stage by the sophists, in restraining its exhibitions; and that the character of Socrates, (how-

ever petulantly and unjustly assumed,) was little more than a name for the whole body of them collectively. The audience, who knew the men, appropriated the respective charges, and while they appeared to be amused with the buffooneries of the great philosopher, were, perhaps, laughing at the follies and impieties of Hippo of Thrace, Democritus, Protagoras, &c.

The character of Euripides we must imagine to have particularly excited the spleen of Aristophanes. He is the cushion, on which his wit reposes at all times.

The poet seems to have considered him as a piece of private property, always at hand. The warmest admirer of Euripides must be amused with the attacks of his witty and unwearied assailant. This mighty master of the drama, inferior to Shakespeare only in those powerful touches which go at once to the heart, and to Racine for knowledge of his art, had yet points, that laid him very open to ridicule. He was at times languid and affected; finical in his expressions and conceited in his ideas: he seemed to write too with a lofty contempt of his audience, and to demand their acquiescence as a master, and not their suffrages as a candidate for favour. His perverse morality, and diseased state of religious sentiment; his prolix, though eloquent messengers; his interminable prologues, preventing curiosity and anticipating surprize; his affectation of deep thinking, (visible even in the lowest of his *dramatis personæ*;) together with the occasional meanness of his phraseology, and the snip-snap of his dialogue, which is sometimes continued for a page or two together, all become in their turn the property of Aristophanes, who puts them in a thousand ridiculous lights. He is not, indeed, blind to his merits, but he is more than eagle-eyed to his defects; and he that has not Euripides at his finger-ends, must be content to lose a great share of the wit of Aristophanes.

Of all the characters whom our author brought upon the stage, none seems to have excited his detestation so sincerely as Cleon; and the glee with which he records his victory over this turbulent demagogue, comes from his very heart. The following picture of him seems to have pleased Aristophanes, for he has repeated it in two of his comedies, the Wasps, and the Peace.

When first your poet undertook this trade  
Of dealing out instruction, men were not  
His game, but monsters; huge leviathans,  
That ask'd the mettle and appliances  
Of Hercules, to quell them: first, he grappled  
With that fell portent, that huge, saw-tooth'd beast,  
Lick'd into fashion by the slaying tongues  
Of sycophants accurst; whose eyes shot fire,

Fierce



Fierce as the flames of Cynna, and whose voice  
 Rose hoarser than the raging whirlpool's, when  
 The birth-pains of the coming storm are on it.—  
 A whale's ill-savour, loins, that, Lamia-like,  
 Had never known the luxury of water,  
 These, with a camel's hinder parts, made up  
 Th' uncouth, distasteful compound, &c.—WASPS. 1030.

The comedy which our poet composed for the express purpose of bringing this obnoxious but dangerous demagogue before the people, is called the *Knights*. It is a strain of coarse but very powerful humour throughout, and will remind the English reader of the facetious history of John Bull by the dean of St. Patrick. There is in fact a very close resemblance between these two writers; and had Swift turned his thoughts to the stage, and been allowed the privileges of the 'old comedy,' we are of opinion that the Greek poet would have been his model. The two writers are alike distinguished by their bitter satire; they have the same love for homely imagery, the same tendency to revel in those ideas which most people sedulously exclude from their thoughts: the Attic bard too possesses a slight portion of that misanthropic contempt for his species, which so strongly marks the English wit, and both evince the same public spirit, and the same talent for pointing out the true interests of their country by comparisons so familiar, that the meanest understandings cannot mistake them. The character of Demus, by which the poet collectively characterised the Athenian populace, is so evident a prototype of Swift's John Bull, that our readers, we think, will not be displeased to see a translation of it. The play opens with a ludicrous dialogue between the two distinguished Athenian generals, Demosthenes and Nicias, who complain bitterly of the miseries which they had undergone since the introduction of a Paphlagonian tanner (Cleon) into the service of their common master, Demus. They talk at first of going over to the enemy: upon second thoughts, however, they determine to lay their case before the spectators; and Nicias having first begged the audience to shew by their looks whether the subject was agreeable, and they, we suppose, assenting, his companion begins as follows:—and never, surely, was 'the sovereign people' depicted with greater force and humour.

With reverence to your worships, 'tis our fate  
 To have a testy, crossgrain'd, bilious, sour  
 Old fellow for our master; one much giv'n  
 To a bean \* diet; somewhat hard of hearing:

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\* Alluding to the beans which the Athenians, who were a nation of judges, made use of in their courts. The poet continually ridicules the fondness of his countrymen for attending these courts.

Demus, his name, Sirs, of the parish Pnyx, here.  
 Some three weeks back or so, this lord of ours  
 Brought home a lusty slave from Paphlagonia,  
 Fresh from the tan-yard, tight and yare, and with  
 As nimble fingers and as foul a mouth  
 As ever yet paid tribute to the gallows.  
 This tanner-Paphlagonian (for the fellow  
 Wanted not penetration) bow'd and scrap'd,  
 And fawn'd and wagg'd his ears and tail, dog-fashion;  
 And thus soon slipp'd into the old man's graces.  
 Occasional douceurs of leather-parings,  
 With speeches to this tune, made all his own.  
 ' Good Sir, the court is up—you've judg'd one cause,  
 'Tis time to take the bath; allow me, Sir,—  
 This cake is excellent,—pray sup this broth,—  
 This soup will not offend you, tho' crop-full—  
 You love an obolus;\* pray, take these three—  
 Honour me, Sir, with your commands for supper—  
 Sad times meanwhile for us! With prying looks,  
 Round comes my man of hides, and, if he finds us  
 Cooking a little something for our master,  
 Incontinently lays his paws upon it,  
 And, modestly, in his own name presents it!  
 Then, none but he, forsooth, must wait at table;  
 (We dare not come in sight;) but there he stands  
 All supper time, and, with a leathern fly-flap,  
 Whisks off the advocates; anon the knave  
 Falls to his oracles, and, when he sees  
 The old man plunged in myteries to the ears,  
 And scared from his few senses, marks his time,  
 And enters on his tricks. False accusations  
 Now come in troops; and, at their heels, the whip:  
 Meanwhile, the rascal shuffles in among us,  
 And begs of one, brow-beats another, cheats  
 A third, and frightens all. ' My honest friends,  
 These cords cut deep, you find it—I say nothing,  
 Judge you between your purses and your backs.  
 I could, perhaps—We take the gentle hint,  
 And give him all: if not, the old man's foot,  
 Plays such a tune upon our hinder parts,  
 That flogging is a jest to 't, a mere flea-bite.

It would lead us too far to enter into the humorous scenes which follow; suffice it to observe, that in consequence of this play, Cleon was condemned to pay a fine of five talents: and the poet thus records his victory, in the *Acharnians*.

\* This is bitter. The Athenian populace were paid three oboli, every time they attended the court to sit as judges. This drew them thither in crowds, and together with their fondness for litigation, forms, as we have just observed, an inexhaustible source of satire for Aristophanes.

Out, out, upon it: I am sick, heart-sick:  
 My joys are few, heav'n knows! some three or four:  
 But for my plagues, they come in whole battalions,  
 In numbers numberless, like ocean's waves.—  
 Yet, I have had my touches too of joy,  
 Pure, genuine joy—when was't? stay, stay—'twas when  
 I saw those same five talents, dropping from  
 The full gorg'd maw of Cleon. Oh, the sight  
 Was milk and honey to me!

Let it be remembered to the poet's honour, that his vengeance  
 ceased with the life of Cleon. In the *Clouds*, he observes with  
 honest pride,

I struck the living Cleon to the heart,  
 When all his pomp of greatness was upon him;  
 But never spurn'd I at his lifeless corse.

It is more than time to turn to the volume, which has called  
 forth these remarks. We have reason to think that the writer of  
 the preface is mistaken in saying that excepting the duplicate  
 versions of the *Clouds* and *Plutus*, by White and Theobald, no  
 other translations of Aristophanes have been attempted in Eng-  
 land, besides those before us. A translation of the *Plutus* was  
 published by Thomas Randolph, the author of the *Muse's Looking  
 Glass*, in 1651, under the quaint title of *Hey for Honesty! Down  
 with Knavery!* This was succeeded by another quarto transla-  
 tion in 1659, with the signature of H. H. B. A folio translation  
 of the *Clouds*, by Stanley, may be found, we believe, in the  
*History of Philosophy*, Lond. 1708. Our wishes, we frankly con-  
 fess, incline us to hope, that the writer is also somewhat incorrect  
 in saying, that Aristophanes 'begins to form a prominent part in the  
 lecture books of our Universities.' We doubt whether it be so at  
 Oxford; we are quite sure that it is not so at Cambridge. The  
 fact is, that Aristophanes, though a great wag, is, at times, also  
 a very wicked one; and it is not every one who plunges into mire,  
 that has the good fortune, like the 'essayist' in the *Dunciad*, to  
 'bear no tokens of the sable streams,' on emerging from it.

The present volume contains poetic versions of the *Clouds* and  
 the *Frogs*, by Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Dunster; and prose trans-  
 lations of the *Plutus*, by Fielding and Young, conjointly; and of  
 the *Birds*, 'by a member of one of the universities.' They are  
 of such different degrees of merit, that the compound reminds us  
 of the tyrant in Virgil, who bound together the living and the  
 dead. Mr. Cumberland's is infinitely superior to the rest; it  
 has naturalized Aristophanes among us, as far as it goes, and we  
 question whether any other language can boast a translation, at  
 once so easy and so spirited. Mr. Cumberland never made a

more fortunate hit than when he undertook the remains of the comic poets: it settled his reputation upon a firmer basis, than any of his original works; and his version of the *Clouds* formed an excellent finale to his smaller attempts of the same kind. To say the truth, he seems fully sensible of the value of what he had done; for he is very careful to mention the length of time which the undertaking required, and to hint that, after soliciting the assistance of many learned men, he was left to accomplish it single-handed.

The whole of this play is a master-piece of dramatic skill, wit and effect: the translation is so well supported throughout, that we might pitch upon any passage indiscriminately, and produce it as a specimen of the inimitable skill of the translator. If Mr. Cumberland fail any where, it is in the odes or chorusses, for he was not a very successful rhymers. We could produce a few instances where he has translated rather too freely, and a very few where he has either mistaken, or not quite equalled his original; but we will not lessen the general excellence of his performance by any remarks upon smaller errors.

The plot of the *Plutus* is, we presume, familiar to the reader, having been given in one of the papers of the *Spectator*. It is translated with a close and servile adherence to the text, and will be the farthest of all things from reminding the reader of the author of *Tom Jones*. It is singular, that *Fielding's* humour, which shone so powerfully in the prose epic, should desert him whenever he attempted the drama. There is scarcely one of his comedies that does him credit, but the *Miser*; and this play, with the exception of the character of *Marianne*, is taken from the *Avare* of *Molière*. Next to a literal translation of the text, *Fielding's* aim seems to have been to expose the mis-translations of

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\* It has been attempted in the enlarged edition of *Brumoy's Greek Theatre*, to prove a close resemblance, both in the subject and the conduct of the pieces, between the *Clouds* of *Aristophanes* and the *Lettres Provinciales* of *Pascal*; but we do not think with much success. Both writers, it is true, combat the sophists and false philosophers of the times, and their compositions are both models of writing in their respective ways. The 'Probabilisme' of *Pascal* may also be compared with the *Dicæus* and *Adicus* of *Aristophanes*. But here we think the comparison must end. If the two writers drew their weapons from the same armory, they were at least of a very different temperament. *Aristophanes* applies to one person, what were the scattered opinions of many. *Pascal* ascribes to the *Jesuits* collectively, tenets which, according to *Voltaire*, were maintained only by a few. The light railery of *Aristophanes* cannot be compared with the powerful irony of *Pascal*, nor the open scoffs and undisguised effrontery of the *Athenian*, with the bitter humility and stinging reserve of the *Frenchman*. We disbelieve *Aristophanes*, and are amused; we place implicit confidence in *Pascal*, and are shocked. *Aristophanes*, in the true spirit of comedy, touches chiefly upon points of behaviour which are to be avoided; *Pascal* mixes with his ridicule of what is wrong, the sublimest exhortations and persuasions to what is right; the former therefore, excites unmixed gaiety, while even the laughter of the latter inclines us to be serious.

Mad. Dacier,

Mad. Dacier, and her faithful copyist, Theobald. The lady certainly mistakes her author very frequently; and Theobald, as his witty persecutor remarks, shews that it was much easier to translate from the French than from the original. The notes are in general good, and evince that the translators had a keen perception of the beauties of their author, though they have done little towards making the reader partake of their feelings of enjoyment. The *Plutus* is a proof of what we advanced above,—that Aristophanes might be considered as an ethic writer. Whoever will turn his thoughts to the various effects which the want, or the attainment of wealth has upon the human mind in its several situations, will find them here thrown into action; and instantly recognize them in the person or the conduct of the living *Plutus*, and those more immediately about him.

'The *Frogs*' was written, according to Frischlinus, with a view of averting the popular odium which had been drawn upon our poet by the tragedy of *Palamedes*, in which Euripides had covertly reproached the Athenians with the unjust murder of Socrates. To relish thoroughly the wit and humour of this diverting comedy, it is necessary that the reader should be fully master of the plays of *Æschylus* and Euripides, the two contending poets. This can hardly be acquired by a perusal of the translations of Potter and Woodhall; for though these versions, and more particularly the former, are highly respectable, the wit of the parody is entirely lost, while the mind is kept wavering by a language, which is the exact property of neither *Æschylus* nor Potter, and where the standard of comparison (which must be a death-blow to parody) is entirely changed. The English language too seems hardly equal to that sustained tone of elegance in which the ancient dramas are generally written. Indeed no modern language that we are acquainted with, seems equal to this, but the Italian, which by the distinctness of its poetic diction, and power of altering the collocation of its words, is capable of producing much of that tension of the mind, to which no small part of the charm of the Grecian drama is owing. The tragedies of Alfieri are noble imitations of the Greek tragedy, and exhibit a considerable portion of that cold stateliness and *sostenuto* movement, which distinguish the latter, but which, when transfused into our language, generally wear an appearance of stiffness or feebleness. We cannot bestow those praises upon the performance of Mr. Dunster, which the merits of Mr. Cumberland demanded from our hands. His translation is respectable, never sinking very low, nor ever rising to any extraordinary height. His chorusses we think equal, if not superior, to those of his compeer: but his performance, in general, appears tame and cold, after the vigorous and spirited copy of Mr. Cumberland. Mr.

Dunster possesses neither the force nor the delicacy of hand of his rival, nor has he his skill of catching the nicer features of his original, and expanding them, as his Attic conciseness sometimes requires, upon his own canvass. The one exhibits the very face, and life-blood, and animation of his original; the other shews but the features of his author. We recognise, indeed, the man, but it is a waxen impression, cold and cheerless—not a transcript of the warm and living face, instinct with motion and intelligence.

The 'Birds' is a singular performance, even among the eccentricities of Aristophanes, into which the poet has contrived to weave an innumerable quantity of ingenious allusions, quaint fancies, and pleasantries, such as no person but himself, we think, could have furnished. It is, however, among the least pleasing of the poet's performances, because it wants a central object, and notwithstanding what the commentators say about Decelea, the *scopus dramatis* is rather uncertain. We have but little applause to bestow upon the translation. The most disagreeable feature in it, is its colloquial coarseness. We can never imagine, that if Aristophanes had written in English, he would have used such expressions as 'dash me'—'you've got to thank me for that'—&c. &c.—In the midst of these and similar vulgarisms, the translator frequently catches himself up, with an air of stiffness and decorum, which produces a most ludicrous effect. It is like harlequin seized with a fit of the vapours in the midst of his buffooneries. The leading feature of Aristophanes is an irresistible propensity for seeing every thing in a ridiculous light; but in the hands of his translator he resembles a *thinking* gentleman, seduced into the amusement of a dance, who *crosses hands* with a sombre vivacity, and *goes down the middle* with a merry air of despondency. We doubt, besides, whether any prose translation can do justice to an author, whose writings breathe every grace and every variety of rhythm, whose harmony is of the most complete and perfect kind, and whose choral odes not unfrequently take a flight, which even Sophocles and the Theban swan might be proud to follow. The translator has been rather unfortunate too in his choice of the Birds, for this specimen of the *comico-prosaic*, as he calls the style in which the translation is attempted; because it contains some very beautiful specimens of choral harmony. He deserves credit, however, for the diligence with which he has consulted the authorities for explaining his text; and there is an occasional vigour in the translation, which leads us to argue more favourably of his future attempts. He has sometimes mistaken his text, for which the extreme difficulty of his author forms a very fair excuse: we shall remark upon one instance only, and that for the sake of our own respectable fraternity. The word *xeirai* (page 470) does not mean the audience, but the judges, the critical



critical over-seers, who were to decide upon the merits of the respective performances, previously to their being selected\* for the prize of public exhibition. The translator, on any future occasion, will do well also to be aware of a familiar practice of Aristophanes; viz. that of making his names of places carry a double meaning with them. Thus (p. 498) the words Phanaë and Clepsydra are not only the names of towns, but have a reference to the water-glass used for regulating the speeches of the orators, and to the action of informing.

A name which, like that of Aristophanes, admitted all the varieties of wit, buffoonery, indelicacy, and personal satire, was almost sure to be applied to any who might tread nearly the same path of literature. Accordingly we find Molière sometimes called the Aristophanes of France; and learned men have traced an occasional resemblance between his writings and those of Ben Jonson. We have already given our own opinion, that of all the moderns, Swift comes nearest in his style of humour to the Athenian; not but there are certain strong marks of resemblance between him and the writers we have just mentioned. We beg, however, first to observe, that in mentioning such mighty masters of the drama, as Molière and Ben Jonson, it is by no means our wish to set our author upon a level with them. Aristophanes is a great and a surprising genius; but he could not boast of that exquisite delineation of character, that chaste and varied humour, which give Molière one of the highest places in the modern drama; nor does he possess that full-drawn power of portraiture, that masculine vigour, that voluptuous revelry in his own ideas of magnificence, those rich overflowings, and, as far as mixed passions are concerned, those inimitable flights of invention and poetry, which belong to our immortal Ben: flights which generate a species of literary *freethinking*, and occasionally draw us from the exclusive worship of our dramatic idol, Shakspeare. There is no point in which the French and Grecian poets so closely resemble each other as that character of *bon-homme*, which they delight in giving to their *dramatis personæ*, that mixture of good-nature and drollery, of shrewdness and credulity, which alternately excites our kindness, pity, and contempt. The Dicæopolis, the Strepsiades, and the Taygetus of Aristophanes are very much of the same school, as the Monsieur Jourdain, and the George Dandin of Molière. The Carion of the former is undoubtedly the prototype of the busy, meddling, loquacious Sganarelles and lackeys of the latter. Many of the scenes in the *Malade Imaginaire*, the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and the *Mari Confondu* might be quoted as proofs of the use which Molière has made of Aristophanes. The pleasantry (in which the Frenchman so much delights) of turning a succession of biting remarks upon the head

head of the first utterer, is also a favourite piece of sport with the Grecian. The exquisite talent of the French wit for pushing the same idea to its furthest point of giving pleasure, was possessed in no small degree by his great predecessor.

It might have been expected that Foote, who has been professedly styled the English Aristophanes, and whose writings bore much the same relation to the 'old comedy' which those of Molière did to the school of Menander, would come still nearer to the poet whose works we are considering. The flow of Foote's dialogue, which forms so easy and happy a medium between the flippancy of unpolished pertness and the nicer elegancies of gentlemanly refinement, may almost be compared to the Attic terseness of his predecessor. His characters, more detailed than those of the Grecian, are hit off with the happiest pleasantry and truth. His dramatic personæ, though not so indelicate as those of the Athenian, exhibit not a whit more of the tenderness and warm feeling of that passion, which has become the soul of modern comedy; and they seem to live in an equally heathenish atmosphere with those of his great master, where no checks of conscience intrude, where to be gay is to be reasonable, and to be ingenious in knavery is a sufficient apology for dealing with it. But Foote wants the whim, and the wit, and the poignancy of his rival; he has neither the variety nor the invention of Aristophanes; his command of language is great, but he has it not under that entire subjection which Aristophanes possessed, who compels it to minister to every change, and shade, and inflexion of his mind. Foote travelled rapidly, but his step has not the bound and elasticity of the Grecian: he has none of those bursts of poetry which his master frequently pours forth, nor any of those striking appeals which the more elevated objects of Aristophanes enabled him to make, and which, amid the lowest scenes of buffoonery, stamp a dignity upon his performances, and recal to the reader the great purposes to which his dramas were subservient.

The comedy of the 'Wasps' furnishes a ground of comparison with the drama of modern times, as it has been selected by M. Racine for the model of his only comedy, 'les Plaideurs.' M. Racine has transplanted many of the Attic bard's witticisms with great success, and substituted, with admirable dexterity, the terms of the French bar for those of the Athenian. His trial of the dog is exceedingly well done: it wants, however, the merits of the original, in which, besides its actual adaptation to the business of the play, it has an allegorical reference to some passing events of that time. The dog Labes was evidently intended to be applied to Laches, and the cheese to the bribe which he had received. The scene between the Countess and Chicanneau is equal to any thing

in the whole range of French comedy: still we must confess that the copy does not please us so much as the original. There is a charm in the carelessness and freedom of the Grecian's dishabille, which is wanting in the full-dress of the Frenchman. There is a mechanic air too in the studied breaks and balances of the latter's versification, which, though pleasing at first, becomes at last fatiguing. It appears as if the poet had composed the air and the music of his verses first, and put the words to them afterwards.

The committal of the dog, in this humorous comedy of the 'Wasps,' has been imitated by Jonson in the *Staple of News*, and indeed no writer seems to have had Aristophanes more directly in his eye than our learned Ben. One great point of resemblance which we find between them, is Jonson's imitation of the Grecian poet in the continual introduction of himself upon the stage, the sarcasms upon his fellow-writers, and his praises and dispraises of the actors. These were topics which the Greek comedians never failed to present, and indeed particular parts of the chorus, called the *Commattum* and the *Parabasis*, were appropriated to these very purposes. These diatribes are exceedingly entertaining and curious, and exhibit a striking picture of the keenness and acrimony with which the writers of them pursued each other. The interludes of *Censure*, *Mirth* and *Tattle*, serve much the same purpose in Jonson's *Staple of News*. His witty introduction to that singular exhibition of low humour, Bartholomew Fair, with many other passages, might be produced as specimens of the same kind. Another point of resemblance is their love of allegorical persons, and a sort of metaphysical wit, where the same thing that is predicated of the person, will also apply to the passion or affections of the mind, of which the character is the predicament personified.

Our article has reached a great length, but we shall not be thought to have done justice to our author, if we do not exhibit some of those reflections on the female sex, from which a celebrated father of the church is said to have drawn his own invectives on the same subject. It must, however, be acknowledged, in justice to the gallantry of the poet, that he very seldom particularises any of the female sex, as he does those of his own, but arraigns their vices in the gross. The *Ecclesiastusæ* is a burlesque upon Utopian forms of government, and may be safely recommended to the wild lovers of reform. It turns upon a project concerted by some Athenian dames, who accoutre themselves in the habiliments of their husbands, and who, repairing in this disguise to the ecclesia, or parliament-house, vote that the administration of public affairs should be put into the hands of the women. In a previous meeting, one of the lady-speakers supposes herself to be a man addressing the assembly, and she assigns the following humorous reasons for

for the propriety of expecting a better government of the state, when managed by females.

In all things they excel us ; chief in this,  
 A reverence of old fashions : To a woman,  
 They dip their fleeces in hot water,—'twas  
 The mode in former days ; fry their fish, sitting,  
 'Twas so of yore ; bear weights upon their heads,  
 'Tis a most reverend custom. Here's no change,  
 No innovation, no new-fangled doctrine ;  
 And well was it for Athens, when old ways  
 Were yet in vogue ! We, fools, must needs, forsooth,  
 Turn theorists, experimentalists ;  
 And what's the consequence ? the city's ruin !  
 They run to festivals,—so did their grandams ;  
 Ill-treat their husbands,—'tis an ancient practice ;  
 House a gallant,—it was their mothers' use ;  
 Keep the tid-bits for him,—'tis an old fashion ;  
 Love a brisk glass,—antiquity is for them ;  
 Another thing—tut ! they have precedent.—  
 What need of more ? Commit the reins to them ;  
 And question not th' event : my life upon't,  
 You'll find yourselves the happiest men on earth.

In the Thesmophoriazuzæ he is not less pleasant upon the sex. The thesmophoriæ were festivals held in honour of Ceres, at which none but freeborn women were allowed to be present. It had been intimated to Euripides, that the ladies, irritated by his reflexions upon the sex, intended to consider, during this festival, what revenge they should inflict upon him. The poet, aware that these were enemies not to be despised, goes in a great fright to Agatho the poet, to consult what should be done. Mnesilochus, his father-in-law, accompanies Euripides, proposes to borrow a woman's garb of Agatho, and engages, in that disguise, to join the women who are celebrating the mysteries, and to speak stoutly in defence of his son-in-law. The scheme is approved, and the following scene admits the readers to the sitting. The meeting is conducted with all the mock solemnity of a general Athenian assembly. The herald proclaims silence by the sacred expression of *Εὐφημία, εὐφημία!* prays that the meeting may turn out to the benefit of the state and the parties concerned, and wishes that whoever of the lady-speakers should deserve best of the Athenian people, and her own sex, may be rewarded with the prize of victory. The chorus follows with a grave hymn ; and the business commences with the usual interrogation, ' Whose pleasure is it to speak ?'—Upon this Sostrata rises, and, after a short preface, observes that there was no crime of which the poet had not accused them. Nothing can be conceived more truly comic than the medley of humour and

and satire in which the long string of offences is brought forward to justify her accusation. A second speaker follows with fresh complaints, when Mnesilochus, who sees the storm rising, gets up, as he had promised, to mitigate or avert its fury. He begins,

Sad tales these, by my troth! I marvel not  
That they have touch'd you to the quick, and rous'd  
All that is woman in you. I profess,  
As I'm a mother, and regard my offspring,  
I hate the man to madness:—and yet, ladies,  
Now we're alone, and none can overhear us,  
'Twere not amiss, methinks, to check our spleen,  
And view the matter calmly. He has brought  
A scantling of our faults upon the stage,  
Such as might reach his hearing, or his knowledge,  
No peccadilloes, neither: what of that!  
Are there not others that he wots not of?  
For my part, ladies, I'm no innocent.  
My slips have not been one, nor two, nor three:  
That which sits heaviest on me, is the trick  
I play'd my spouse, when but three days a bride—  
Euripides ne'er said a word of this;  
Nor how, when better men are not at hand,  
A slave or muleteer will serve the purpose.  
He said, I grant ye, Phædra was a wanton;  
But what is that to us? He never told,  
How Pornè spread her cloak before her husband,  
Bad him admire the colour, and the texture,  
While the gallant avail'd him of the screen,  
And slipt away unnoticed! I could mention  
A matron here, who feign'd a pregnancy,  
And bought a child, while her good man was trotting  
From street to street, kind heart! to fetch a midwife!—  
Home comes a pitcher, with a chopping boy:  
The signal given, "Retire!" the lady cries.  
The child, 'tis true, was kicking ripe, but then,  
The pitcher's belly was the sufferer.  
The proud and happy simpleton pack'd off,  
The pitcher's mouth is open'd, and the child  
Raises a lusty squall: with that, the beldame,  
(Malicious hag!) purveyor of the bantling,  
Runs out, and with a grin upon her face,  
"Joy, joy, sir! you've a giant to your son!  
So like papa! eyes, lips,—then, such a nose!  
A fir cone's nothing to it." Not a word  
Of this, dropt from the poet.

The two remaining plays of Aristophanes, the *Acharnians* and the *Peace*, will serve to illustrate what we have advanced of the political purposes to which his comedies were applied. They

were

were both written during the Peloponnesian war; the *Acharnians* in the sixth, and the *Peace* in the thirteenth year of that calamitous period, and both contain the strongest exhortations to a general pacification.

The plot of the former, which is sufficiently improbable, turns upon a separate treaty of peace, which *Dicæopolis* makes for himself, exclusively, with the *Lacedemonians*, and the indignation thereby excited in his townsmen. *Aristophanes* does not forget his old friend *Euripides*; but humorously introduces *Dicæopolis* to him, with a request that he would lend him the beggarly dress of *Telephus*, or some other tragic character, that he may plead his cause with more effect before the enraged *Acharnians*. The *parabases* of this play are written in a high style of patriotic virtue; they pourtray with much humour the *claptraps* of the theatres and other public assemblies of the day, and boldly ascribe the origin of the war to the resentment of *Pericles* at an indignity offered to his favourite mistress *Aspasia*.—The same object is pursued in the *Peace*, though with more dramatic effect. *Trygæus*, a worthy citizen, being much troubled with the afflictions which the Peloponnesian war had brought upon Greece, determines to go to heaven and expostulate with *Jupiter* upon the subject. For this purpose, after some ineffectual attempts by other means, he procures an enormous beetle, which he had been informed from *Æsop's Fables*, was the only winged creature that had ever reached the skies, and on the back of this new steed, he mounts up to heaven. There he meets with *Mercury*, who at first treats him rather scurvily; but being softened with a little present of butcher's meat, informs him, that *Jupiter* was not at home, and that the other gods had also quitted their apartments, which were now occupied by the god *Polemos*, who had thrown the *Lady Peace*, of whom he was in quest, into a deep pit, the mouth of which was covered with large stones, that no one might get to her. Two allegorical personages, *War* and *Tumult*, are then introduced upon the stage, with a prodigious mortar, in which, it seems, it was their amusement to pound the cities that fell under their resentment. One of them goes out to fetch a pestle, and *Trygæus* takes advantage of his absence, to collect a band of clowns and artisans, and drag up *Peace* from her place of confinement. This scene furnishes the poet with some sarcastic observations upon the different states of Greece. *Trygæus* then descends with his prize to earth, meeting with nothing by the way but the souls of a few dithyrambic poets, who were taking the air in search of food for their effusions. The remaining part of the play is employed in laughing at the sooth-sayers, armourers and others, who had an interest in continuing the war. There is a quaint homeliness, a rude but heartfelt joy, in the exultation



exultation of the Chorus at the recovery of Peace, which is far from unpleasant.

Happy I, that know no care,  
Helm, nor shield, nor coarse camp-fare!  
Wars to me, no pleasure give:—  
Then alone, I seem to live,  
When, a merry day to make,  
My fire-side seat, at home, I take:  
There, with friends, the hours to pass,  
Brimming high the sparkling glass;  
On the hearth a beech-log lying,  
On the embers chick-pease frying,  
While the crackling wood betrays,  
The drying heats of summer days.—  
Then, if Thratta's cheek I press,  
While my wife retires to dress,  
If her rosy lip I touch,  
Oh, Jove! 'tis rapture over much.—

In troth, it is a super-dainty thing,  
When seeding time is o'er, and rain, thank heaven,  
Falls without stint, to see a friend drop in,  
And in a frank, and hearty way, salute us.  
'When shall we make a day, Comarchidas?'  
There's nothing like a cup of chirping liquor,  
When Jove, as now, takes care to drench our fields,  
And set our crops u-growing. Bustle, maids;  
Fry us some beans,—three bushels, do you hear?  
And add a little wheat; 'twill mend the compound.  
And let us taste your figs, dame. Run to Manes,  
He's in the vineyard, tell him 'tis no time  
For pruning now, when every thing is dripping.  
Step you, girl, for some thrushes. There should be,  
Unless the cat have trick'd us, (and I heard  
A strange, suspicious noise, among the dishes,  
Some beastings, and a slice or two of hare—  
Beg a few myrtle boughs of Æschines;  
And, in your way, call on Charinades,  
Inform him, 'tis a holyday with us,  
And that the glass is waiting.—

O 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing  
With the merry crickets' singing,  
Oft to mark, with curious eye,  
If the vine tree's time be nigh:  
Hers is not the fruit whose birth  
Costs a throe to mother earth.  
Sweet it is, too, to be telling,  
How the luscious figs are swelling;  
Then to riot, without measure,  
In the rich, nectarous treasure,

While

While our grateful voices chime,  
 'Happy season! blessed time!'

The length to which our remarks have run, prevents us from enlarging upon several minor topics, which might be drawn from the perusal of these comedies; such as the state in which Aristophanes found the drama, the improvements which he made in it, &c. We should have wished also to shew a little more at length this poet's manner of mixing with his audience, and connecting them with the business on the stage. That species of humour too, by which he guards against pleasantries at his own manner of writing, would not have been undeserving of attention, nor the freedom of remark which he exhibits upon the religion of his country, and the toleration which his sarcasms on that point experienced from his audience. Enough, however, has been done to shew that Aristophanes was not merely a punster, as Plutarch would have it, nor, what Voltaire, with at least as much ignorance as wit, describes him, a Greek comic poet, who was deficient in comedy, and had no notion of poetry. The nation which possesses a Molière or a Sheridan, may be content to do without an Aristophanes: but still the latter is no contemptible genius. He stands alone; he is a writer *sui generis*: he can be judged by no modern tribunals: the laws of the drama, under which he wrote, were different from ours; the audience to whom his plays were addressed, was different; the manners, and the customs, and the ideas, and the purposes for which they are written, were different. Human nature, however, does not so entirely differ, but that enough is still left for us to understand, to relish and to imitate. His pictures are highly curious and entertaining, and, as fac-similes of the times, are more valuable than more general delineations; possessing much the same degree of point and faithfulness, we should imagine, as the one-act comedies of the Spaniards, mentioned by the noble author of the Life of Lopez de Vega. If the general definition of wit be true, that it is the unexpected combination of distant resemblances, nothing can more deserve the name, than the dialogue of Aristophanes. He finds allusions in things seemingly the most incongruous, and in scenes apparently least susceptible of them, and we can easily conceive the roar of laughter which accompanied their application, and the surprise and confusion with which they must have covered the objects of them. His characters are rather sketches than portraits; but they discover the hand of a master, and they are written *as painters write their names at Co.*

His knowledge of human nature is strong, though not diversified. It is almost all embodied in that one aggregate idea, which he had formed of his master, the people; and he appears to value his acquisitions merely as they aid him to soothe the vanity, awaken the jealousy,

jealousy, or soften the irritability of this idol, whom he has set up. His writings take a stronger hold upon us from the strange combination of present delight, and the momentary fear of some offensive intrusion which the perusal of them enforces upon us. Hovering for ever upon the brink of what is disgusting, we yet do not lay him down; his wit redeems his indelicacy, his language covers the homeliness of his sentiments, while the execution of his dramas excuses the improbable fictions upon which they are frequently founded. If we feel pity and contempt for the low buffooneries to which his dependence upon the mob subjected him, we also admire the ingenuity with which he escapes from them; nor can we but be struck by the beautiful and moral effect, with which he frequently rises from his grovelling, and starts like the chrysalis from instant filth and deformity, into spirit, symmetry and loveliness. But Aristophanes must be read through: no extract will give a correct idea of his versatility, his side-stroke satire, his curvettings, and multiplied pleasantries. He must be read through too in the original; for no language but his own can do justice to that continual play upon words which he indulges. The parodies too, in which he so eminently excels, whether of passages from the poets, or the proceedings of their political assemblies, cannot be well relished without a knowledge of the originals to which they refer, and on which they form so valuable a comment. We agree with M. Dacier, that the scholar, who is not master of Aristophanes, can never have felt the full excellence of the Greek language. For harmony no poetry can compare with that of Aristophanes: and it sometimes forms a singular contrast with the homeliness of the dialogue. Breaks which produce the finest effect, and pauses more varied than those which enrich the *Comus* of Milton, or its exquisite prototype, the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, occur for pages together. The gaiety of his measures is most delightful. The eye dances amid anapæsts, and all the light and airy varieties of Greek metre. It is music absolutely painted to the eye; and we can conceive that to the susceptible ears of the Athenians, the language alone of Aristophanes, heightened by those modulations and inflexions which are lost upon us, must have created a fascination that was perfectly irresistible. The most varied metres of English versification will bear but a faint comparison with the richness, brilliancy, and ever-changing modes of Aristophanes. If the poet had invented nothing more than the anapæstic tetrameter which bears his name, we should have hailed him as a mighty master in his art, and considered him as deserving the encomiums which the taste of Plato, and the penetration of the Persian king are well known to have bestowed upon him.

ART. X. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. Part the Second. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, Section the First. 4to. Cadell and Davies. London. 1812.

ONCE more, like Xanthias in the ancient comedy, we resume our critical burthen in the suite of the lively and interesting traveller whose active curiosity we have already extolled, and the bitterness of whose prejudices we have sometimes had occasion to blame with an impartiality which should render our praises of greater value. But we recommence our task with better spirits, and with a fairer prospect of agreement with our author during the future stages of his narrative. We no longer follow him through the hard measure he met with from the Russian government, and the still harder names which he dealt to both government and people in return;—we pant not now after his rapid wheels through the regions of ‘filth and fraud,’—the wretched country

—Εἰτα Κορκορος παχὺς  
Καὶ σκαρπὸς αἰεὶ πυρ, ὅς τε τῶν κρημνῶν  
Εἰ τοῖς ΞΕΝΟΝ ΤΙς ἠδίκησεν ΠΑΡΩΤΙ.—

The frogs of the Kuban are passed, as well as the surly Æacus who kept, during the reign of Paul, the Russian frontier; Dionusus is at length arrived in those fields, which have, in every age, been the Elysium of the scholar and the antiquary;—and we may hope, under his guidance, to be introduced to the pageants of ancient mythology, and the ghosts of poets and philosophers.

The former volume landed Dr. Clarke at Pera, Nov. 6, 1800. That to which it is now our duty to introduce the reader, contains his observations during his first residence in that place, his progress by the coasts of Asia Minor to Egypt, and two short excursions from Alexandria to Cyprus and the Holy Land. It is scarcely too much to say, that we have followed him in his narrative with a pleasure only inferior to that of actually viewing the scenes which he delineates. The characteristic faults of the former volume are still, indeed, discernible. We have still to complain of a reliance on first impressions, which is not altogether compensated by an acuteness of observation undoubtedly more than common: we encounter, not unfrequently, a blindfold hurry of inference, which, had our author been of Milesian origin, would be considered as a national infirmity; that stumbles on its conclusions as if by accident, and is often right in defiance of its own chain of arguments. Even on his most favourite topics we have sometimes perceived a want of that previous knowledge, without which, to travel is but to wander, and we have suspected that he has rather read to illustrate his tour, than journeyed to illustrate his reading. We are not yet, perhaps, arrived at that period of his work, where

we

we may expect any discussion on the moral and political state of the Ottoman empire, though we confess that we would have gladly bartered for a little fresh information on this inexhaustible subject, the whole detail of the Sultan's procession to St. Sophia, (in spite of our satisfaction in learning that the same ceremonies are observed by the gentlemen ushers of his present highness, as had been detailed at large by De La Mottraye and Thevenot,) and have curtailed a little, for a few questions as to the present state of Cyprus, that hunting after intaglios, which Rousseau somewhere calls the distinctive mark of an English traveller, and which was prosecuted with so much perseverance as to leave little leisure for other inquiries, in one of the most interesting and least known islands of the world.

With all these draw-backs Dr. Clarke is a tourist of no common stamp. His own discoveries are numerous, and where others have preceded him he has set their information in the clearest point of view; he is eminently gifted with that 'thirsty eye,' as old Tom Coryat calls it, which is perhaps the most important qualification of a traveller; he has, lastly, a power of selecting objects, and a raciness in describing them, which cannot be better described than as the antipodes of Chandler; and which are, we think, more conspicuous in the present volume than in that with which our readers are already acquainted. There is another circumstance, which we have in part anticipated, and which has made our progress with Dr. Clarke in the Archipelago and Mediterranean more agreeable than over the steppes of Russia. He no longer labours under the influence of that feeling, whether political, personal, or purely bilious, we know not, which not only soured the temper, but jaundiced the visual organs of its victim: which, by a magic more potent than the cup of Circe, transformed some thirty millions of human creatures into 'two-legged pigs,' and selected, as a specimen of the brave and hardy followers of Suvorof, the unfortunate invalid who keeps guard at the beginning of the 21st chapter of his former volume. In the present, we have no such bitterness of complaint, no such violence of invective; nor does the tyranny of Djezzar Pasha at Acre, or of the *Flea-king* at Tiberias disturb the good-humoured pleasantry of the narrator.

The first symptom of this amendment we discovered in his account of Constantinople; the peculiarities of which place, and of its suburbs, had prepared us for some of that strong *encaustic painting* in which their northern neighbours had been represented; and which could hardly, we thought, escape the chastisement of the same 'gravis thyrsus' which had visited Mosco with so much rigour. Here, however, our traveller experienced the mock beatitude pronounced on those who expect nothing; and so far from

being disappointed, was agreeably surprised to discover that the ancient capital of the Cæsars retained, at the present day, so many traces of its former possessors. It is not, indeed, for us to inquire what literary traveller besides himself ever visited Constantinople with an impression so singular as that which he describes:—‘expecting to behold but faint vestiges of the imperial city, and believing that he shall find little or nothing to remind him of “the everlasting foundations” of the master of the Roman world.’ But we feel, it must be owned, considerable curiosity to learn from what course of previous study, what published account of Constantinople or its history, he had arrived at conclusions so unusual, and so contrary to the probability of the case: for, as he himself sensibly remarks, the time which has elapsed since the Turks obtained possession is so comparatively short, that little subsequent change was to be expected; and it is altogether false that the conquerors were occupied in works of destruction, or that they had a pride in defacing the monuments of the race whom they had subdued. Whatever havoc has taken place among the works of ancient art at Constantinople, ‘was begun by the Romans themselves, even so early as the time of Constantine the Great, and renewed at intervals, in consequence of the factions and dissensions of the inhabitants.’

‘The city, such as it was, when it came into the possession of the Turks, has been by them preserved, and undergone fewer alterations than took place while it continued in the hands of their predecessors. It does not however appear, that the changes produced, either by the one or the other, have in any degree affected that striking resemblance which it still bears to the ancient cities of the Greeks.’—pp. 8, 9.

It is, however, certainly true, and Dr. Clarke, we think, has the credit of being the first to notice the circumstance, that it is not only in the Hippodrome, in St. Sophia, or in the other more striking vestiges of its former masters that ancient Constantinople is to be sought or found; but that those very circumstances which strike a careless visitor as the effects of Grecian degeneracy, or of Turkish despotism, are often in themselves aboriginal, and afford the best existing studies of the private life of the ancients. Of Greece, we know, the splendour consisted in its public buildings only; and the narrow streets, the unglazed shops, the gloomy bazars, and the small and obscure apartments of modern Constantinople differ, in few respects, from the remains of similar objects in Herculaneum, or from the descriptions furnished by the ancients themselves of Athens or of Corinth. But the Doctor runs riot in his parallel, when he extends it to every particular of manners or of furniture, and when (without fear of the avenging ghost of Winkelman) he identifies the graceful folds of the ancient pallium with the cumbrous trousers



trowsers and pendant sleeves of the modern Osmanli. He is, indeed, altogether unfortunate, both in the circumstances which he selects as instances of this similarity, and the manner in which he endeavours to account for them. The Turks, he supposes, at the taking of Constantinople, had all their domestic habits to learn; 'their former habits had been those of Nomade tribes; their dwellings were principally tents; and the camp rather than the city distinguished their abode: hence it followed that, with the houses, the furniture, and even the garb of the Greeks would necessarily be associated.'—Chap. 1. pp. 4, 5.

Now this is about as accurate as if a Frenchman should remark, (by way of accounting for the general adoption of his country fashions by the English under Charles the Second,) 'that the British previously had no clothes at all, and that their naked bodies were painted sky-blue, till the ministers of Louis the Great taught them to wear wigs and put on rouge.' Four hundred years (is it really necessary to remind Dr. Clarke of this ?) had elapsed since the Turks had abandoned their pastoral habits: at the time he mentions, they were, as he has himself elsewhere observed, little less civilized than the Greeks or any other nation of Europe; and the Sultans of Prusa and Adrianople are no more to be confounded with the original wanderers of the Altai, than Charles the Fifth with Ariovistus or Arminius. But the instances which he mentions of this supposed imitation are all strangely inaccurate. The vignette of Michael Paleologus which he subjoins, is no more like the coiffure of a modern Sultan than Macedon is like Monmouth.—There are beards, indeed, to both the potentates, but the papal tiara of the former has no imaginable resemblance to the red cap and snowy turban of the present 'sovereign of Roum.' It was the ancient *Persians*, not the *Greeks*, whose long sleeves are mentioned by Herodotus and Xenophon. The veils worn by the Theban women were a fashion peculiar to that city, derived, perhaps, from very early times, and from their oriental ancestry. The Greeks sate (except at meals) on chairs, *διφφοί* and *καθέδραι*, not couches; even the triclinium, which was high and insulated, had little resemblance to those low divans which range against the walls of a Turkish apartment; nor was the German baron, in Peregrine Pickle, more astonished at the arrangement of a classic *cænaculum*, than the Agha of Samaria would have been had Dr. Clarke lain down at full length in his presence, to banquet after the manner of the ancients.

These little blunders, proceeding, as they do, not from ignorance, but from carelessness and impetuosity, provoke us the more, because they materially shake our confidence in Dr. Clarke's observations on the trophies in the imperial arsenal, a collection of in-

teresting reliques which he has been the first to notice. If, as he assures us, the form of those antique pieces of armour corresponds with those represented on the gems and medals of the early Greeks and Romans, a very curious fact is established, namely, that in the 15th century, the Constantinopolitans retained the military costume of their ancestors at a time when we should have rather expected a similarity to that of the Turks or Genoese. We need not say, if this were ascertained, how invaluable such a repertory would prove to the artist or the antiquary; how many existing difficulties as to the nature, use, and weight of several parts of the ancient panoply might be solved: nor need we observe on the probability that by the interest of any ambassador, the hall which contains them would not be found inaccessible; nor can we answer that Mr. Hope has not already dispatched an artist to enrich from these undoubted originals his next edition of *Costumes*; but we cannot repress a suspicion, that the same fancy which could wreath a *sash* round the head of Michael Palæologus, and transmute the pallium of Demosthenes into a modern *benische*, has adorned in like manner the plate jacks and cuishes of chivalry with the semblance of the classical thorax and knemides.

But Dr. Clarke's researches into the curiosities of the Seraglio were not confined to its outer courts. The haram itself, with all the real and imaginary terrors which defend it, was not sufficient to baffle his ardent curiosity. By the assistance of the Sultan's head gardener, a German, he obtains admission to that supposed impervious sanctuary, and is conducted, not only through the gardens, but through the private apartments of the Sultan, and through those which, though then empty, were tenanted during the summer by the Houris of the imperial Paradise. The survey, however, was effected amid fear and trembling, and the discoveries which he made in this Paphian prison-house hardly appear a sufficient compensation for his alarms. The gardens are paltry, and the apartments present that strange mixture of splendour and meanness, irregular beauty and bad taste, which we naturally associate with the idea of an eastern palace: but his story is well told; nor, when we consider the confused and mysterious notions which prevail respecting the interior of a Turkish haram, can we fail to sympathize in the triumph of those daring adventurers who looked down upon Constantinople from the very den of its own imperial lion, whose 'chamber of repose,' adorned with pillars of verde antico, is so tantalizingly conspicuous among the buildings on the Seraglio Point. Dr. Clarke is, however, mistaken in supposing himself to be the first that ever passed this hallowed boundary. De La Mottraye, a century before, had been almost equally fortunate, and Dr. Pouqueville, a few months only previous to Dr. Clarke's

Clarke's visit, had, by the assistance of the same German, surveyed most of the same apartments which are here described. Nor do we apprehend that so great a risk was incurred in the adventure, as their guide, by way of enhancing the obligation, was willing to make them believe. *He* was undoubtedly in more danger than they were, and would scarcely have twice incurred the prospect of death or confinement, to gratify a mere travelling acquaintance.

Yet we are not quite sure that the confidence reposed by the honest German in his friends has met with a very grateful return; or that either the French or English scavant has done well in publishing a piece of complaisance, which, if its rumour should penetrate to 'the garden of hyacinths,' would, at least, exclude the gardener from all further exercise of his functions there. We know not whether the present Sultan be a man of literary habits, but some of his predecessors have been so; and a Turkish translation of a popular English work would not be so great a phenomenon in the imperial cabinet as many of our readers may imagine.

The rest of our author's notices respecting Constantinople may be comprised in a narrow compass. He gives some useful hints to future travellers for the collection of oriental manuscripts and classical reliques:—he speaks candidly and favourably of the modern Greek nobles: he sees the Sultan ride in state to St. Sophia's church, and gives a very lively description of the two sects of dancing and howling Dervishes. The former had been previously described by De La Mottraye, who illustrates his narrative with a good engraving. Dr. Clarke is perhaps not aware that their absurdities differ only in a slight degree from a sect of fanatics in Wales, known by the name of *Jumpers*. It is indeed a very curious inquiry to trace the similarity of superstitions or crazy practices all over the world. The horn, which is the insigne of an eastern Santon, was, till lately, the usual companion of those real or pretended maniacs who wandered over England, under the name of *Abram-men*; and the phrase *horn-mad* is a vestige of the ancient custom. Nor is there any improbability, as Dr. Clarke observes, that the frantic rites of the worshippers of Baal may be preserved in these mummeries of Islamism. Such practices, indeed, have no necessary connection with any religion, true or false; and the vagabonds who live by them are only studious to render their craft not obnoxious to the reigning faith. For the rest, the howling Dervishes are no contemptible jugglers, and Messrs. Moritz and Ingleby might reap considerable improvement were they to study a while under these magi, and take their degrees at the academy of Scutari.

An American frigate, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, arrived

rived at Constantinople a short time previous to the author's departure. The good order of his ship, and the healthy appearance of the crew were the theme of general conversation in Pera; but this brave man and his fine vessel were degraded by the wretched policy of their government into a carrier of lions and tigers, as presents from the Dey of Algiers to the Sultan. The Turkish officers were at first considerably perplexed to determine the locality of America, but this apparent ignorance arose, as most other stories of Turkish barbarism will be found to arise, only from the difference of nomenclature in their books and ours; and when they learned that America was synonymous with *The New World*, they bid Captain Bainbridge heartily welcome. The Capudan Pasha who sent this message, was not only well informed as to the situation of the new world, but a perfect master of the courtesies of the old. Understanding that Dr. Clarke had a brother (Captain G. Clarke, of the Braakel) with the fleet at Marmorice bay, he assigned a Turkish corvette for his conveyance thither; and in the presence of our travellers, gave orders to stow the vessel, not only with provisions, but with wine, knives, forks, chairs, and other conveniences not in common use among the Turks. Of this vessel, however, Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps availed themselves only so far as the Dardanelles, where they wisely abandoned it for a humbler skiff, which would afford a longer time for the investigation of the interesting coasts they were about to traverse.—In this part of his work Dr. Clarke receives very essential assistance from the manuscript journals of Mr. Morrit and Mr. Walpole, who, following the laudable example of Mr. R. Heber in the first volume, have enriched his notes with a variety of valuable information given with much candour and clearness, and supplying, in many instances, those points which our author was himself prevented from exploring. It would not, indeed, surprize us, if a practice should become fashionable, which, with so little trouble and so little appearance of responsibility, enables those minor tourists to appear in print, who formerly shrunk from the ordeal of criticism, or were unable to eke out their scanty memoranda to the legitimate standard of a quarto. We are really grateful to Dr. Clarke for the amusement and information which these contributions of his friends have afforded us, and it must be owned that he is himself a planet whose course no satellite need be ashamed to follow. But, as reviewers, we cannot conceal our fears that the example portends us no good; nor can we contemplate with an equable mind the possibility of Sir John Carr revolving round Mr. John Galt, or a whole German institute girding in frigid ring the Saturnian bulk of Professor Lichtenstein.

Our travellers set sail from Constantinople March 2, 1801: but before

before we attend their farther progress, we must rescue the industrious, and (with Dr. Clarke's good leave) the *accurate* Thevenot, from the charge of literary imposture, p. 58.—This charge has entirely arisen from confounding Jean Michel Thevenot with Jean Melchisedek his uncle, the latter of whom undoubtedly was no eastern traveller, and only professed, like Purchas and Hakluyt, to collect the labours of other men; but had Dr. Clarke referred to the Bibliotheca of Meuselius, (Analecta, tom. x. part 2, p. 171,) or the Memoirs of D'Arvieux, (an author of whose work he apparently knows only that part which is printed in La Roque's Travels,) he would have found sufficient proof that the nephew, Jean Michel, really travelled over many parts of the east, and died in Persia. Nor is the anecdote which Jean Michel relates of Mahomet the Second at all inconsistent with the circumstance inaccurately stated by Chishull. It was the lower jaw of *one* of the three twisted serpents in the Hippodrome which was shattered by the conqueror's battle-axe. In the year 1700, when De La Mottraye saw the pillar, there were only *two* heads remaining, and these were stolen during his abode in Constantinople by some unknown depredator, but who was generally suspected to be a servant, not of the Polish, but the imperial ambassador. We shall hear no more, we trust, of the fables and impostures of Thevenot.

Our travellers proceeded to the Dardanelles with a prosperous breeze and in safety, though the awkwardness of the Turkish seamen, who, on saluting the Seraglio with one-and-twenty guns, ran back from the noise of their own cannon, and confided the entire management of the ship to some French prisoners and Greeks, was not particularly adapted to set the minds of their passengers at ease. The Greeks, however, are by no means contemptible sailors, and, as we learn from Mr. Walpole's note, the great profits which they reaped, between the years 1790 and 1795, by carrying corn to France, excited a spirit of enterprize which filled the ports of Spezia and Hydra (two small and barren islands on the eastern coast of the Morea) with many thousand tons of shipping. Vessels are to be seen navigated by Greeks carrying twenty-two guns. 'One of this size I met,' says Mr. Walpole, 'in the Archipelago, off Andros, in company with other smaller ships all sailing before the wind, with large extended sails of white cotton, forming a beautiful appearance.'

The entrance to the canal of the Hellespont from the sea of Marmora, though broader than the Thracian Bosphorus, has not the same degree of grandeur. Lampsacus, now dwindled to a village, is distinguishable by its windmill, but the wines of the district, exported from the neighbouring town of the Dardanelles, are still esteemed all over the Mediterranean. The site of ancient Sestos

is identified by the Turkish name of Sest Tepe affixed to a tumulus on the shore; but the appellation of Gaziler Eschiesy, *the strand of the conquerors*, refers, undoubtedly, not to the Getic or Persian inroads, but to the landing of the Turks themselves, whose earliest European acquisition was the neighbouring fort of Coiridicastro, a memorable name, from the wretched pleasantries with which the mob of Constantinople consoled themselves for its loss. Our travellers received the usual civilities from the Pasha of the Dardanelles, (accompanied indeed with that hint in praise of *English pistols*, which is familiar to all who visit the Levant,) and enjoyed a delightful passage in an open boat down the Hellespont to Koum Kalè. The epithet (πλατυς Ἑλλησποντος) applied by Homer to this narrow frith, which has perplexed the greater part of his commentators and readers, is justified by Mr. Walpole in a short but valuable note, in which he proves from Hesychius and Aristotle de Meteoris, lib. iii. that πλατυς ought not to be rendered 'broad' but 'salt.' We readily join in the praise which Dr. Clarke bestows on this ingenious solution; but we are not, we confess, sufficiently expert in his mode of reasoning to comprehend how an epithet to which, in common with all other seas, the Hellespont is entitled, can convey any allusion to the *remarkable difference of colour* which he noticed between the clear brine of the Straits and the muddy embouchure of the Mender, on the left or western bank of which, on a spit of sand, occupied by the modern fort of Koum Kalè, Dr. Clarke first landed on the interesting plain of the Troad.

The following observations on its general character appear to us both novel and well founded.

'A peculiar circumstance characterized the topography of the cities of ancient Greece; and this perhaps has not been considered so general as it really was. Every metropolis possessed its citadel and its plain; the citadel as a place of refuge during war; the plain as a source of agriculture in peace. To this were some exceptions; as in the instance of Delphi, whose celebrity originated in secondary causes; but they were very few, and may be omitted. In the provinces of Greece, at this day, the appearance caused by a plain, flat as the surface of the ocean, surrounded by mountains, or having lofty rocks in its centre or sides, serves to denote the situation of ruins proving to be those of some ancient capital. Many of those plains border on the sea, and seem to have been formed by the retiring of its waters. Cities so situated were the most ancient; Argos, Sicyon, Corinth, are of the number. The vicinity of fertile plains to the coast offered settlements to the earliest colonies, before the interior of the country became known. As population increased, or the first settlers were driven inward by new adventurers, cities more mediterranean were established; but all of these possessed their respective plains. The physical phenomena of Greece, differing from those of any other country, present a series of beautiful



beautiful plains, successively surrounded by mountains of limestone; resembling, although upon a larger scale, and rarely accompanied by volcanic products, the craters of the Phlegrean fields. Everywhere their level surfaces seem to have been deposited by water, gradually retired or evaporated; they consist, for the most part, of the richest soil, and their produce is yet proverbially abundant.

‘In this manner stood the cities of Argos, Sicyon, Corinth, Megara, Eleusis, Athens, Thebes, Amphissa, Orchomenus, Chæronea, Lebadea, Larissa, Pella, and many other. Pursuing the inquiry over all the countries bordering the Ægean, we find every spacious plain accompanied by the remains of some city, whose celebrity was proportioned to the fertility of its territory, or the advantages of its maritime position. Such, according to Homer, were the circumstances of association characterizing that district of Asia Minor, in which Troy was situated.’—p. 73.

It is not to be supposed, (Dr. Clarke very sensibly proceeds to observe,) that a plain so favoured by nature as that watered by the Mender and backed by the ridge of Casdagby, should afford a solitary instance in which these advantages had not attracted settlers; and the voice of antiquity is unanimous in assigning to this very region the city whose misfortunes afforded a theme to the most interesting poem in the world. The existence and the history of such a city, which the genius of Homer has expanded and adorned, would never, we think, have been the subject of doubt, had not such doubts arisen partly from the imperfection of our modern maps, which pervert even those stronger features of nature to which every poet is anxious to accommodate his fiction; and partly, we apprehend, from a mistake which is common both to the assailants and defenders of the veracity of Homer, who have on the one side judged a fiction grounded on fact, with the same severity which would have been applicable to a chronicle of the facts themselves, and on the other hand, have attempted to warp and bend the objects of nature into compliance with the details of a poetic Mythos. For although a real poet is naturally anxious to avail himself of interesting and well known scenery and a story already hallowed by tradition, yet it is only so far as they suit his purpose that either tradition or topography will be adhered to; and it is surely preposterous to expect that in a poem, so long, so varied, and so busy as that of Homer, he should exactly conform to the sober rules of the annalist, or the land-surveyor. If the place assigned for the Grecian camp be, as is asserted, one which before the time at which the action of the *Iliad* begins, must have destroyed them by disease,—instead of doubting, with Bryant, that the Greeks ever landed in the Troad at all,—it is surely safer to suppose that this is an instance in which, from some unknown and to us very immaterial cause,  
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the poet has departed from the truth of history. If, in the same manner, the probable site of ancient Ilium should be ill adapted to the progress of Achilles' chariot round its walls,—if the fountains mentioned by Homer are a little farther from the city than his narrative implies,—or if no such fountains be discoverable in that immediate neighbourhood,—the answer ought to be that Homer is a poet, not an historian,—that the insolence of Achilles and the tepid spring of the Scamander were characteristic and common features of the age and country which he paints,—and that, in the words of Aristotle, a poet is not tied down to facts, but only to probabilities. It was the general opinion of antiquity, that Homer had in many respects departed from the truth of history in the action of his poem. Nor can any reason be assigned why he should not, by an equal privilege, have omitted, or softened, or altered such features of the scenery as interfered in his opinion with the effect or coherence of his narration. His sparing mention of rivers, which his warriors must have forded twice a day, and which must have materially impeded the advance of the Trojan chariots from the mound of the plain to the Grecian intrenchment, is a proof that he did not think it necessary, like some of his admirers, to ascertain his distances with the chain or the theodolite, or to transfer to poetry the trembling accuracy of a witness on a boundary cause. But while a poet himself is seldom thus particular, it is the privilege of poetry to bestow even on imaginary scenery, the minuteness and liveliness which conveys the idea of accuracy,—and if only the general features of his picture are correct, the zeal of his admirers in after-ages will not fail to assign a local habitation to even the wildest of his fictions. The sexton of Melrose has already begun to point out the tomb of Michael Scott, as described in the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and though the main outlines of Homer's picture are probably copied from nature, yet we doubt not that many of those objects to which Strabo refers, instead of affording subjects for the bard to describe, derived, in after-days, their name and designation from his description.

But though we do not apprehend that such topographical investigations will add in any material degree to the interest or clearness of the Iliad, yet we esteem the investigation of the Troad as important as any inquiry can be which is purely antiquarian, and feel anxious to do justice to Dr. Clarke's opinions and discoveries, which we shall present, if possible, to our readers in a less perplexing shape than that of his narration. For it must not be concealed, that partly from the minuteness of the watch-paper map to the scale of which he has compressed the greater part of Priam's monarchy; partly from his caprice in omitting the accustomed index which in other maps directs us to the cardinal points; and still

more

more from the doubt and hesitation with which he differs from the opinions of former travellers, he has involved his facts in an obscurity which they do not deserve; nor are the insane wanderings of Iö more difficult to unravel than our author's excursion from Koum Kalè.\* With some trouble we have, we flatter ourselves, at length succeeded, and it may encourage others to employ some portion of the pains which we have done, when we express our impartial opinion that, whether we consider the number and importance of the ruins discovered; the good sense and good fortune which have guided Dr. Clarke's inquiries; or the remarkable coincidence of their result with the descriptions of Strabo and Pliny; the present tour may seem to constitute an era in the topography of the Ilien-sian plain, and to have restored a clue for tracing its antiquities which had been lost for above a thousand years. There are two points on the coast of the Troad which may be considered as data on which all its inquirers are agreed. The first of these is the Sigeian promontory, a natural feature too remarkable to be mistaken, and which is identified with Cape Yanizari. The second is the tomb of Ajax, ascertained by its distance, as given by Pliny, of thirty stadia to the eastward of the former; and as being the only conspicuous tumulus on the shore between Koum Kalè and the Dardanelles. Between these points, and extending from the latter to the embouchure of the Mender, is the beach which tradition or fancy has uniformly assigned for the port and encampment of the Greeks. The region, however, immediately in front of this station, and lying to the east of the Mender, had, down to the date of Dr. Clarke's excursion, been very imperfectly explored. Pococke, who traversed its coast from the Dardanelles to Koum Kalè, and had therefore the best opportunity of identifying the points mentioned by Strabo, though he notices the probable situation of Ophrurium and the Ptelean pool, hurries with apparent indifference over the tract just mentioned; and Chandler, though in an excursion from Sigeium he advanced in the very direction of Palaio Callifat, and noticed a conical hill at the foot of Ida, which he conceived to be the Callicolone, stopped short, as by fatality, at the very moment of discovery, and abandoned the unfinished adventure to a more fortunate, or more persevering inquirer. In the days, indeed, of Chandler and Pococke, mankind were content to admire the beauty of Homer's painting, without caring what particular hillock sate to

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\* Dr. Clarke has some amusing observations on this subject, p. 164.—We, of course, cannot contest with him the accuracy of the epithet *ύπερις* as applied to the Cuban;—but we really cannot bring ourselves to believe that when 'Æschylus wrote geographically he had reference to better documents than modern maps,'—or that when he conducts his afflicted heifer down the Indus to the Cataracts of the Nile, he is stating the 'result of his own practical observations.'

him for its portrait; and the controversy, first awakened by the venerable Bryant, had not affixed to every streamlet of Priam's empire, a consequence which, in the eye of the philosopher, even now perhaps it hardly possesses. The later tourists also, since Chevalier by mischance first stumbled on Bournabaschi, have found it so much easier to tread in his steps than to seek out a road for themselves, that they have been occupied in the vain attempt to reconcile contradictions on the western bank of the Mender, instead of invading the regions eastward, the ἀκηρατον λειμωναί

Εἰδ' ὅτι ποιμὴν ἀγίοι φέρειν βότα  
Οὐδ' ἄλβι πῶ σιδηρός.

—Yet it is undoubtedly in this direction that Strabo has taught us to expect the most important discoveries. 1st. In a commanding situation, immediately above the Grecian camp, two miles and a half from the embouchure of the Scamander, and one mile and a half in a direct line from the sea, stood the city of New Ilium, which Lysimachus fortified, and which afterwards became a Roman colony. But, 2dly, forty stadia, or five miles eastward of New Ilium, was a remarkable hill, which even in the days of Strabo retained its Homeric appellation of Callicolone, and whose base was watered by the Simois. And it was between these two points, ten stadia from the Callicolone, and thirty from New Ilium, that the village stood which was supposed to mark the site of the ancient capital of Priam.

The ruins which Dr. Clarke discovered at Palaio Callifat, he has undoubtedly good reason for calling those of New Ilium. By his map, indeed, they are too far removed both from the sea and the embouchure of the Mender,—and if they are, as he asserts, only three miles and three quarters from the woody and conspicuous Beyan Mezaley—it is impossible that this last can be the Callicolone, which, as Strabo expressly states, was at the distance of forty stadia. Nor is the Callifat Osmak, which is undoubtedly the Simois, sufficiently near the Beyan Mezaley. But we know too well the unavoidable inaccuracy of a map taken by an unpractised eye, to lay any great stress on these difficulties; and for the identity of Palaio Callifat with New Ilium there are other evidences to be drawn from Strabo's description. Immediately behind the city, a ridge of high land had its beginning which divided the Scamandrian of exterior, from the Simoisian or interior plain, a circumstance which exactly corresponds with the limestone range traversed by Dr. Clarke, and supposed by him, with great plausibility, to be the θρωσκός πεδίοιο, where Homer encamps his Trojans. We have no doubt it will be found to communicate with those hills which our travellers crossed between Thymbrik and Tchiblak, and that the  
tumulus

tumulus which they noticed on their south-eastern slope is really the tomb of Ilus. We should wish then future travellers to ascertain, whether the ruins of Palaio Callifat be not in fact a mile or a mile and a half nearer to Sigeium than Dr. Clarke has laid them down, and proportionably farther from the Beyan Mezaley. Or if his estimate of the respective distances should be correct, whether there are any evidences that the sea has receded since the time of Strabo;\* or what probabilities may appear that New Ilium extended itself towards Sigeium sufficiently to account for the discrepancy, by supposing that the twenty furlongs were measured from its western extremity. We should also be anxious to know the vicinity of the Callifat Osmak to the Beyan Mezaley, and whether there be not some hill, a mile and a quarter beyond the later, which has equal or better claims to the character of the Callicolone. In this last case it will become extremely probable that the Beyan Mezaley,—evidently the object of peculiar veneration,—and resembling, as Dr. Clarke informs us, 'the Castle Hill at Cambridge,' is the Acropolis of ancient Troy. At all events, if this last be ever ascertained, it must be by the clue which he has furnished that such discovery will be made.

Another addition which Dr. Clarke has made to our knowledge of the Troad, and one of the importance of which he is himself unconscious, is the ancient city whose ruins he visited, between Halil Elly and the shore, and which himself and his party were unable to reconcile to any previous account of the country. A reference to Strabo would, however, have convinced him that they could only belong to Rhæteium, which the best readings place at 70 stadia, in a direct line from the Sigeian promontory, and which must therefore have occupied the precise spot of these remains. This city has been in general absurdly placed, in utter defiance of Strabo's measurement, in the immediate vicinity of the tomb of Ajax; and even Dr. Clarke has dignified this latter spot with the name of the Rhæteian promontory, and the tomb itself with that of Aiantium. A comparison, however, of Pliny with Strabo will prove, 1st, that Aiantium was not a name applied to the tomb itself, but was that of the adjoining town; 2dly, that this town, though subject to Rhæteium, was distinct from it, being only thirty stadia from Sigeium, while the other was at least twice the distance: 3dly, that an open tract of beach, *ἡμὴν ἀλιτενῆς*, intervened between Rhæteium and Aiantium, and answers precisely to the heathy country which Dr. Clarke traversed in his way to the former.

Our author speaks doubtfully as to the course of that river which

\* This appears unlikely, since the tomb of Ajax is now as near the shore as ever, and the current of the Hellespont would clear away all deposits of the Mender.

he forded between Thymbrik and Tchiblak, and which the author of the history of Ilium supposed to be the Simois of Homer. If it fall into the Mender at the common embouchure above Koum Kalé, it is marvellous that he did not observe it from the lofty situation of Palaio Callifat; yet the nature of the country evidently appears to allow it no other issue. As to its joining the Mender near Tchiblak, it is an utterly preposterous notion; since the country has a regular fall from the Ida to the west, and since, if it joined any river there, it must be the Callifat Osmak, in which case our travellers must have forded it not once but twice. Its embouchure may therefore, we presume, be confidently placed in the spot assigned by our author's map; and we strongly recommend it to the examination of future travellers, since there is a passage in Pliny which leads us to infer that it is a stream of far more renown than the *Θυμβριος ποταμος* of Strabo.

Besides a navigable stream to which Pliny gives the name of Scamander, and which he describes as falling into the *Ægean* sea, to the south of the Sigeian promontory, he enumerates three rivers as falling into a common æstuary: these are the Palæ-Scamander, the Simois, and the Xanthus. In the language of men, the Xanthus was, in the days of Homer, also called Scamander; so that within the space of a very few miles we have three rivers with one common appellation. From this fact, some interesting conclusions will follow. 1st, It is probable that the name of Minder, Mendar, Mæander, or Scamander, (for they are evidently the same word,) was, in the ancient language of Asia Minor, either generic for all rivers, or, at least, descriptive of some quality in which many were partakers.

2dly, By the supposition of a double or treble Scamander, many of those difficulties will be removed, which have in every age perplexed the critics of Homer and the topographers of the Troad:—but, 3dly, There being two Scamanders and one Simois in the immediate neighbourhood of Ilium, a question will arise, which of the three rivers was Simois, and which of the other two was that Scamander which Homer most frequently mentions, and which he distinguishes by its *divine* title of Xanthus? There are reasons for supposing, that (if Troy stood where Strabo places it) the modern Mender can have been neither the Xanthus nor Simois of Homer.

1st, Whoever compares Dr. Clarke's map with the account of Strabo, will observe that the direct way for the Greeks to advance against Troy, was, after crossing that river which we will still call the Thymbrik, to incline to the east with the Callifat Osmak to their right. If they had crossed the Callifat Osmak, they would have left Troy behind them, and have incurred the  
greatest



greatest hazard of being cut off from their ships. It is not necessary to be a soldier to understand this danger; and the warriors to whom Homer sung would surely have scouted such an improbability. It was however between the streams of Simois and Xanthus that the greater part of Homer's battles were fought, and the mound of the plain and the tomb of Ilus were situated; the Mender therefore can be neither of these. Again, if the least stress is to be laid on the descriptions of Homer, it is plain that no river could intervene betwixt Troy and *his* Scamander or Xanthus; for otherwise no fountain near the walls of Troy could arise, or be supposed to arise from the Scamander, or to have any connection with that river; but between Strabo's Ilium and the Mender, the Callifat Osmak flows: on this account too, the Mender is then excluded.

2dly, The Scamandrian plain, where the Grecian army mustered was, of course, the nearest to the ships. It is also called the exterior plain by Strabo, as the Simoisian is called the interior plain, and this is sufficient evidence that, of the two remaining rivers, the Callifat Osmak is the Simois.

3dly, The plain immediately before the Grecian port is called Scamandrian, not very accurately, if the Scamander only bounded one extremity, and that the farthest from Troy; but with good reason, if a river indifferently called Xanthus or Scamander watered it in its whole length.

4thly, When Achilles cuts off the retreat of the Trojan fugitives, and obliges one party to rush to the fords of Xanthus, it is apparent from the circumstances of the story, that those who were thus overtaken were flying, as they naturally would fly, towards their city. But neither the Mender nor the Callifat Osmak answer to this description, for neither of them are in the track from the ships to Ilium. On the whole, it may be thought, on an attentive comparison of Pliny, Strabo, and Homer, that of the three rivers, which fall into the Sigeian æstuary, the principal and most westerly, is the Palæ-Scamander of Pliny; the Callifat Osmak, the Simois; and that the third, now called the Thymbrik, was the Xanthus of Pliny and the Xanthus and Scamander of Homer.

We foresee two objections to our hypothesis:—first, that Strabo places the Scamander on the Sigeian side of the Simois; but, (not to mention that there are readings of Strabo which reverse this order,) if we suppose him to be speaking of the Palæ-Scamander, his account will not interfere with our ideas; and of the Xanthus he says nothing. The second is, that if the Grecian camp had been thus guarded by a river, they need not have built their wall. But whatever were the name, if such a stream flows there, the difficulty will be the same: however called, it is probably ford-

able; and, above all, the wall is generally allowed to be an invention of Homer's. As to the passage which Dr. Clarke advances (*Iliad*, K. 499.) we cannot, we confess, decide on the imaginary station from which Homer supposed himself to survey his own battles; but we never read that passage without a strong impression, that it was to the left of Ajax and the Grecian army, that Hector was lopping off the heads of warriors; and that the Scamander, on whose brink these exploits were performed, was consequently to the left of the Simois. After all, till we have more accurate maps, we must be content to remain in doubt; but our hypothesis is at least consistent with the account of Pliny, and the sketch which Dr. Clarke has furnished: and whatever further light is thrown upon the subject must redound still more to the credit of the observer, who first awakened the attention of antiquaries to the eastern bank of the Mender.

It is almost needless to remark, that if the observations of the present volume be correct, the hypotheses, the plans and drawings of Chevalier and his associates, have all been labour in vain, and Bornabaschi, with its fabled springs, (for the cold spring appears to have existed in description only,) must relapse into its original obscurity. We have felt, we confess, a sort of invidious satisfaction at the ludicrous distress of so many laborious inquirers, whose cobweb intrenchments our lively traveller has, like the bee in Swift's *Battle of the books*, with so much ease, and almost without intending it, overthrown. The passage in the *Iliad*, however, on which their opinion rested, perplexed the critics so long ago as the time of Strabo, who notices its difficulty, and proceeds to mention that 'in this place (meaning the Pagus Iliensium) there was no hot spring; and that the source of Scamander was not here but in the mountain.' We forget whether Bryant has noticed this passage; but it is singular, that (setting aside all the other objections to Bornabaschi) the very circumstance of its tepid spring is sufficient to prove that this is not the place which antiquity considered as the site of Troy.

We regret that our limits forbid us to do justice to Dr. Clarke's excursion to the source of the Mender and the summit of Casdaghy:—to the perils which he endured in ascending the latter, and the awful and romantic scenery which surrounds the first. The costume and sandals of the Idæan peasants convey, even at the present time, no bad impression of the ancient Phrygian habit and the subjects of *Æneas*; and their wicker carts, as Chandler had previously noticed, are nearly on the model of the classic *diopos*. Their manners are interesting and hospitable, and the furniture and ample chimneys of their dwellings appeared to Dr. Clarke (to whom the study of Gothic antiquity is, as will be afterwards shewn, by no means familiar) the prototypes of the furniture and arrangement

ment noticed in the ancient mansion-houses of his own country. In truth, however, both the one and the other are the natural architecture of countries abounding in wood, the obvious ornaments of a nation of hunters and warriors, and are sufficiently accounted for by the similarity of habits and necessities, without sending the crusaders to Phrygia to learn the form of a chimney, or the manner of hanging up a spear on the wall. It is, however, a favourite practice with our author to confront the practices of distant countries even on points where it is almost impossible they should differ. Thus, he is not satisfied with telling us that *Bornabaschi* means in Turkish 'the head of the springs,' without assuring us that places in Wales receive their appellations from similar causes. The fact, no doubt, is true; but surely it was not worth carrying from *Pen-tre-fynnin* to Phrygia, since all countries that we ever visited have the custom of naming places from some feature of art or of nature: Dr. Clarke may himself have heard of an ancient city named from its bridge over the *Cam*; and his road to London must have occasionally conducted him through the village of *Foulmire*.

To return from this digression:—In this secluded district, (not *Foulmire*, but *Ida*;) the ancient cities of *Palæ Scepis* and *Æneia* retain their classical names almost unaltered; and, at the latter place, a tumulus, of the largest size, would appear, from its name of *Ene Tepe*, to cover the ashes of *Æneas*. The altars and temple of the *Idean Jupiter*, some of the features of which are so rude as to be almost *Druidical*,—are found on a hill called *Kutchunlu Tepe*,—and the whole of this beautiful region is filled with ruins of every age and style of architecture, from the noblest *Doric* of classical times, down to the hermitage of the middle ages. *Gargarus*, at the time of Dr. Clarke's visit, was covered with snow, and of dangerous access; but later in the year Lord Aberdeen ascended it without difficulty. It commands a noble prospect of great part of *Asia Minor*, and its roots approach so near the *Adramyttian Gulph*, that the regular caravan track from *Adramyttium* to *Abydos* still runs (as stated by *Herodotus*) on its north-eastern side. Dr. Clarke, however, is guilty of a small inaccuracy in supposing that tigers are found among these wilds. The *lynx* is probably found there; but the tiger, we apprehend, could not endure a climate so severe. Our traveller returned to the coast by the baths of *Lydia Hamam*, and by *Alexandria Troas*, in the neighbourhood of which latter city he discovered a fallen column of granite whose gigantic proportions, resembling those of *Pompey's Pillar* at the Egyptian *Alexandria*, induced him to refer both the one and the other to the common founder of both cities, whose statue they might be intended to support.

From *Alexandria Troas* he returned to the *Dardanelles*, and

after again experiencing the hospitality of the Pacha, embarked for Egypt.

Some particulars respecting Alexandria Troas are added in a note by Mr. Walpole, none of which, however, are such as to demand insertion here, though they are evidently the observations of a vigorous mind, and one in no common degree familiar with the authors and manners of antiquity. He spells his Turkish names most incorrectly. Mr. Heber, in his *Crimean Journal*, has been guilty of some similar inaccuracies, which are, indeed, the common traps for those who write from the ear; nor should we have noticed them except to contrast the superior correctness which generally distinguishes Dr. Clarke's eastern orthography, and to recommend that all who visit a country, should, at least, take the pains of mastering its *characters*.

A voyage down the Archipelago is likely to present but little that is new; its islands are nearly as well known to the generality of readers as those of Mull or Staffa, nor is much amusement to be expected from the repetition of the same manners and scenery which are given by every traveller from Tournefort downwards, or even from the addition of a few mutilated inscriptions to the stock already in hand. Yet even a country thus generally known may derive an interest from the manner in which it is painted; and the enthusiasm and eloquence of the following passage have not been often exceeded by the ablest masters of description.

'Whether in dim perspective, through grey and silvery mists, or amidst hues of liveliest purple, the isles and continents of Greece present their varied features, nor pen, nor pencil, can pourtray the scenery. Whatsoever, in the warmest fancies of my youth, imagination had represented of this gifted country, was afterwards not only realized, but surpassed. Let the reader picture to his conception an evening sun, behind the towering cliffs of Patmos, gilding the battlements of the Monastery of the Apocalypse with its parting rays; the consecrated island, surrounded by inexpressible brightness, seeming to float upon an abyss of fire; while the moon, in milder splendor, is rising full over the opposite expanse. Such a scene I actually witnessed, with feelings naturally excited by all the circumstances of local solemnity; for such indeed might have been the face of Nature, when the inspiration of an Apostle, kindling in its contemplation, uttered the Alleluias of that mighty Voice, telling of SALVATION AND GLORY AND HONOUR AND POWER.'—p. 194.

On the eastern face of Samos, a vast and awful mountain, a lambent flame is sometimes seen to hover in stormy nights, visible at a very considerable distance, and serving as a natural beacon in the dangerous channel of Bocaze.

The inhabitants of the island have often climbed their rocks in search

search of this miraculous phanar, but have uniformly failed to find it. The place, indeed, where it appears to rise, (two-thirds of the height of the precipice,) must be, in bad weather, almost inaccessible. 'It is probably,' as Dr. Clarke observes, 'one of those exhalations of ignited hydrogen gas found in many parts of the world, and always most conspicuous in hazy and rainy weather.' It is, however, the only instance we know of a beneficent 'will-o'-the-whisp.' At Cos, now Stanchio, the noble plane tree which has been the admiration of all tourists for the two last centuries, still exists, though with diminished beauty, and the warm chalybeate springs recal the memory of Hippocrates. Here Dr. Clarke discovered an interesting bas-relief which he supposed to represent the nuptials of Neptune and Amphitrite, though, from his own description, it is apparent that they can be only those of Bacchus and Ariadne. It is strange, indeed, that he should have been mistaken in a case so obvious. Even Tooke's Pantheon, we apprehend, would have told him that Bacchus was sometimes represented with a beard; and that the thyrsus, the satyrs, the bacchanals, and the tiger, could have no possible reference to any of the marine deities. The following note, however, it would be unjust to suppress, both as it enables us to appreciate Dr. Clarke's unassisted exertions in acquiring those most important antiquities which he has added to our national stock, and as it may throw additional light on the spirit manifested by a virtuoso of higher rank and greater advantages, at whose approach, if ever, since the days of Alaric,

'Mæstum illacrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant'!—

'The removal of this precious relique, to any of the museums of Europe, must be a desirable object with every civilized nation. It is an honour reserved for some more favoured adventurers. The only power we possessed of adding to the stock of our national literary treasures, was due to our industry alone. The aid our national situation, with regard to Turkey, might then have afforded, was studiously withheld. An absolute prohibition was enforced, respecting the removal of any of the antiquities of the country, excepting by the agents of our own Ambassador at the Porte. Mr. Gell, author of "The Topography of Troy," &c. was actually interdicted making drawings within the Acropolis of Athens. While I must lament the miserable policy of such a measure, and a loss affecting the public, rather than ourselves as individuals, I can only add, that every exertion is now making towards rescuing from destruction, not only the valuable monument here alluded to, but also many other important objects of acquisition lying scattered over the desolated territories of the Turkish empire. To a British Minister at the Porte, their removal and safe conveyance to England would be the work merely of a wish expressed upon the subject to the Capudan Pacha; and for the measures necessary in removing them from their present place, no injury would be sustained by the

fine arts, in the dilapidation of any Grecian building.—English travellers, distinguished by their talents, illustrious by their rank, and fortunate in their wealth, are now traversing those regions, to whom every instruction has been given that may facilitate and expedite their researches; it is hoped success will attend their promised endeavours to enrich their nation by the possession of such valuable documents.—p. 211, Note.

The following particulars, furnished by Mr. Walpole as to the present condition of the Greek peasantry, are interesting, and in a great measure new.

‘A Greek labourer receives from thirty-five to forty paras a day, nearly fifteen pence: he works only two-thirds of the year; the other third consists of holidays. During the four fasts, of which that in Lent is the most strictly observed, he eats shell-fish, caviar, (the roe of sturgeon,) pulse, and anchovies.

‘I observed but few Greek villages in Asia Minor: the Greeks all seek the great towns, to avoid more easily the different means of oppression resorted to by the Turkish Governors; whose short residence in their provinces is spent, not in countenancing or furthering any improvement or plans of amelioration in the condition of those subject to them, but in exacting every thing they can, to repay themselves for the sum which the Porte takes from them; and in carrying away what wealth they are able to amass. It is difficult to ascertain what sum any given province pays annually to the Porte; but a near conjecture may be made, by adding the *Haratch* (capitation-tax) to the sum which the Governor stipulates to pay every year.

‘The Turks, as far as my experience carried me, shew no disposition to molest or offend a traveller. Something contemptuous may at times be observed in their manner. But a great change for the better, in their general deportment, is to be attributed to their never being now exasperated by the attack of corsairs or pirates on the coast.

‘No people living under the same climate, and in the same country, can be so opposite as the Greeks and Turks. There is in the former a cringing manner, and yet a forwardness, disgusting to the gravity and seriousness of the latter. The Turks treat the Armenians, who conduct themselves generally with great propriety and decorum, with much less harshness than they shew to the Greeks. The present condition is certainly not the most favourable point of view for considering the character of the Greeks; and their faults, which are those of their unfortunate situation, would disappear under more favourable circumstances, and a different government. When in office and authority, they are not so devoid of insolence to their countrymen, as might be wished. The *codja-bashis* in the Morea are, many of them, tyrannical to the other Greeks. The treatment which the Jews experienced at their hands, in the time of the Greek empire, is that which the Greeks now meet with from the Turks. “No one,” says Benjamin of Tudela, “dares to go on horseback, but the Imperial physician; and the Jews  
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are hated in the town by all the Greeks, without any regard to their good or bad character.'—p. 186.

Some vestiges of ancient superstition, driven from the temples, are still, as in other countries, preserved in the wakes and village merriment of Greece and Asia; and the god Silenus, represented by a fat old man, adorned with garlands, is annually drawn in a car, through the streets of Rhodes, at Easter.

The inhabitants of Syme and Nizyrus, who are principally maintained by the occupation of diving for sponges, are well known to be almost amphibious. When the antiquities amassed by Lord Elgin were sunk in the bay of Cerigo, some of these men succeeded in preserving a part of them by penetrating to the ship's hold in ten fathom water, and driving large iron bolts into the cases, to which cords were afterwards attached. The courtship of these Tritons is of a kind which would have delighted the whimsical author of the *Telliamede*.—'When a man of any property intends to have his daughter married, he appoints a certain day, when all the young unmarried men repair to the sea-side, where they strip themselves in the presence of the father and his daughter, and begin diving. He who goes deepest into the sea, and remains the longest under water obtains the lady.'

Mr. Morrit, in an interesting note, which makes us wish for more of his communications, adds some particulars respecting Halicarnassus and Cnidos, together with a plan of the latter city. This celebrated region of Asia had for many years been little explored, and the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Glaucus, now Macri Bay, which was the next point of Dr. Clarke's inquiry, was till then almost untrodden by the foot of science. Its pestiferous air, indeed, and the danger and difficulty of its access are sufficient to deter even the hardiest adventurer; but the inducements which it offers are almost as lamentably strong. The ruins of Telmessus are as little known as they are remarkable, and the objects of nature which surround them, are, as we infer from Dr. Clarke's representation, of the wildest and most awful kinds. Its theatre, which like most ancient works of this sort, is adapted to the sloping side of a mountain, is, indeed, considerably less than those of Satara or Alexandria Troas, but is characterized by a certain dignity both of site and proportion, which produces an effect on the mind almost unparalleled. Some of the stones used in its construction are nine feet long and three wide, by two in thickness:—and the impost or lintel of the principal door of entrance is a single slab of ten feet seven inches. These enormous masses are placed on one another without cementation or grooving, and such is the labour lavished on the exterior, that every stone is sculptured in regular

parallelograms formed by bevelling the edges. In another part of the incumbent mountain is a remarkable cave, apparently adapted to that oracular imposture for which Telmessus, in ancient times, was famous; the neighbouring rocks are scooped into stupendous sepulchres resembling those of Thebes or Persepolis; and the whole district is full of colossal soroï or sepulchres, of whose dimensions, however, though he calls them prodigious, Dr. Clarke has not thought fit in any single instance to subjoin the measurement. Scales of distance or dimension imply more trouble than sketches made by eye, and the admiration of a rounded period; but though the state of Dr. Clarke's health at the time might, indeed, excuse some want of accuracy, we cannot but lament that he has given us the soros of Helen without enabling us to judge of its height even by the usual criterion of the human figure; and that his chart of the Gulf of Macri is unprovided with that scale and meridian without which all charts are useless.

Of the sepulchres in the solid rock, some presented ornamented frontals resembling the glass doors of a modern book-case, and the doors of such as admitted of entrance had been closed by square slabs of stone, so nicely adjusted as, when finished, to baffle curiosity. Within were square chambers with one or more receptacles for dead bodies, resembling baths, and neatly chiseled in the rock. But of far the greatest part, the entrance eluded research; and even where violence had penetrated by breaking the pannels of the rocky doors, the mystery of the original means of access remained unsolved. The tombs of the ancients, it is known, indeed, were not only the depositaries of a family's dead, but frequently the hiding place of its treasure; and the oriental tales of charms which had power to compel the grave to render up its trust, had their origin no doubt in the care with which, on the one hand, avarice sought to prevent intrusion, and the avidity, on the other, which such mysterious concealment was likely to produce.

The remains of antiquity are not the only inducements to visit Telmessus: eleven new species of plants were found by Dr. Clarke in its neighbourhood, four of which grew on a small conical island in the mouth of the harbour, to which, as it is not mentioned in any writers of antiquity, our travellers, with the honest pride of Englishmen at that eventful period, gave the name of Abercrombie's Island.

The vessel which conveyed Dr. Clarke arrived off Alexandria in the evening of the 16th of April. At first, we were startled, we confess at the military appearance of our author's 9th Chapter; the repetition of the often told tale of Aboukir and Alexandria, and the unusual phenomena of a coloured plate of the English order

order of battle, and a plan of the disembarkation, more worthy both of them of the Regimental Magazine, than a work of science. A moment's consideration completely altered our sentiments; and we felt, that as to have been present in such scenes, and not to have related them, would have been in an Englishman impossible and unnatural, so the national and moral effect of Dr. Clarke's vigorous painting, rendered the present volume no unfitting vehicle for the gleanings of those events which have as yet been but very imperfectly described. Often as the landing of the 8th of March has been related, the following passage will not be found without its interest.

'Never was any thing conducted with greater regularity. The French, to their astonishment, as they afterwards often related, instead of beholding a number of men landing pell-mell, saw the British troops preserving a regular line, as they advanced in their boats, although the wind was directly in their teeth; and, finally, landing in regular order of battle, under the heaviest fire perhaps ever experienced. Shells, cannon-balls, and grape-shot, coming with the wind, fell like a storm of hail about them; yet not a soldier quitted his seat or moved, nor did a single sailor shrink from the hard labour of his oar. Not a musket was suffered to be charged, until the troops could form upon the strand. They were commanded to sit still in the boats; and this command, with inconceivable firmness, did these men obey; with the exception only of returning for each volley of shot from their enemies three general cheers, an effect of ardour in which their officers found it impossible to restrain them. The feelings of those who remained in the ships were not proof against such a sight. Several of our brave seamen wept like children; and many of those upon the quarter-decks, who attempted to use telescopes, suffered the glasses to fall from their hands, and gave vent to their tears.

'But the moment of triumph was at hand. For three long miles, pulling in this manner against the wind, did our brave tars strain every sinew. Several boats were sunk by the bursting of the shells, and about two hundred and seventy men were killed before they reached the shore. At length, with all their prows touching the beach at the same instant, the boats grounded. Then a spectacle was presented that will be ever memorable. Two hundred of the French cavalry actually charged into the sea, and were seen for a few seconds hacking the men in the boats: these assailants were every one killed. It was now about ten o'clock; and within the space of six minutes, from this important crisis, the contest was decided. The 42d regiment, leaping up to their middle in water, formed rapidly upon the shore; and with a degree of impatience nothing could restrain, without waiting to load their muskets, broke from the main line before it could be formed, and ran gallantly up the hill, sinking deep in the sand at every step they took. In this perilous situation a body of French cavalry pushed down upon them; but instead of being thrown into any disorder, they coolly received the charge upon the points of their bayonets; and the rest of the

the army coming up, routed the enemy on all sides. The French fled with the greatest precipitation. Our troops had been taught to expect no quarter, and therefore none was given, The wounded and the dying neither claimed nor obtained mercy; all was blood, and death, and victory.'—p. 277.

During an excursion to Rosetta our travellers had an opportunity of noticing the singular phenomenon of the mirage, reflecting, with all the clearness of a real lake, the towers and palm trees of the city, and so perfectly resembling water that our travellers anxiously inquired for the ferry which was to conduct them across. It is strange that such a circumstance is no where mentioned either by ancient or modern observers previous to the date of the French invasion, though it may, at times, and in a less degree, be witnessed on the plains of Hungary, and though many expressions in the eastern languages allude to it, as where the same word (Abel) is used to signify, 'a plain,' 'vapour,' and 'disappointment.' They also observed that the sterility even of the desert is not every where incurable by industry; that, by digging, brackish water might be often found; and that, even where the inundation of the Nile does not extend, the bountiful dews supply, in no inconsiderable degree, the want of rain. Rosetta itself offers few remains of antiquity; one of the principal is a building of very uncertain date whose pillars and groined vault resemble the trunks and branches of the palm tree, a simple and striking ornament which affords, at least, a plausible hint for the origin of gothic architecture. The little island of Aboukir contains some remarkable ruins which Dr. Clarke, with good reason, conjectures to be a part of the ancient city of Canopus. The remainder is now covered by the waves, 'a memorable instance of the fate attending cities distinguished only by their vices.'

Cyprus, to which island our travellers were offered a passage by Captain Russel, of the *Ceres* frigate, is at present a most wretched country, exposed, by its situation between Syria and Egypt, to a species of sirocco from every quarter of the compass, to heat unmitigated, at least in its eastern regions, by trees or verdure, and to fevers more prevalent and fatal than are found on any other. These, indeed, are natural evils; and to suppose that the south-eastern parts, which Dr. Clarke traversed, ever exhibited those delightful scenes of lawns and groves which we associate with the name of the island of love and pleasure, and which the neighbourhood of Paphos may, perhaps, even at present share, is to indulge in fancies which neither reason nor the voice of antiquity sanctions: while to impute their having ceased to exist to Turkish oppression, is to ascribe to man, powerful as he is in works of evil, an influence over creation which providentially he does not possess. Yet the annual

annual farming of the government to the highest bidder has, it must be owned, a natural tendency to ruin a territory; and if it be true, which we can hardly credit, that the present population of a country so fertile, and equal in extent to one fourth of Ireland, does not exceed 60,000, no stronger instance can be found of a fruitful land becoming barren through the wickedness of those that govern it. Of those commodities which the oppression of its rulers still permits the Cypriots to cultivate, the quality, we are told, is excellent. The wines and fruits are the best in the world, and the wheat, though of the bearded kind, is very large and makes excellent bread. Enough and more than enough is told us in the present volume of the different substances on which the intaglios of the ancient Cypriots were carved; but the copper and gold mines which distinguished the island formerly, have apparently sunk into oblivion. The females of this country alone present that remarkable style of beauty which is imitated in Grecian statues, and which, since it does not exist in the Greek islands themselves, has been rashly pronounced imaginary. The dress of the courtezans still retains some traces of classical elegance; the richer dames encumber their beauty with a variety of ill-contrived ornaments.

But it is from its remains of antiquity that Cyprus is at the present day most interesting. It was, as Dr. Clarke has with considerable acuteness proved, the Chittim of Scripture; it was the seat of the earliest and some of the most flourishing Phenician colonies, and, as the point of junction between the east and west, it is here that we may best trace the passage of the Sidonian alphabets to Italy and Greece, or the transformation of the Syrian divinities Baal and Moloch into the Jupiter and Hercules and Apollo of classical mythology. What Dr. Clarke has given us on this subject, though short, is sensible: but he treats with too great reverence the laborious dreams of Athanasius Kircher, of whom even the learning has been overrated, and whose system, though he himself did not perceive it, had an inevitable tendency to pantheism. May the honest Jesuit rest in peace in his own mundus subterraneus, and may the volumes which he has built lie lightly on his ashes! he himself, if he were to return to life, would start and tremble at the cumbrons inanity of that system which modern philosophers have founded on his hypothesis. For ourselves, we could sooner pin our faith on the lawgivers of Laputa, than suppose that the warriors and statesmen of antiquity were only anxious about the sun's place in the ecliptic; that the priests of Egypt did nothing but carve almanacks on blocks of obsidian; or that the bards and historians of Israel spent their days and nights in allegorizing the signs of the zodiac into kings  
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and conquerors. With this abuse of Kircher's doctrine Dr. Clarke has however no concern; his acuteness is too great, and his heart too good to favour such obliquity of intellect; and of the feeling and the eloquence displayed by him in the description of those scenes to which we are now hastening, the heart and powers of a mere modern philosopher are alike incapable.

Before, however, we forsake the shores of Cyprus, we have two observations to offer. 1st. The description of the male and female Centaur, which he gives us in his note, p. 328, as 'a Greek commentary on Gregory Nazianzen,' is in fact of greater authority than either he himself or Professor Porson was aware of. Mr. Gaisford, in his catalogue of the Clarkian MSS. has shewn by a reference to Lucian, that it is almost a verbal copy of a passage in the *Zeuxis* of that philosopher; and it is highly creditable to his sagacity that he has thus detected what even the memory of Porson had not retained.—2dly. If it be true that the cathedral of Nicosia is Gothic, we greatly doubt, whether even this will prove that style so old as the reign of Justinian. Allowing that emperor to be the original constructor of the edifice, there are so many instances in our own country where the heavy pillar of the Norman founder has been chipped into the slender fasciculated column, and the semicircular arch converted into the light triangular form of a later period, that it is more safe to ascribe such features in the present instance to the modernizing hand of the French and English artists under the family of Lusignan, than to suppose that Justinian in this one instance so widely departed from his favourite models of S. Sophia and the church of the sepulchre.

Our travellers returned to the coast of Egypt on the 16th of May, in time to witness the melancholy sight of the *Iphigenia* on fire. Two days afterwards they received another invitation from Captain Culverhouse of the *Romulus*, to accompany him on a mission to Djezzar Pacha at Acre, and on June 29, arrived in the harbour of this celebrated town.

Dr. Clarke begins his account of Acre with a pretty violent diatribe against the crusaders, a race of men whom we are not disposed to justify; but who, certainly, as appears from every history of the times, were not the mere savages that he imagines them to have been. If Dr. Clarke, who is evidently at present altogether unskilled in what we may call chivalrous reading, will consult either the authors contained in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, or the *Contemporary Romances*, or so common a book as Henry's *History of England*, he will find that so far from the Franks bringing back to their own savage countries the refinements of the Saracens, there were many points in which these last might have been their pupils; that  
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the engineers of Richard and Philip were capable of constructing engines of attack which would puzzle, and have puzzled the best mechanists of the present day:—that the architects of modern France have not been able to replace the bridge of Rouen which was built by the Empress Matilda; and that the cathedrals of Durham, Canterbury, and Old St. Paul's were already in existence, at the period which he conceived too barbarous to construct even that building whose poor remains he describes at Acre. Those who have supposed the arts of modern Europe to be derived from the Saracens by the crusaders, forget how few comparatively of these last returned to their native land, or how improbable it is that they should adopt the customs of a race with whom they had little intercourse save on the field of battle, and whose persons and practices they were taught to believe offensive to the Deity. After all the declamations which have been lavished against the Frankish and German conquerors of Rome, there is no good reason to suppose that they allowed those arts to retrograde which they found among their new subjects; and the deterioration which had taken place may be referred, as in the case of Constantinople, to the Romans themselves, and not their foreign invaders. The villas of Italy were, as Mr. Knight has proved, the models of the feudal castle: the basilica of the age of Constantine were not only imitated, but excelled by the cathedrals of the feudal period; the feudal princes used in their wars the same catapulta and balista which (when directed by Roman hands) had been unable to withstand their valour; and even the Latin of the Gothic ages, barbarous as it is, was very little deteriorated from that which was spoken by Augustulus and his subjects.

With such obvious sources of imitation before us in the west, it is mere idleness to seek for others in the eastern countries; and it is surely sufficient to account for those few instances of similarity which may be found between the Saracens and their invaders, by the fact that either people had derived whatever civilization they possessed from the same Roman empire of which they had subdued and colonized the opposite extremities. We have once for all observed thus much on a subject which Dr. Clarke has very often introduced, and we trust that our present observations may serve as a receipt in full for the tents,\* the chimneys, and painted windows of both Franks and Moslems.

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\* Dr. Clarke might have recollected that the tents both of Turks and British bear a common resemblance to those on the principal monuments of Rome: and if he had taken the trouble to consult any traveller into Arabia, he would have seen that the aboriginal tent of the country is of a different construction from either.

At the time of Dr. Clarke's visit, Acre was under the authority of Djezzar Pacha, one of those strange studies of human character which are rarely to be witnessed except in those countries where the passions of men are allowed to take their course with small restraint from education, where courage and craft are the passports to rank and power, and cruelty the usual means of guarding that eminence which courage and craft have acquired. With high animal spirits, with a self-complacency resulting from the consciousness of power, and a cunning and jealousy which had become too habitual to be laid aside, even where he himself could apprehend no danger—fond of alluding to his own low origin, because it proved his talents, and to his own cruelty, because, while he was secure of the fears of his subjects he despised their hatred—the *Butcher* (for such, Dr. Clarke tells us, was his own translation of the word Djezzar) must have been (to those who had no reason to fear him) a singular and interesting picture of those tyrants of ancient times whom the influence of Christianity, which even the wicked feel, has almost extirpated from Europe. His real name was Ahmed, and he had risen from the situation of a slave to the rank of governor of Cairo, in which office, as he himself was fond of boasting, it was his custom to mingle in disguise among the multitude, and realize the stories which Arabian fiction ascribes to Haroun Al-raschid. His harem was guarded with a concealment and mystery unusual in the east, and when he retired thither in the evening, he barred, with his own hands, the three massive doors which separated it from the rest of his palace. Of his wives, whose number was unknown, and whose seclusion was never violated, he was suspected to have murdered several; and his domestics and ministers of state had most of them lost an eye, an ear, an arm, or a hand from the sallies of their master's brutality. Dr. Clarke compares him to Herod; but they resemble each other in no respect but cruelty. The Jewish sovereign, however profligate and oppressive, had talents, or at least acquirements, far superior to those manifested by the Pacha; and the unbounded splendour and ostentatious munificence of the one, form a perfect contrast to the mean and miserly extortion of the other. Both were jealous husbands; but Herod's was the jealousy of a frantic lover, Djezzar's that of a jailor only. Both were proud; but the pride of Herod was displayed in great public works and costly buildings; that of Djezzar was the mere selfish sensation of power which a wild beast may be supposed to feel as he growls over his victim. The following is the account of Dr. Clarke's introduction to the Lord of Acre, of Sidon and of Galilee.

' We found him seated on a mat in a little chamber, destitute even  
of

of the meanest article of furniture, excepting a coarse, porous, earthenware vessel, for cooling the water he occasionally drank. He was surrounded by persons maimed and disfigured in the manner before described. He scarcely looked up to notice our entrance, but continued his employment of drawing upon the floor, for one of his engineers, a plan of some works he was then constructing. His form was athletic, and his long white beard entirely covered his breast. His habit was that of a common Arab, plain but clean, consisting of a white camlet over a cotton cassock. His turban was also white. Neither cushion nor carpet decorated the naked boards of his divân. In his girdle he wore a poignard set with diamonds; but this he apologized for exhibiting, saying it was his badge of office, as governor of Acre, and therefore could not be laid aside. Having ended his orders to the engineer, we were directed to sit upon the end of the divân; and Signor Bertocino, his dragoman, kneeling by his side, he prepared to hear the cause of our visit.

"The conversation began by a request from the Pacha, that English captains, in future, entering the bay of Acre, would fire only one gun, rather as a signal, than a salute, upon their arrival. "There can be no good reason," said he, "for such a waste of gunpowder, in ceremony between friends. "Besides," he added, "I am too old to be pleased with ceremony: among forty-three Pachas of three tails, now living in Turkey, I am the senior. My occupations are consequently, as you see, very important," taking out a pair of scissors, and beginning to cut figures in paper, which was his constant employment when strangers were present: these he afterwards stuck upon the wainscot. "I shall send each of you away," said he, "with good proof of old Djazzar's ingenuity. There," addressing himself to Captain Culverhouse, and offering a paper cannon, "there is a symbol of your profession:" and while I was explaining to the captain the meaning of this singular address, he offered me a paper flower, denoting, as he said, "*a florid interpretation of blunt speech.*" As often as we endeavoured to introduce the business of our visit, he affected to be absorbed in these trifling conceits, or turned the conversation by allegorical sayings, to whose moral we could find no possible clue. His whole discourse was in parables, proverbs, truisms, and Oriental apologies. One of his tales lasted nearly an hour, about a man who wished to enjoy the peaceful cultivation of a small garden, without consulting the lord of the manor, whenever he removed a tulip; alluding, perhaps, to his situation with reference to the Grand Signior. There was evidently much cunning and deep policy in his pretended frivolity. Apparently occupied in regulating the shape of a watch-paper with his scissors, he was all the while deeply attentive to our words, and even to our looks, anxious to discover whether there was any urgency in the nature of our visit; and certainly betraying as much ostentation in the seeming privations to which he exposed himself, as he might have done by the most stately magnificence. He was desirous of directing the attention of his visitors to the homeliness of his mode of living: "If I find," said he, "only bread

bread and water in another world, I shall have no cause of complaint, because I have been accustomed to such fare all my days; but those who have fared sumptuously in this life, will, I suspect, be much disappointed in the next." We spoke of the camp of his cavalry, then stationed near the town; and of the great preparations he seemed to be making against the Druses, and other rebel Arabs, with whom he was at war. "It is not," said he, "the part of a wise man to despise his enemy, whatsoever shape he may assume. If he be but a pismire, there is no reason why he should be permitted to creep upon your cheek while you are sleeping."—pp. 368, 69, 70.

The climate of Acre is healthy, and its port, though insecure, the only tolerable one in this part of Syria. Few vestiges either of Greek or chivalrous antiquities remain, and of these fewer still were sought after by our travellers, who seem on this occasion to have abandoned their wonted spirit of research, as they only noticed three Gothic arches which the English sailors call 'King Richard's Palace,' and which are, without doubt, as Maundrell and Pococke represent them, the remains of the cathedral church of St. Andrew. Dr. Clarke indeed supposes it to have been the church of St. John Baptist, erected by the knights of Jerusalem, and grounds his opinion on certain human heads with distorted features represented in its cornice, and which resemble, as he assures us, the head of St. John as barbarously delineated 'in those rude paintings used as idols in the Greek church.' To this argument we have three circumstances to oppose;—first, that the building, to whatever saint it was dedicated, was undoubtedly not a Greek but a Latin place of worship; and we never observed such representations of *St. John's* head among those of this last named religion. Secondly, That such heads, if, indeed, in the present instance they be not spouts, are no uncommon ornament in cathedrals, without any reference to decollation; and thirdly, that the patron of the knights hospitallers was not St. John the Baptist, but, as William of Tyre informs us, (lib. xviii. 5.) St. John the almsgiver, a Cypriot by birth, and patriarch of Alexandria. This mistake is the more necessary to be noticed, because Mosheim has fallen into it as well as Dr. Clarke, and it has, so far as we know, passed hitherto without correction. It is singular that the remains of this edifice should have been of late years so greatly dilapidated. According to Le Brun's engraving, the west front and the north side, as far as the transept, were in his time standing, presenting indeed a less splendid exterior than many contemporary buildings in France and England, but still a chaste and simple specimen of that style of Gothic which is generally referred to the middle of the thirteenth century. At present only three arcades remain.

During

During the stay of our travellers at Acre, an assault was made on them by the mob, which had nearly put a melancholy end to their progress; and which, when our author with much spirit had insisted on rousing the old 'Butcher from his noonday sleep,' in order to complain of the outrage, afforded them a tolerable specimen of his prompt method of executing justice. His visage, like that of Nebuchadnezzar, was changed with fury; and beckoning with one hand the officer on guard, by whose negligence the fray had occurred, and drawing his dagger with the other, it required all the entreaties of the English to prevent him from sheathing it in his breast. They at length succeeded in appeasing him, and on the third of July began their journey for Jerusalem under the escort of Signor Bertocino, Djezzar's interpreter, and eleven soldiers of his cavalry, and accompanied by so many pilgrims of the country as to form a numerous caravan. They forded the river Belus, which must therefore have a more northern source than most modern maps assign it, whose composers have in fact mistaken the passage in Pliny which assigns its origin to Carmel, which they have supposed to mean only the cape so called, while it was in fact the general name for the whole range of mountains thence to Lebanon. At a village on this range, named Sheffhamer, they passed the night, and the next day entered ancient Galilee. The land, though Djezzar's tyranny kept it uncultivated, is every where abundantly fertile; and thistles, which, as Dr. Clarke well observes, are a sure indication of natural wealth of soil, are here in more abundance and variety than he ever witnessed elsewhere. The mountainous district was indeed stony; but its valleys are described as equal to the finest parts of Kent and Surry; and the plain of Zabulon is covered with an exuberant and spontaneous vegetation. The prickly pear, with its gaudy blossoms and tremendous thorns, grows every where wild among the rocks, with a stem not inferior in girth to the mainmast of a frigate; and though the sun's rays were intense, the other plagues of hot countries do not molest the traveller in the Holy Land. At Sepphoris, now Sepphoury, they were conducted to a ruined Gothic church, which former travellers have noticed more slightly than it merits, under the name of the house of St. Anne; and rescued from the rubbish two pictures of great, though uncertain antiquity, which had *possibly* remained there since the overthrow of the house of Lusignan, and to which their Arabic inscriptions might seem to assign a still earlier origin. Yet this latter evidence is in truth delusory; the majority of the inhabitants of Galilee are now, and always have been, Christian; the pictures are in the style of painting now usual among the Greeks; and the vault where they were found may have served as

a chapel long after the desolation of the upper building. At all events the discovery is interesting, and the picture which Dr. Clarke has engraved, is apparently not without a share of other merit beside antiquity.

The dress of the Arabs, as in all countries where the climate and the general poverty set bounds to the caprices of fashion, remains the same as in the remotest ages. In the districts of the north they still 'bind the calf of the leg with the Tyrian cothurnus; and southwards with the classical and sacred sandal.' The raiment is of blue cotton, and the upper garment, of coarse camel's hair, is esteemed more valuable when 'without seam, and woven from the top throughout.' The females are not so carefully concealed as in Turkey; but partly from poverty and filth, and partly from ill-placed ornaments contrive to render their persons as disgusting as the barbarians of the South Seas. The *querfis*, or handmills, are turned by two women sitting face to face; and a fountain, at a small distance from Nazareth, may be with good reason supposed to have been often frequented by the Virgin Mary, whose name it bears.

Nazareth, which Mr. Brown mentions as a respectable town, has, under Djezzar's government, dwindled to a village. It has a monastery of Franciscan Friars, and a handsome church, though degraded by the absurd impostures of the priests, who shew a cellar or subterraneous chapel as the house of Joseph and Mary. The friars have taught many of the neighbouring Arabs to speak Italian, and with some of these our travellers had a very interesting conversation. It was, as might be expected, full of complaints against the rapacious tyranny of their governors.—'One of them said, *beggars in England are happier and better than we poor Arabs*. Why better? said one of our party. *Happier*, replied the Arab who made the observation, *in a good government; better, because they will not endure a bad one*. Nazareth is built on a hill; above the town is a precipice corresponding to that from which, as St. Luke relates, the infatuated countrymen of the Messiah sought to cast him headlong; and it commands a long and narrow valley opening to the east, though D'Anville has erroneously given it a different termination, and placed the city to the south-west of the hills which separate Galilee from the plains of Esdraelon.

From Nazareth, after a comfortless night, disturbed by every possible penance of vermin, noises, and apprehensions of the plague, which at that time was raging in the town, our travellers proceeded to Cana, among whose ruins they noticed many of those massy stone water-pots, once common in the country, holding each from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons. They were not preserved as relics, but lying about disregarded by the present inhabitants; and it is undoubtedly singular that the most prominent feature in the



the place should still correspond so remarkably to the miracle which our Saviour performed there. Between Cana and Turan basaltic phenomena are of very frequent occurrence; and from the summit of Hutin, the mountain which tradition points out as the scene of our Saviour's memorable sermon, a magnificent prospect is presented, which we shall give in the author's own words, premising only that a reference to D'Anville's map of Syria would have shewn him that *Jebel el Sieh* is the general name for the whole chain of (not Libanus, but) anti-Libanus, and is identified by Jerom with the scriptural Hermon.

‘ From this situation we perceived that the plain, over which we had been so long riding, was itself very elevated. Far beneath appeared other plains, one lower than the other, in that regular gradation concerning which observations were recently made, and extending to the surface of the sea of Tiberias, or sea of Galilee. This immense lake, almost equal, in the grandeur of its appearance, to that of Geneva, spreads its waters over all the lower territory, extending from the north-east towards the south-west, and then bearing east of us. Its eastern shores present a sublime scene of mountains, extending towards the north and south, and seeming to close it in at either extremity; both towards *Chorazin*, where the Jordan enters; and the *Aulon*, or *Camopus magnus*, through which it flows to the Dead Sea. The cultivated plains reaching to its borders, which we beheld at an amazing depth below our view, resembled, by the various hues their different produce exhibited, the motley pattern of a vast carpet. To the north appeared snowy summits, towering, beyond a series of intervening mountains, with unspeakable greatness. We considered them as the summits of Libanus; but the Arabs belonging to our caravan called the principal eminence *Jebel el Sieh*, saying it was near Damascus; probably, therefore, a part of the chain of Libanus. This summit was so lofty, that the snow entirely covered the upper part of it; not lying in patches, as I have seen it, during summer, upon the tops of very elevated mountains, (for instance, upon that of *Ben Nevis* in Scotland,) but investing all the higher part with that perfect white and smooth velvet-like appearance which snow only exhibits when it is very deep; a striking spectacle in such a climate, where the beholder, seeking protection from a burning sun, almost considers the firmament to be on fire.’—pp. 454, 455, 456.

Dr. Clarke is without authority, however, in fixing the temptation of our Saviour and the retirement of John, in the elevated plain north of this lake. *Ænon* and *Bethabara*, the places most frequented by the Baptist, are fixed, by Eusebius and Reland, not far from *Scythopolis*, at least fifty miles to the southward; and there is every reason to suppose that the wilderness, whither Jesus retired, was in the same vicinity, where he had received his baptism. But the northern parts of Galilee, and the borders of *Trachonitis* neither are, nor ever have been desert: the ancient name of *Sha-*

ron, which, in common with many other districts, they bore, may be, perhaps, retained among the Christian Arabs; and this, to the ear of a learner, might easily sound like the Arabic word *Sahara*.

Some interesting particulars are added respecting the Druses, a race concerning whose origin many absurd notions have been propagated; and whose religion, though enveloped in mystery, is believed to retain, among other singular rites, the worship of the golden calf. They are a race, both in habits and physiognomy, distinct from the Arabs, and are highly spoken of for their probity and mildness of disposition. That they are a kindred people with the ancient Etruscans, Dr. Clarke has hazarded a conjecture in a note to p. 327; and it is certainly rendered probable by the manner in which Rauwolf spells their name. Dr. Clarke will find many hints, by no means unworthy his attention, in Hyde, (*Relig. Vet. Persarum*, p. 461.) who, though he often fails in critical acumen, had an acquaintance with eastern authors and manners which entitle his opinions to the highest deference, assisted as he was by the local knowledge of Chardin. Both in religion and dialect (Dr. Clarke does not seem aware that the Druses have a peculiar dialect) Hyde identifies them with the Curds, and asserts that the epithets of Yesidean, Cûrd, and Calb (quære, χαλβες?) are given by the Turks to both. The nightly meetings and promiscuous intercourse of their Okkals, he confirms by the whimsical anecdote of a Syrian, who in disguise was present at one of them, but was detected by an indiscreet curiosity as to the age and beauty of the female (an old woman unluckily) who fell to his share in the blindfold scramble. Those singular fanatics, the assassins, were, according to him, of their number; and he finds them in Herodotus as inhabitants of Libanus, under the name of ΔΗΡΟΤΣΙΑΙΟΙ.

The hot baths near Tiberias are still frequented, and the *House of Peter*, as it is called, is possibly the most ancient place of Christian worship now standing in Palestine. The Christian inhabitants of the town are numerous, and there are Jewish families who pretend to have resided there ever since the days of Vespasian. The lake, six miles broad, and perhaps seventeen in length, is beautifully clear, and the fish, both here and in the Jordan, resemble those of the Nile. Our travellers were prevented from visiting mount Tabor by the war which then raged between its inhabitants and Djezzar, and they proceeded by Nazareth to the plain of Esdraelon, incurring by the way considerable risk of their lives through our author's impetuosity, and the stupidity or malice of one of their Arab conductors.

On the almost exhausted subject of Arabian manners, little that is new can be expected; and Dr. Clarke had no great opportunities of adding, from personal observation, any traits to the elaborate portraits

portraits of D'Arvieux and Niebuhr, though his illustrations of Scripture by the present habits of the country are here, as elsewhere, felicitous and striking. His party joined the camp of Djezzar's army, in the plain of Esdraelon; and here, for the first time, they experienced an attack of the dreadful simoom, or southern wind. Dr. Clarke's account of this memorable plain, which, though a solitude, he found like one vast meadow, covered with the richest pasture, together with his recapitulation of the different nations whose tents have been wet with the 'dews of Hermon,' is interesting and lively; but we are much surprised that he should speak of it as almost a new discovery, and as hitherto seldom noticed in books of travels. 'It does not,' he observes, 'occur in the ordinary route pursued by pilgrims in their journeys to Jerusalem. These men have generally landed at Jaffa, and have returned thither, after completing their pilgrimage.' And of this, he assures us in a note, 'the reader may find amusing evidence in an extract from a MS. poem of the Cottonian library.—The last line will not easily be paralleled.

At port Jaff begynn wee  
And so frothe from gre to gre,  
At port Jaff there is a place  
Where Peter raysted thugh Goddes grace  
From dede to lif Tabitane,  
He was a woman, that was her name.'

We cannot tell what weight he may assign to this golden legend, but we are very sure that landing at Jaffa is no proof that pilgrims were not in the habit of visiting Galilee. On the contrary, there is good proof that almost all the most intelligent pilgrims either landed at Acre or embarked from thence:—nor, if we begin with the earliest, and descend to the most recent age of eastern travel, is there any spot which Dr. Clarke has visited which had not been previously described by Brocardus the monk, Bartholomæus à Saligniac, Zuallart, Antonio de Castillo, Le Brun, Maundrell, and Pococke. We mention these because we have referred to them; how many more have trod the same course we know not; nor what voyages, besides the silly publication of Châteaubriand, (which Dr. Clarke has the goodness to praise,) have omitted all mention of Samaria and Galilee. By Ginea, now Jinnin, the frontier town between Galilee and Samaria, and the town and Norman fortress of Santoni, which our author, with great probability, identifies with the ancient Sebaste, he proceeded to Sichem, now Naplouse, whose beautiful valley, with the tomb of Joseph, still held in reverence, and Jacob's well, ascertained by the circumstances of its situation, together with the various and awful associations which these objects recal, are painted with a force of

eloquence and feeling which do the highest honour to the writer's heart and genius. This is tempting ground; but our extracts have been already unreasonable, and our limits forbid us to linger even in these hallowed precincts.

The tyranny of Djeddar ended at Jinnin, and the milder government of the Pacha of Damascus was apparent in the diligent cultivation of the Samaritan vallies, and of the rugged mountains of Judea which they were now beginning to ascend. Dr. Clarke indeed has rendered a worthy service to the cause of truth, in repelling effectually, and we trust finally, the idle charge of sterility, which the ignorance of infidelity has so long advanced against the Holy Land, in contradiction to all ancient authorities, and to the united testimony of the best modern travellers.

‘A sight of this territory can alone convey any adequate idea of its surprising produce: it is truly the Eden of the east, rejoicing in the abundance of its wealth. The effect of this upon the people was strikingly portrayed in every countenance: instead of the depressed and gloomy looks of Djeddar Pacha's desolated plains, health, hilarity, and peace, were visible in the features of the inhabitants. Under a wise and a beneficent government, the produce of the Holy Land would exceed all calculation. Its perennial harvest; the salubrity of its air; its limpid springs; its rivers, lakes, and matchless plains; its hills and vales;—all these, added to the serenity of its climate, prove this land to be indeed “a field which the Lord hath blessed: God hath given it of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine.”—p. 520.

The approach to ‘the Holy City’ is described with equal eloquence: its present size and even stateliness surprized them, and the Turkish seraskier, and the corpulent friars of the Latin convent received their English visitors with due respect and unbounded hospitality. The day after their arrival, having first dispatched the swarms of Jews and Armenians who besiege all new-comers with their merchandize of beads, crosses, shells, and amulets, (the latter of fetid limestone from the banks of the Dead Sea,) the party set out on their excursion to the holy places.

This is a very interesting part of the volume, and as Dr. Clarke has assumed the privilege of a Protestant and a Christian philosopher, to differ from the generally received opinion as to the most venerable of these places, we will endeavour to put our readers in possession of the question as it has hitherto stood; and while we do justice to the acuteness and good sense of Dr. Clarke's remarks, to state some circumstances which may seem to hold the question even yet in a state of uncertainty.

The interested mummery and gross ignorance of the guardians of such antiquities as Jerusalem might be supposed to furnish, have

have apparently omitted no circumstance of absurdity which might shake the credit of their own tradition, and, if that tradition had any foundation in truth, brand even truth itself with the external symptoms of falsehood. But as no reliques can be so interesting as these, it is at least worth an effort to separate whatever parts of the detail are least likely to have been falsified, from such as bear the evident stamp of priestcraft and superstition. The first and most remarkable, and one which it is of all others the most necessary to get rid of, is the pretended rock of Calvary. We know not on what authority the scene of our Saviour's execution has been described as 'a small hill without the city, resembling a human skull.' No such feature occurs in the accounts of the resurrection; nor in the details of the siege by Josephus is any mention made of a point whose military importance would be so obvious to both sides, and of course contested by both. Nor does St. Jerome, who, of all Christian writers, is most diffuse in his descriptions, afford any ground for such a supposition; he speaks of it in his commentary on St. Luke, as a part of the hill on which Jerusalem stood; and in his epistle to Paulinus, as a rock or cliff indeed, but apparently not an insulated one. It was probably the brow of that hill on which the city walls were built, and not itself an elevated mound. The fact, therefore, which both D'Anville and Dr. Clarke assume as certain, that Calvary was a hill, appears itself as apocryphal as that Adam was buried there; but there is also another circumstance which has been rashly taken as granted, namely, that the tomb of our Saviour was in the same place as his cross. That this, so far from being founded on Scripture, is in itself highly improbable, is apparent for the following reasons.

The cavern in which Jesus was laid, was certainly not constructed for the purpose of receiving his remains: it was the private cemetery of Joseph of Arimathæa, who intended it for himself; and it was, moreover, situated in a garden, no doubt, belonging to the same proprietor. Now, that in the very place where the enemies of Jesus crucified him, one of his disciples should have previously, and without expecting it, constructed a tomb for his remains, was a coincidence too singular and too apparently providential to have escaped the notice of the Evangelists: and it was also most improbable that the Roman soldiers should have selected, as the place of three executions, and the exposure of three bodies on the cross, the garden of any individual, more especially when that individual was a magistrate of considerable rank. The place whither our Saviour and the two malefactors were taken, was probably the place made use of on such occasions, and the name of Golgotha, which Dr. Clarke insists on to prove its situation

tuation among sepulchres, will tally better with the carnage and skeletons of the place of execution, than with the usual circumstances of a quiet and orderly burial-ground. When, therefore, the monks of Jerusalem pretend to shew, within the same narrow building, both Calvary and the sepulchre, we have reason to suspect, that one at least is apocryphal; and a little consideration will evince that Calvary was, of the two, the spot least likely to be identified in the days of Helena.

A place polluted by frequent executions was not one which the Jewish converts would frequent with pleasure; and it is probable that they would regard with horror, rather than reverence, the scene which recalled their Master's sufferings, where the guilt of their nation was consummated, and the ruin of their city sealed. The cross, which was a scandal to their countrymen, could not be otherwise than painful to themselves, and they would feel no anxiety to preserve the memory of a place with which they themselves were but too familiar. The place itself, distinguished by no monument, would only be recollected so long as it was the usual scene of executions, and could hardly be distinguished after the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, and those cruelties which pallisaded the ditch with crosses, and converted the whole circuit of the town into one vast Golgotha. But the case is widely different with the sepulchre of Christ, to preserve and honour which the prejudices of Jews and Greeks united; both of whom, from former habits, would be led to decorate the tomb of a prophet, and scatter flowers in honour of a departed friend, and whose preachers would appeal, with irresistible authority, to that empty vault which was the proof of their Lord's resurrection. The Christians did not honour, that we know of, the scene where their martyrs died; but we know at how early a period they began to venerate the places of their interment, and those who were enticed into idolatry beside the urns of Babylas or Thecla, would surely not behold with indifference a tomb so renowned as that of the Messiah. Nor was it only its superior sanctity which would preserve its memory. As the private property of an opulent Christian family, it would be secured from pollution or injury; and the tomb itself was no 'hereabouts,' which tradition was to settle, but an object too visible, and too definite either to be overlooked or mistaken. While a single Christian survived in the town, it could never cease to be known and venerated; and it certainly will require a considerable weight of argument to induce us to believe, that while the tombs of Ajax, of Achilles, of Æneas, of Theron, are ascertained by satisfactory tradition, a sepulchre of a date so much more recent, and of so much more forcible interest should have been allowed to sink into obscurity, or have been supplanted by a spurious and imperfect copy.—

But



But as Dr. Clarke has shewn that the present appearance of the sepulchre is at variance with the accounts in the Gospel, and the general character of Jewish tombs, it remains for us to examine whether the alterations of time, together with those ascribed to the bad taste and unfortunate zeal of Helena, can have been sufficient to produce this difference. His reasons for incredulity are as follow:—The tomb of Christ was in a garden without the walls of Jerusalem; the structure which at present bears its name is in the heart of, at least, the modern city, and Dr. Clarke is unwilling to believe that the ancient limits can have been so much circumscribed to the north as to exclude its site. Further, the original sepulchre was undoubtedly a cave, the present offers no such appearance, being an insulated pile, constructed or cased with distinct slabs of marble. That both these arguments, however, are inconclusive will appear, we think, to Dr. Clarke himself. From a testimony which will shortly be produced, it is certain that, whether probable or not, the ancient limits of the city did exclude the present sepulchre; and that this last, defaced and altered as it is, may be really 'the place where the Lord lay,' is likely from the following circumstances. Forty yards, or thereabouts, from the upper end of the sepulchre the natural rock is visible; and in the place which the priests call Calvary, it is at least as high as the top of the sepulchre itself. The rock then *may* have extended as far as the present entrance; and though the entrance itself is hewn into form, and cased with marble, the adytum yet offers proof that it is not factitious. It is a trapezium of seven feet by six, neither at right angles to its own entrance, nor to the aisle of the church which conducts to it, and in no respect conformable to the external plan of the tomb. This last is arranged in a workmanlike manner, with its frontal immediately opposite the principal nave, and in the same style with the rest of the church. It is shaped something like a horse-shoe, and its walls, measured from this outer horse-shoe to the inner trapezium, vary from five to eight feet in thickness, a sufficient space to admit of no inconsiderable density of rock, between the outer and inner coating of marble. This, however, does not apply to the antichamber of which the frontal, at least, is probably factitious: and where that indenture in the marble is found which induced Dr. Clarke to believe that the whole thickness of the wall was composed of the same costly substance. Now these circumstances afford, we apprehend, no inconsiderable grounds for supposing with Pococke, that it is indeed a grotto above ground: the irregularity of the shape, the difference between the external and internal plan; the thickness of the walls, so needless, if they are throughout of masonry, all favour this opinion; nor is the task ascribed to Helena's workmen of insulating this rock, from  
that

that which is still preserved a few yards distant, at all incredible, when we consider that the labour, while it pleased the taste of their employer, furnished at the same time materials for her intended cathedral.

There are yet two testimonies which favour our opinion, of which the one has been pointed out to us by a gentleman to whom we ourselves, and literature in general, have many other obligations; it is the testimony of one who was eye-witness to Helena's exploits, and who incidentally proves two facts: first, that the sepulchre, as we now see it, was situated without the limits of the ancient wall; secondly, that, before she had ornamented it, it was a simple cave in the rock.

St. Cyril, the patriarch of Jerusalem, and successor to Macarius, applying certain texts of Solomon's Song to the circumstances of our Saviour's resurrection:—among many strange wrestings of Scripture, somewhat in the style of the inimitable friar Gerund, has the following observations:

'Whence hath the Saviour arisen?—He teacheth us in the Song of Songs,—*Arise my beloved!* and again,—*In the hollow of the rock!* That hollow of the rock he meaneth which was before the door of the Saviour's sepulchre, hewn out of the very rock itself, as usual in monuments of this country. But now the rock appeareth not, because the vestibule of the sepulchre is obscured by its present ornaments.—For before these royal ornaments were placed there, the hollow of the sepulchre was in the face of the rock; (τὴν μνημάτων σκιάην ἢ ὑποπόδιον τῆς σαρφάδος).—But where are we to seek the rock which contained this cavern?—Does it lie in the midst of the city, or by the walls and among the cemeteries?—And are we to seek it within the ancient walls, or within these outworks which have been since constructed?—He saith, therefore, in the Canticles,—"*Abiding in the hollow of the rock of the outer wall!*"

The prelate then goes on to illustrate from the Canticles the garden where Christ was interred, and the time of the year when he rose; but sufficient has been already alleged to prove, that in the days of Cyril the original rock was still remembered; and that the church of the sepulchre was without the limits of the ancient wall.

The other testimony is one to which Dr. Clarke himself appeals with confidence—we mean, the evidence of fire. The church has been burnt down since his visit, and we happen to know that 'the rock-built sepulchre of the Messiah, being of all others the least liable to injury, has remained in spite of the devouring element.'

\* Cyril. Catechesis xiv. p. 144. Ed. Par. 1640.—Baronius. Ann. Eccles. i. 231. quotes this passage, but inaccurately, and so as to make Cyril hesitate as to the site of the sepulchre, which he certainly does not.

Dr. Clarke's remaining observations on Jerusalem are highly interesting and judicious. The more, indeed, we are compelled by the authority of Cyril to contract the limits of the ancient city on the side of the sepulchre, the greater reason is there for apprehending that it must have extended in the contrary direction. And we cannot but conceive, that the enormous sepulchres described by Dr. Clarke, together with those other indubitable marks of wealth and antiquity which fill the environs of this most interesting town, are circumstances of much greater importance as confirmations of Scripture, and evidences of the former power of the Jewish nation, than the identity of that sepulchre which, even if genuine, can only be considered by a Protestant as an object of devout curiosity. No inference, either historical or religious, can be deduced from the knowledge which particular rock was honoured by the Saviour's temporary interment; but it is of the greatest consequence to shew by the same evidence, which is admitted as decisive in other instances, that neither the sacred historians nor Josephus can be justly accused of exaggerating their country's splendour; and that the poverty and obscurity imputed to the Hebrew state, which the followers of Voltaire have taken for granted, have in truth no better foundation than the other wilful inaccuracies in which, to serve some temporary or unworthy purpose, that wayward genius so often indulged.

In thus extending the bounds of Sion and Moriah, Dr. Clarke, it will be seen, has ventured to differ from the great authority of D'Anville, who has undoubtedly too closely fettered himself by the opinions of modern monks and pilgrims. But Dr. Clarke himself does not appear to have recollected that the two more remarkable summits of Sion and Moriah made up, in fact, no more than one half of Jerusalem as it existed in the days of Herod; and that extensive remains may be expected in the yet untrodden district to the west of that hill, which he, with apparent reason, considers as the city of David. The wild and woody sides of the Mount of Olives are still shadowed by the trees to which it owes its name, and the principal summit retains many interesting remains of an unknown antiquity, which from their singular form, and corresponding situation, Dr. Clarke is almost inclined to refer to those superstitions in which the uxorious toleration of Solomon indulged his heathen seraglio. The splendid sepulchres of the royal house of Commagene, and those still more ancient, to which blindfold tradition has given the names of Absalom and Zacharias, are described with the spirit which our author always displays in the discussion of monumental antiquities; and which has sometimes induced us to wish, that when his present work is concluded, he would give the

the world in one view the history of sepulchral architecture, and the progress of art and superstition from the stèle to the soros, and from the soros to the temple. That the rudiments of idolatry may be found in the honours paid to departed heroes, and that the classical *Naos* is only an expanded cenotaph, is a truth, which, though susceptible of the most satisfactory proof, has been hitherto very imperfectly investigated; nor has even Spencer himself observed what light may thus be thrown on many of the Mosaic institutions, or the care with which the light and lofty palace of the living God, at Jerusalem, was distinguished by its proportions, ornaments and furniture, from the dark and ponderous tombs of the Egyptian divinities.

From Jerusalem Dr. Clarke proceeded to Bethlehem and Jaffa, a journey often performed, and on which the present tour affords but little additional information. As if wearied with the scepticism which he displayed as to the antiquities of Jerusalem at Bethlehem, he swallows entire, and with much composure, the utterly preposterous fable of the cave of the nativity, and flatters himself that he has discovered the identical well, of whose water a draught was procured for David by the swords and blood of some of his bravest followers. Of this event, it is needless to say, he presents a very pleasing and animated picture; but he gives also a very whimsical specimen of his own peculiar mode of reasoning, when he adduces a text describing the infirmity of David on his deathbed, as a proof that he was 'old and stricken in years,' at the siege of Bethlehem, when he could not be much more than forty years of age. If, Dr. Clarke (which may heaven grant!) should live to be an aged man, he would surely be a preposterous biographer who should confound the venerable infirmities of the hoary Professor of mineralogy, with the youthful vigour of the Russian traveller; or who should represent him as scaling Casdaghy with the grey hair which some thirty years afterwards adorned him.

But even this strange inaccuracy is tenfold surpassed by the marvellous voyage which, in p. 642, he has assigned to the prophet Jonah, whom he makes to have embarked at Joppa for Nineveh! Now as Nineveh, according to most geographers, is at least seven hundred miles from any sea; and as to pass from the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Euphrates would require the circumnavigation of all Africa and Arabia, we were, we confess, not a little surprised that a learned traveller should have conceived such a voyage probable, till we recollected the strange imperfection attributed by the Doctor to all our modern maps, and the inestimable advantage enjoyed by those who, 'when they write geographically,' have recourse, like the ancients, to 'the result of their own practical

tical observations.' With *Æschylus* for his pilot, Dr. Clarke himself may possibly have made the voyage; but before we give up *Ptolemy* and *D'Anville*, it may be worth our while to notice that *Jonah* himself contemplated such a course as little as any modern hydrographer, and that *Tarshish*, or *Tartessus*, not *Nineveh*, was the port for which he embarked.

This is not the only circumstance in which Dr. Clarke's observations on *Joppa* and its history will be found to differ from the general opinion of the world. With a liberality which merits all possible praise, and a confidence which only needs a better foundation than the inquiries of a single evening, (for such was the duration of his residence in *Jaffa*,) he decides on the falsehood of the accusation brought against *Buonaparte*, of having massacred in cold blood the greater part of the garrison of this town. This is a question, indeed, which like every other question of the sort, has been swelled by the voice of party on either side beyond its natural importance, since, in the sea of blood with which the world has been lately deluged, the slaughter of a few Turks, more or less, can hardly be supposed to swell the tide; nor is the engrained character of the Duke of *Enghein's* murderer susceptible of any deeper dye from a massacre for which he had the colourable pretext that the victims had broken their parole. Of the fact itself, however, we have not the smallest doubt: it is perfectly consistent with *Buonaparte's* general character; it accords in particular with the policy which, to strike a terror in *Egypt*, a few months before refused quarter to the garrison of *Alexandria*; and it is positively confirmed by the testimony of all inquirers except Dr. Clarke and his companions. What is, indeed, after all, the amount of their ground for disbelief? They remained a few hours in *Jaffa*, and heard nothing of the matter! and this negative testimony, which, if it proves any thing, proves that Dr. Clarke and Captain *Culverhouse* were incompetent to form any judgment at all on the subject, is opposed to the authority of those British officers who were off the coast of *Syria* at the very period of the French invasion; and of those others, among whom may be mentioned General *Koehler*, (not *Kleber*, as Dr. Clarke calls him) *Sir Charles Halloway*, *Sir R. Fletcher*, *Major Leake*, and *Captain Lacy*, who many of them remained above six months at *Jaffa*; of *Mr. Morier* and *Dr. Wittman*, who, from their situation in the *Grand Vizier's* army, and the knowledge of the Turkish language possessed by the former, were peculiarly qualified to arrive at a certainty of the truth; and of *Sir Robert Wilson*, who assures us that the French officers employed in the expedition did not think proper to deny the charge—a fact, which we can corroborate from our own knowledge.

That

That Signor Damiani may have omitted to add to his tale of sufferings a single circumstance, which, however revolting to European manners, would not appear so striking to one who had for many years resided in the Levant, does not appear to us a point of the weight which Dr. Clarke ascribes to it; we know, however, on the best authority, that the good old consul has never expressed any doubt of the massacre to subsequent travellers; and that the horrible circumstances mentioned by Mr. Morier were, at a period somewhat anterior to Dr. Clarke's visit, in the mouths of all Jaffa, and the subject of constant conversation both among Turkish and European officers. After all, the horrors of Buonaparte's Syrian campaign are hardly worth the mention, when compared with those to which Judæa, in former ages, or Spain has been in latter times exposed; and the butcheries of Titus and Vespasian must seek a parallel, not at Jaffa, but at Zaragoza, Valencia, or Gerona. From Jaffa Dr. Clarke embarks in a boat laden with fruit, a commodity for which its environs are celebrated; and, passing by the ruins of Cæsarea, rejoins the Romulus at Acre.

We have now gone through two of these massive quartos, and have not, to the best of our knowledge, omitted any circumstances in either which have required our strictures or the author's correction. Dr. Clarke himself, indeed, will probably be not unwilling to confess that none of his faults at least have escaped our notice; but he will be much mistaken if he apprehends that the incisions which we have made have proceeded from any but a friendly motive, and from a national anxiety to render, as perfect as possible, a work in which, from its bulk, and from the share of public attention which it has attracted, the national reputation is in no trifling degree concerned. Of the former volume some of the faults are avoided in this which we have now reviewed; and a little less confidence in first impressions, and a little more attention to the rules of logic may produce a third, we trust, more perfect than either, and which may maintain the pre-eminence hitherto held by English travellers over those of every other nation. To the learning and industry of Shaw or Pococke, his claims, indeed, can hardly be supported; but in proportion as his authority is less severe, his descriptions are more graphical, and he differs from the tourists of an earlier day as the mirror differs from the lake; the last has greater depth, but surrounding objects are reflected with more liveliness from the surface of the former.



ART. XI. *Poems*, by S. Rogers. Small 8vo. pp. 276. London, Cadell. 1813.

THE first poem in this collection does not fall within the province of our criticism. It has been published many years, and has acquired that sort of popularity which is, perhaps, more decisive than any other *single* test of merit. It has been generally admired, and, what is not always a certain consequence of being admired, it has been generally read. The circulation of it has not been confined to the highly educated and critical part of the public, but it has received the applause which to works of the imagination is quite as flattering—of that far more numerous class, who, without attempting to judge by accurate and philosophical rules, read poetry only for the pleasure it affords them, and praise because they are delighted. It is to be found in all libraries, and in most parlour windows.

Not that the 'Pleasures of Memory' entitles its author to a place in the higher class of English poets. But it was published at a moment of great poetical dearth, when the old school (if we may so express ourselves) was drawn almost to its lees, and before the new one had appeared:—the subject was very fortunate, and it was not too long—it abounded in pleasing, though detached pictures—and it every where afforded evidence of a highly cultivated and elegant mind.

We have always been desirous to see something more from the hand of an author whose first appearance was so auspicious. But year after year rolled on, and we began to fear that indolence, the occupations of a busy life, or the dread of detracting from a reputation already so high, would for ever prevent our wishes from being gratified. We were therefore both pleased and surprised, when, upon accidentally taking up the last edition of Mr. Rogers's poems, we found that it was enriched, not only with several very elegant wooden cuts, but with an entirely new performance in eleven cantos, called 'Fragments of a Poem on the Voyage of Columbus.'

The first remark that presents itself to our minds upon reading the title of this work is, that Mr. Rogers has been far less happy than before in his choice of a subject. True it is, that in the whole history of the world we find no greater event than the discovery of America—no more illustrious name than that of the discoverer. Still, however, we have strong doubts whether either the man or the event is well calculated to become the subject of poetical composition. Columbus is a purely historical person. His virtues and actions, though they place him incontestably in the highest class of great men, are not of that sort that ever have been, or ever can

can be 'married to immortal verse.' He was a grave, austere, thinking, scientific personage. He had courage—true manly courage—but it was not of that shewy brilliant kind which seeks out and shines in combats and martial achievements. Inferior to the Achilles, and Orlandos and Marmions, as a theme for epic and romantic song, as much as he is superior to these splendid and mischievous personages in the eye of reason and philosophy, the most brilliant imagination would seek in vain to supply a single trait that should render more striking the simplest tale that can be told of his sufferings and his glories. His severe, awful, and melancholy form, unveiled by the hand of truth, will command the gratitude and veneration of all ages: you only weaken its effect by attempting to hang over it the drapery of fiction.

As the discoverer of America is not a poetical person, so neither is the discovery itself a circumstance capable of much poetical illustration. *It is not the mere greatness of an event* that renders it fit for verse. The charm of poetry consists in its pictures of external nature, and still more, in its description of the diversities of human character, and the workings of human passions. It is the misfortune of Mr. Rogers's subject that it excludes both. Poetry refuses itself to the melancholy task of detailing the disappointments and humiliations of Columbus wandering from court to court, and beseeching in vain the avaricious or short-sighted sovereigns of Europe to become participators in that glory which he justly and confidently anticipated. Mr. Rogers's good taste has taught him, that though such a topic may be *alluded to* with grace and pathos, it cannot be *dwelt upon* without disgust. The voyage too itself is barren of circumstances. Nothing happens in the course of it that either accelerates or retards the catastrophe. It exhibits to our view, one man, and one event—a man who must be portrayed in the soberest colours of reality—one event which sinks all the rest into absolute insignificance. The subject is still more unfavourable to description, than it is to narration. It would be idle and tedious to make the voyage of Columbus a vehicle of describing objects common to every voyage whatever; and it affords very little that is peculiar to itself. The new-found world indeed is full of grand, delightful, and curious objects; but you cannot describe them, because the interest of the poem must cease with the discovery.

These are some of the difficulties which we conceive belong to the subject. We must now consider how far Mr. Rogers has been able to overcome them.

The story is strictly confined to the voyage. It begins with the sailing of Columbus, and ends a few hours after he lands. It is supposed to be related, not by the poet, but by one of the companions

nions of Columbus himself, retired to a monastery, where, not long before his death, he composed this account of the great adventure in which he had been engaged.

The idea appears to us happy—but we do not observe that much use is made of it. Except for one or two passages, the lay might with equal propriety have been left in the mouth of the minstrel. Those passages, however, are executed with considerable taste and feeling, and it was, perhaps, worth while, even for their sake, to adopt a contrivance which, where it does no good, at least does no harm.

Sensible that barrenness is the defect of his subject, Mr. Rogers has called in the aid of invention to supply it with a little more of variety and incident than naturally belong to it. We have, in the third Canto, 'an assembly of the Zemi, or evil spirits,' convoked by their chief 'Merion,' who acquaints them that the period prescribed by Omnipotence to their rule over this part of the globe is drawing fast to a close, and that they must prepare

'Thrones to resign for lakes of living fire,  
And triumph for despair.'

He determines, however, to make a last effort to counteract the decrees of fate, and, in the fifth Canto, wings his flight in the shape of a condor across the ocean.

In the sixth, he exchanges the form of a condor for that of a vampire, who,

'—couched on Roldan's ample breast,  
Each secret pore of breathing life possessed.'

Under this malignant influence, Roldan forgets his duty to his heroic chief, and stirs up a mutiny. This, however, is appeased by a pathetic discourse from Columbus, in which (as is historically true) he begs three days more, and the voyage proceeds. Our readers will have already observed that this machinery is quite superfluous—a mere vehicle for fine writing—a contrivance to prevent the poem from ending too soon. The evil spirits do nothing in proportion to the dignity, activity, and malignant ingenuity of such personages. Merion holds a meeting—makes a speech—takes a long-aërial journey, and changes his masquerade dress twice, all for a most inadequate effect, that of giving Columbus half an hour's uneasiness. Not only is he unable to prevent the discovery of America, but even to retard it a single moment. Mr. Rogers seems to have forgot that supernatural agency, though sometimes, is not always and necessarily, the most poetical way of accomplishing an event. In this instance, we are inclined to doubt whether the *knot* was worthy of the *divinity*. The mutiny, undoubtedly, was too important to be omitted, especially in such a paucity of incidents; but we think that it would have made a better figure if it

had been attributed to mere human causes, suspicion and superstitious fears operating upon ferocious and untractable minds, described as Mr. Rogers is well able to describe them.

In fact, as we have already taken occasion to remark, the strong, distinctive character of the great event which he has chosen to celebrate, is *truth* and *reality*. In these consist its interest and its greatness, and we hardly know an instance in which they so absolutely refuse to ally themselves with fable. So that when, in another place, (Canto 6, verse 5,) Mr. Rogers represents his hero as acting by inspiration, he is guilty of a great mistake as to the nature of his subject, and the means it gives him for producing effect. Inspiration finds no more place in the poetry than it has in the *history* of the discovery. When Virgil guides Æneas by the voice of oracles, and the display of prodigies, through the storms and dangers raised against him by the wrath of hostile deities, he adds to the dignity of his subject; which, when stripped of its marvellous accompaniments, is nothing but the story of an adventurer of royal descent, who, driven from his native country, wanders from shore to shore with his band of companions, till at last he lands in Italy, (a known and not very distant part of the world,) where he makes unjust war upon one of the native chieftains, defeats him in battle, and robs him of his kingdom and of the princess to whom he was betrothed. The interference and sanction of heaven were necessary, both to give dignity to these transactions and to excuse their iniquity.

The voyage to America is a subject of a completely different kind. Columbus ranks with the first of men, but it is not because he was aided *directly* from above. Providence interfered in this instance, as it usually interferes, through *secondary* causes. To make him inspired, is to make him great; but with a kind of greatness altogether different from that which really belonged to him. The discovery strikes us most, as being the mightiest and most astonishing of all events *purely human*—accomplished by *human* courage, *human* perseverance, and *human* sagacity, and uniting in itself by a coincidence for ever singular, the character of an heroic achievement with that of a grand, deliberate, successful experiment in natural science. Columbus dreamed no dreams, and saw no visions; but he became persuaded by reasons drawn from the true theory of the earth, that there must be other regions accessible, but still unknown, to the inhabitants of this; and the design which he had formed with the genius of a philosopher, he executed with the magnanimity of a hero. But to talk of inspiration, is just as idle as it would be, in a philosophical poem, to say that Sir Isaac Newton dreamt the earth was flat at the poles, or that the mathematicians who were sent to ascertain the truth of his theory, were guided by omens and prodigies to the object of their search.

In

In the 8th Canto the new world is discovered, and with the discovery the great interest of the subject ends. The poem however is continued through several more cantos. In the 9th, we have the description of 'Cora,' an Indian girl, who was perhaps intended to become the heroine of some adventure in the 11th, which is wanting. In the 10th, an American banquet, which is a little disturbed by the appearance of the ghost of Czariva, an old cacique, 'employed during his life time,' 'and after his death, to alarm his people.' In the 12th, Columbus sees a vision, in which are foretold to him his own misfortunes, the cruelties of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, the prosperity and glory of the republic founded by General Washington, and the ultimate conversion of the whole continent to Christianity.

From this sketch of the story our readers will perhaps incline to think, with us, that the inherent defects of the subject have not been entirely removed by the skill of the poet, and that 'the Fragment on the Voyage of Columbus' is deficient (as might reasonably be expected) in that variety of incident, and that display of human characters and feelings, which form the great charm of narrative poetry. If we are reminded that it is only a fragment, we answer, first, that by leaving his work in that imperfect form, the author has only acknowledged, but has not at all surmounted the difficulties arising out of the topic he had chosen; in the next place, we are utterly at a loss to conceive, and we believe he would be equally at a loss to explain, how the 'lacunæ' could be filled up so as to render the narrative more interesting. In fact the story, such as it is, is complete in spite of them. Cora indeed might have made the subject of an episode. But a love-tale about this young Indian lady, however pretty and interesting in itself, would form no very suitable appendage to an account, in verse or prose, of the discovery of America: and it was, perhaps, a recollection of this incongruity which prevented the 11th Canto from seeing the light—perhaps, from existing at all. We now proceed to a more important point, the execution of it.

It exhibits what we were not at all prepared to expect—evident marks of haste. After a long and profound silence, Mr. Rogers seems to have been seized with a sudden and eager desire to appear again before the public. It is to this cause we ascribe some inaccuracies of which no example is to be found in his earlier performances. What, for instance, but extreme haste and carelessness could have occasioned the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* to mistake for a verse such a line as,

'There silent sat many an unbidden guest:—Canto X.'

or, in the very first line but one of the poem, to use 'possessed' in

the sense of 'got possession,' or 'made himself master of'? We could mention other instances of the same kind, if it were not a disagreeable task both to ourselves and our readers, to present them with a longer catalogue of minute defects.

But these are comparatively trifling faults. The author has, we can hardly doubt, already perceived them himself: and they are such as he may acknowledge without pain, and correct without difficulty. We only blame him for that impatience to publish which, except in works of a mere temporary interest, is not easily to be excused.

But we have also to notice an error more closely interwoven with the whole texture of the work, more deliberate and more systematic, and more likely, we fear, to cast a shade upon the poetical reputation of the author. In the 'Voyage of Columbus,' Mr. Rogers has aimed at a style very different from that of his earlier compositions, and in which, with every disposition to acknowledge his merits, we cannot but confess that he has been unsuccessful. It was as the faithful, diligent-disciple of Pope and Goldsmith, that Mr. Rogers became deservedly a favourite of the public, and it is to the imitation of these splendid and captivating, but safe and correct models of excellence, that he seems most fitted by the bent of his genius, and the direction of his studies. Endowed with an ear naturally correct and attuned by practice to the measure of his favourite masters, nice to the very verge of fastidiousness, accurate almost to minuteness, habitually attentive to the finer turns of expression, and the more delicate shades of thought, Mr. Rogers was always harmonious, always graceful, and often pathetic. But his beauties are all beauties of execution and detail, arising from the charm of skilful versification, the '*curiosa felicitas*' of expression culled with infinite care and selection, and applied with no vulgar judgment, and with the refined tenderness of a polished and feeling mind. But to the flow, the unity, the boldness, the grandeur that belong to the higher style of poetical composition, he is altogether a stranger—removed at like distance from its commanding excellencies, and its minute defects, and receding farthest from his favourite masters on that side where they approach nearest to those mighty geniuses who alone are entitled to be called their superiors. In passing this opinion upon the earlier writings of Mr. Rogers, we do him no intentional injustice, and we are sure it is perfectly consistent with feelings of considerable respect for his poetical character.

True it is, that the style he first adopted, and that in which we think he is most fitted to excel, is not that in which success even more complete than his own indicates the highest powers of understanding. But it requires diligence and taste, and judgment  
and



and feeling, such as fall to the lot of but few even in a polished age, and of which we wish we could feel quite certain that the literature of this country would always afford a living example. In short, we had looked to Mr. Rogers as one of those who were to continue and support that correct and elaborate school of poetry which, from the days of Pope to the beginning of this century, engrossed so much the largest share of the public approbation, and which, we own, we regard with peculiar favour, not only on account of its own intrinsic beauties, but because the cultivation of it appears to afford the best security against that entire depravation of the national taste in poetry, which would probably be the consequence of an universal attempt to reach the higher and more perilous kinds of excellence. Unluckily Mr. Rogers has taken a different view of this subject. Stimulated by the astonishing success of some late writers, he has tried to equal their fame, not by perfecting himself in that style of composition which belongs to him, but by partially adopting that of his rivals—or rather by interweaving it with his own, and bringing together things that are in their nature incompatible. Desirous, as was natural and fair, to reach the eminence upon which they stand, he has erroneously supposed that it was necessary to pursue the same path, and climb the hill upon the same side. *Columbus* indeed is written in the same measure as the *Pleasures of Memory*; but it is evident that the author has had in view several writers, some of whom, when he was employed upon that elegant and popular poem, were not known to the public, and others who had not then entered into his thoughts as objects of imitation. Harmony, elegance, correctness, pathos, are all within his reach, and a sufficient foundation for a considerable poetical fame—but he has resolved to content himself with nothing short of varied cadence, striking traits, awful magnificence, and the lofty flights of a creative fancy. Tired of pleasing, he is ambitious to astonish and transport his readers. The consequences of failure are harshness and abruptness, instead of variety in the versification—obscurity for grandeur, and in some instances, mere baldness, where he intended to exhibit the native force of simple and unadorned expression.

We have mentioned these faults with the less scruple, because it appears to us that they are owing not to any want of skill or talent in the author, but to the misdirection of those powers which we have formerly seen, and hope again to see, more happily employed. And after all it is probable, that this work, which the author has suffered to glide into public without any of the usual forms of introduction, is designed by him merely as an experiment, (on which he was not willing to throw away too much

time and labour,) in order to ascertain what his success was likely to be in a new style of composition.

There is an affectation of historical precision in the notes, which consist chiefly of little quotations from old English, Latin, and Spanish authors. We own that in a poem we set but little value on this species of accuracy. Unluckily too, Mr. Rogers has himself been guilty of a notable deviation from it. In the list of presents which Columbus makes the cacique who received him upon his landing, we find a *telescope*, and there are afterwards some beautiful lines in which Cora is described watching her lover through it, who is in his boat out at sea. Now most of our readers, though they have not read the cotemporary chronicles, know that the telescope was not invented in the days of Columbus. We should not have noticed this minute error, if the author had not fallen into it in the midst of his pursuit of that minute excellence which is directly opposed to it.

Still, however, and with all its defects both of subject and of execution, the poem is by no means undeserving attention. Mr. Rogers has not been able to depart from his former manner, that which use had made natural to him—so much as he perhaps intended. He is often himself, in spite of himself. Habit, good taste, and an exquisite ear, are constantly bringing him back to the right path, even when he had set out with a resolution to wander from it. Hence, though the poem will not bear to be looked at as a whole, and though there runs through it an affectation of beauties which it is not in the author's power to produce, yet it contains passages of such merit as would amply repay the trouble of reading a much larger and more faulty work. It will be the more pleasing part of our task to select a few of them, with an assurance to our readers that they are not the only ones, and with a strong recommendation to read the whole—a recommendation with which they will very easily comply, as the poem does not exceed seven or eight hundred lines.

In the first Canto, there is a very pretty couplet about the compass—

‘That oracle to man in mercy given,  
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven.’

Soon after comes a description of the monsoon, which is very striking, though we do not see what practical advantage is gained by ascribing it to the agency of an angel—or what necessity there is to quote ‘Revelations, cap. 19. ver. 17.’ as an authority for the expression ‘mighty wind.’

‘He spoke, and at his call, a mighty wind,  
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,

But

But deep majestic in its destined course,  
 Rushed with unerring, unabating force,  
 From the bright East. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd,  
 Stars rose and set, and new horizons glow'd;  
 Yet still it blew; as with *primeval* sway,  
 Still did its ample spirit, night and day,  
 Move on the waters!—

*Primeval* is a word that has become a great favourite among our modern poets, and we often find it used on occasions where we very little expected to meet with it, and when we feel considerable difficulty in ascertaining the sense it was intended to convey. When Mr. Rogers says the wind blew with '*primeval* sway,' we presume (for we are not quite sure) he means that it blew just as it did when the world was created. But he must pardon us for saying that this is an obscure, affected way of expressing the thought, and makes a blemish in what is otherwise a very brilliant passage.

Of the second Canto, Mr. Rogers, speaking in his own person of the Hermit's narration, says, 'This canto appears to have suffered more than the rest. We wander as it were—*ubi rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.*' This is very true, in one sense, for it is broken and obscure; but it is only trifling with the reader to offer him such a confession by way of apology. The only reason for putting the story into the mouth of a cotemporary adventurer—is to give it additional life and spirit, and to diffuse over it that venerable hue of antiquity which is so grateful to poetical eyes: but as an excuse for defects, this expedient is absolutely ludicrous. If the canto is broken, why was not a little more MS. discovered?—If it is unintelligible, why did not the author translate his Hermit into clearer language?

In the fourth Canto, 'The Voyage continued,' are some admirable lines on the intrepidity of Columbus in exploring an unknown ocean.

' Yet who but he undaunted could explore  
 A world of waves, a sea without a shore,  
 Trackless, and vast, and wild, as that reveal'd,  
 When round the ark the birds of tempest wheel'd;  
 When all was still in the destroying hour,  
 No sign of man, no vestige of his power.'

The speech of Columbus to the mutineers is also a very successful effort.

' Generous and brave! when God himself is here,  
 Why shake at shadows in your mid career?  
 He can suspend the laws himself design'd,  
 He walks the waters and the winged wind;  
 Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,  
 To lift your voice, and bid the world be blest!

And can you shrink ! to you, to you consign'd  
 The glorious privilege to serve mankind ?  
 Oh, had I perish'd when my failing frame  
 Clung to the shatter'd oar mid wrecks of flame !  
 —Was it for this I lingered life away,  
 The scorn of folly, and of fraud the prey,  
 Bow'd down my mind the gift his bounty gave,  
 At courts a suitor, and of slaves the slave, &c.

In the seventh Canto they first behold the new world—the greatest natural event that ever happened, and it may safely be affirmed, that ever can happen in the history of mankind ; and it is, perhaps, rendered the more striking, because it is brought, as it were, into so small a focus, reducible to a precise point of time, and attended by circumstances on which the imagination so readily seizes. Compare it, for instance, with those events that approach nearest to it in importance—those great battles by which the fate of empires has been decided. It is impossible to fix the precise moment of victory and defeat, or to represent them to the mind otherwise than by a series of successive images. Besides, many of the ideas unavoidably connected with a battle are such as no one can dwell upon without disgust and pain—blood, carnage, the desolation of the earth, and the misery of its inhabitants. But till the dawn of the day when Columbus beheld the land, the new world was as unknown as it was in the days of Homer—that moment was the moment of discovery. The transition is instant, and the two hemispheres are joined, never again to be separated. The whole thing presents itself to us at once in the most distinct form, and in the liveliest colours. A calm day in a tropical climate, a tranquil sea, and the distant prospect of a green shore growing gradually upon the eye, and already scenting the air with its unknown flowers. This is the *scenery*, if we may so express ourselves, of that mighty event which is for ever to live in the recollection, and to influence the fate of mankind. This is the sensible form in which it is embodied. We are introduced to every thing that is most grand and astonishing through the medium of every thing that is most beautiful. This is the great feature of Mr. Rogers's poem ; of course he does his best, and we will afford to our readers an opportunity of judging how far he has been successful.

We ought first to observe, that in the close of the seventh Canto the symptoms are described by which, on the preceding evening, they were led to suspect that the object of their voyage was near at hand.

' The sails were furl'd, with many a melting close,  
 Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose :  
 Rose to the Virgin—'Twas the hour of day  
 When setting suns o'er summer seas display

A path

A path of glory opening in the west,  
 To golden climes and islands of the blest,  
 And human voices in the silent air,  
 Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!  
 Chosen of men! 'twas thine at noon of night,  
 First from the prow to hail the glimmering light:  
 Pedro! Rodrigo! there methought it shone!  
 There in the west! and now alas 'tis gone!  
 'Twas all a dream, we gaze and gaze in vain!  
 But mark and speak not—there it comes again!  
 It moves—what form unseen, what being there,  
 With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?  
 His instincts, passions say how like our own;  
 Oh, when will day reveal a world unknown!

Here we remark an apparent inconsistency—in the first part of this passage they are supposed to have seen the light about sun-set. In the last we are told that they descried it at midnight. The lines are very happily executed; but the author should have made his choice betwixt the two suppositions.

Canto eighth.—'The New World' opens thus.

'Long on the wave the morning mists repose;  
 They rise—and melting into light disclose  
 Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods,  
 Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods.'

These lines too are very good so far as they go: but, though we have the old expedient of an 'hiatus'—*valde deflendus*, if the author thought any thing ought to be added, and very absurd if he did not—Mr. Rogers ought to recollect, that to evade the business of connecting together by proper shades and gradations the *salient* and striking parts of a composition, is neither more nor less than to leave unconquered its chief difficulty—to sacrifice its chief beauty, and to forfeit its chief praise. After a proper number of asterisks we proceed.

'—Oh say, when all, to holy transport given,  
 Embrac'd and wept as at the gates of heav'n;  
 When one and all at once repentant ran,  
 And on their faces bless'd the wondrous man,  
 Say, was the Muse deceiv'd—or from the skies,  
 Burst on their ear seraphic harmonies?  
 Glory to God! unnumbered voices sang,  
 Glory to God! the vales and mountains rang,  
 Voices that hail'd creation's primal morn,  
 And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born!'

We object to nothing but the *Muse*—were it only from good taste, the fables of heathen mythology (splendid and beautiful as they

they are in themselves) ought never to be brought into contact with the awful history of the true religion.

The poem languishes till the twelfth Canto, when it revives again in the 'Vision.' The idea is happy. In fact it affords the only means by which the interest could be protracted beyond the discovery. It exhibits a rapid, spirited, poetical view of the future fate of Columbus himself, and of the world he had discovered. We could with pleasure make some extracts, but we have not room; and the specimens already given will probably have convinced our readers, that notwithstanding its defects, the poem has beauties of no ordinary kind.

ART. XII. *The Expediency maintained of continuing the System by which the Trade and Government of India are now regulated.* By Robert Grant, Esq. Blacks and Parry. London. 1813.

THE 'Expediency maintained' was not intended by Mr. Grant, nor will it be considered by his readers, as one of the mass of ephemeral productions which the approaching expiration of the East India Company's charter has called forth. It aspires to a more lasting celebrity, and will probably be thought to deserve it, even in its incomplete state—incomplete as to the subjects intended to be discussed—but finished, as far as it goes, with laboured precision. The work is undoubtedly a work of very considerable ability, abounding in passages of uncommon force, and eloquence, thickly sown with metaphors at once brilliant and correct, and may be supposed to contain all the information that a free access to Leadenhall-street could supply. Its faults are a redundancy of words, and something of a studied phraseology, occasionally bordering on affectation; faults which are not, perhaps, rendered less conspicuous by the consideration that the work was not written on the spur of the moment, although it has suffered a premature delivery for the sake of answering a particular purpose. But retrenchment and correction are learnt by practice, and of the original power and fertility of Mr. Grant's mind, the volume affords the most favourable indications. To excite alarm at the danger, by any 'change of system,' of losing India by colonization, and our 'excellent constitution' by the transfer of Indian patronage to the crown, has been, for the last thirty years, the favourite and most effective policy of those who 'maintain' the 'expediency' of preserving for themselves an exclusive monopoly and an undivided patronage; and such is avowedly the object of Mr. Grant's publication.



To understand what India is, under the British government, it is necessary to know what it was under that of the Mahomedans. Mr. Grant has accordingly judged it necessary to open his work with a summary account of 'the nature and effects of the Mahomedan government established in Hindostan, particularly as it was exemplified in the provinces of Bengal,' as a contrast to the political system of the East India Company, established in British India, under the sanction, and with the aid of the British legislature. The exhibition of this contrast occupies very nearly one half of the book. Our sketch of it must be brief, our conclusions somewhat different from those of Mr. Grant.

The Mogul government was a complete despotism—'of that absolute kind which tolerates no nobility but the nobility of office.' The political theorists who support the doctrine of absolute despotism, and maintain that the want of an hereditary aristocracy, by depriving faction of a head, secures the intestine tranquillity of the state, may find their theory true, as applied to the despotism of China, and its two hundred millions of subjects; but perfectly false in regard to the empire of Delhi, where, 'in the absence of a hereditary nobility, rebellion always sought, and always found a leader in the bosom of the imperial house itself.' In Hindostan, whether under native or foreign governments, 'malcontent chiefs associating with malcontent connections of the throne,' have produced those 'relative discords and fraternal furies, which have cursed and disgraced the palaces of the Achæmenides, the Othmans, and the Timurs of all ages. Here the personal character of the sovereign was every thing, the law nothing. The reign of Aurengzebe was a flourishing period of the Mogul empire; it began to decline in that of his less vigorous son Behadur Shah, and may be said to have finally expired on the capture and plunder of Delhi by Nadir Shah, in 1739, twenty years before the British acquired territorial dominion in Bengal.' It is admitted by Mr. Grant that, at this crisis, the want of an established *patrician order* did not prevent Hindostan from being rent in pieces by rebellious Omrahs; but that of those pretenders, who either usurped the vizierut at Delhi, or the viceroalties of the provinces, none could urge any claims of ancestry over which the period of one or two generations did not completely cast a veil.

'None, therefore, could build his usurpation, even obliquely, as it were, on a basis of opinion: but a general and an equal scramble took place; each pretending an appointment from the Court at Delhi, where, indeed, the instrument of investiture could generally be procured for a trifling present, and, if it could not be procured, it was invariably fabricated. Wherever, mean time, one of these untitled adventurers succeeded

succeeded in establishing himself, there a government grew up, which, like that from the ashes of which it had arisen, was a despotism without an aristocracy, and which was attended by the evils usually incident to that form of polity.—(p. 8.)

A very summary view of the Mogul system of government will be sufficient to shew the deplorable condition of the people within the sphere of its influence. According to this system each province had its viceroy, known under the name of *Nazim* or *Nawaub*, and its *Dewan*, both of which were appointed by the imperial court. The former was invested with the command of the troops; the military administration of the province; the supreme jurisdiction in criminal matters, and the exclusive superintendence of the police. To the latter were entrusted the management of the public revenues, and the distribution of civil justice. The balance of power between those two functionaries, always ill adjusted and fluctuating, was decided in favour of the sword, when the supremacy of the imperial court at Delhi became altogether titular. Then 'the Dewan sank into dependance, and was generally some Hindoo of subtilty and intrigue, the mere creature of the viceroy, and probably the convenient instrument of his avarice and tyranny.'

It is almost superfluous to add, that these provincial governments under the nabobs, bad in principle, were at all times administered in an arbitrary manner; but in the weak, inefficient and nominal supremacy of the court of Delhi, became the worst of all tyrannies. Little or no respect was paid to the singular attachment of the Hindoo people to their customs and civil institutions; no forbearance towards their timid, submissive and unresisting natures. They were assessed at a higher rate than the professors of the Mahomedan faith: from the prince to the peasant all were oppressed or degraded; the only consolation left to them was, that they did not suffer alone; 'every rank in the state tyrannised with impunity over the next, and the durbar of the Nabob exhibited, for the most part, an offensive scene of intrigue, favouritism and venality.'

Mr. Grant observes that, by an evident solecism in policy, the financial and judicial departments were so blended as frequently to be entrusted to the same hands. The Dewan was both the chief judge in civil causes, and the principal minister of finance. The zemindars, farmers, and collectors of revenue were invested with judicial powers. The financial policy of the moguls was almost wholly directed to the collection of a territorial revenue. The crop was divided into certain fixed proportions. The ryot, or actual cultivator, had two-fifths; part of the remainder was partitioned out among

among the land-holders, intermediate renters, agents, &c. and the residue belonged to the state. In Bengal the practice was for the Dewan annually to summon the zemindars, or land-holders, and to settle with them a fixed sum to be paid into the treasury. According to the amount of this sum the zemindars formed their settlement with the renters, and these, with their subordinates, down to the cultivator or ryot. These annual leases, subject to an annual variation of the rent reserved, to say nothing of the manifold subdivision of interests in the land, could not fail to be highly prejudicial to cultivation. But besides the regular fixed rent, there were certain imposts levied at will, for which the government called on the zemindar, the zemindar on his renters, and the burthen increased as it travelled downwards. Where no demand was made on the part of government, the zemindar took care to call for compensation. 'Under the colour of exactions from superiors, contributions were imposed on subordinates, which, however, when detected by the superiors, were extorted from the robbers with interest.' If a ryot died or fled the country, the brother ryots of the district were called upon to make good his deficiency. Whenever the calamity of famine occurred, 'the wretched survivors of a wasted population were taxed with a severity inversely proportional to their numbers.'

These vexatious exactions were enforced by the ordinary usage, in all the despotic governments of the east, of dealing blows and scourges to inferiors, a practice which neither violates any municipal law, nor outrages public feeling; and, if necessary, by the seizure and detention of the persons of the defaulters. The exercise of the zemindary jurisdiction was at all times sufficient to enforce the payment of his own extortions. But the most efficient instrument, employed in the collection of the imposts, was the whip or scourge. The land-holders experienced the same treatment from the government. The blessings which flowed from the administration of Jaffier Khan, the Nabob of Bengal, in the reign of Aurengzebe, Mr. Grant observes, have been extolled by his countrymen with all the exaggeration of the east. 'The wolf and the lamb lived in harmony together; the hawk and the partridge dwelt in one nest.'—Yet the executive officer of his orders 'used to suspend the zemindars by the heels, and, after rubbing the soles of their feet with a hard brick, bastinado them with a switch. In the winter he would order them to be stripped naked, and then sprinkled with water; and he used to have them flogged till they paid money,' &c.

A system, so vicious in principle, and so infamous in practice, led, as might be expected, to the extreme depression of cultivation. Of the exuberant province of Bengal, when Lord Cornwallis

wallis established the perpetual settlement of the revenues, 'one third part was a wilderness.' Abuses equally great prevailed in the collection of the customs, which were chiefly levied at the discretion of the zemindars and farmers, who erected toll-houses without restriction; and exacted tolls without regulation; and thus 'the internal trade of the country was liable to endless impediments and indefinite extortion.'

The judicial department was not less corrupt than that of the finance. In the metropolis of the province, the Nazim presided in the trial of capital offences: the Foujdar in that of all other criminal matters. There were three chief civil magistrates. The Darogah Adawlut al Aulea (the Nazim's deputy) tried all causes relating to personal property, and took cognizance of quarrels or affrays. The Darogah Adawlut Dewannee (the Dewau's deputy) tried causes of real property: the Cazee those relating to claims of inheritance or succession. Neither the constitutions nor the respective functions of those three courts were accurately defined. The first two were perpetually encroaching on each other, and the Cazee was not nice in determining a cause without the assistance, or even knowledge of those who should by law have been his coadjutors.

In all criminal matters, Hindoos as well as Mussulmans were subject to the Mahomedan code. By this law, murder is regarded as a crime solely against the individual, and the punishment of the murderer is awarded on the basis of retaliation. On this ground the heirs of the deceased, or the master, if he was a slave, must inflict it, if it be inflicted at all, with their own hands. The obvious deductions from such a doctrine, which were actually admitted under the Mahomedan government of Bengal, are most important.

'No man is punishable for the murder of his own slave; for, in that case, he would commit the practical absurdity of retaliating on himself. No man is punishable for the murder of his child, grandchild, or other descendant; for resuming a life which he himself has bestowed, he is only considered as liquidating an outstanding account. So monstrous an exemplification of the rule, though undoubtedly conceded by the Mahomedan law, can seldom, it may be hoped and believed, take place; but others, not far less shocking, were, in Bengal, of daily occurrence. The life of the murderer being forfeited to the heir or the master, the heir or the master was very consistently authorised, either to remit the penalty altogether, or to accept in lieu of it a sum of money. In consequence of this liberty it is plain that every man lay entirely at the mercy of those who were to inherit his estate; and, at all events, the fact is, that compositions for murder were notoriously frequent under the native government of Bengal.'

The nature of the offence is as ill defined as the principle of its punishment

punishment is defective. The evidence of a murderous intention is not left to be collected from the circumstances of the case, but depends on rules not less whimsical than preposterous.

'Death, by the iron edge of an hoe or spade, is generally reputed to be murder: whether death, by the iron back of the instrument, be murder, is disputed; but all agree that it is not murder when inflicted by the wooden handle. According to some of the highest legal authorities, it is not murder to destroy a man wilfully, either by severe flagellation, or by keeping him in cold water, in the winter season, or by exposing him, bound hand and foot, to the summer sun, or by throwing him from the roof of a house, or into a well; and it is the concurrent opinion of all the best commentators, that it is not murder to destroy a man wilfully by poison, or by throwing him, bound hand and foot, to be devoured by wild beasts.'

This is not the mere theory of the Mahomedan law. Mr. Grant quotes a case, recorded by Mr. Hastings, of 'a wretch who cruelly held the head of a female child under water till she was suffocated, in order that he might make prize of her clothes and ornaments, and who, on being convicted of the offence before one of the native courts, was punished only by a fine.\*

The dispensation of the Mahomedan law to all the classes of Hindoo society, in criminal matters, was cruel and oppressive in the extreme. Even in civil matters, it was a great favour to allow them to refer their disputes to their own Brahmins: but if one of the parties was a Mahomedan, the matter was determined by the Mahomedan law. The extraordinary partiality for ancient usages and institutions was totally disregarded. 'Our minds,' says Mr. Grant, 'must revolt at a system which prescribed to this order of men a violation of their most rooted feelings, as the only price of that justice which every people has a right to demand at the hands of its rulers.'

Much might be said on the well known corruption and venality of the judges, and of the extortions of the inferior officers of the courts; of the ready instruments of oppression which tribunals, thus constituted, were in the hands of a tyrannical government—of the virtual exclusion of the poorer members of society from the protection of the law from the extensiveness of the districts, and the stationary position of the courts; but these are evils that may occur in the practical execution of the best of laws. The police was miserably defective. Robbers by profession, called decoits, plundered in open day with as much insolence and activity, and

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\* It is recommended by Sir H. Strachey, that effectual steps be taken to prevent the wearing of valuable ornaments by children, who are frequently murdered for the sake of them. *Fifth Report from the Select Committee. Appendix, No. 11.*

far more cruelty, than our highwaymen; or the gangs of pick-pockets in the streets of London. 'These banditti were often in league with the village people, and with the zemindars and other landholders, who gave them impunity and intelligence, in exchange for a share of their plunder. The victim of this bargain was the ryot, against whom all the depredations of the robbers were directed.\*

In fine, of the general insecurity of rights under the government of the Nabobs, Mr. Grant conceives a very striking idea may be conveyed from the following passage in Mr. Orme's '*Government and People of Hindostan*,' which he further tells us is 'a fact stated in the Company's records.'

'The mechanic or artificer will work only to the measure of his necessities. He dreads to be distinguished. If he becomes too noted for having acquired a little more money than others of his craft, that will be taken from him. If conspicuous for the excellence of his skill, he is seized upon by some person in authority, and obliged to work for

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\* We are grieved to observe that decoity, or gang robbery, has rather increased under the British government. Nothing that we have ever heard of, in any country, can be compared with the atrocities committed by these gangs of decoits. The following relation of the prosecutor on a trial of decoits, exhibits a horrible picture of human depravity. He states 'that about twelve o'clock, on the night on which the robbery and murders took place, he was sleeping in a house, at a short distance from that of his father, and being awoken by the noise of robbers, went out, and saw that a party of about fifty decoits had attacked his father's house; that, from fear, he concealed himself in a plaitain garden, within fifty yards of the spot, from whence he saw the robbers drag out his father and mother; and, after binding their hands and feet, apply lighted straw and torches to their bodies, demanding of them, at the same time, to point out where their money was concealed; that the unfortunate people assured them they had none; but that the robbers, proving inexorable, went into the house, and brought from it a quantity of hemp, which they twisted round the body of Loharam, and, after pouring on it ghee, or clarified butter, to render it more inflammable, set fire to it; that they then procured a quilt from the house, which they also moistened with ghee, and rolled round the body of Loharam: that the prisoners threw the prosecutor's father on the ground, and, keeping him down with a bamboo which they held over his breast, set fire to the quilt; that, at this time, the cries of the unfortunate man were most shocking, the robbers continually calling on him to tell where his money was, and he assuring them that he had none, and imploring them to take his cows, or any thing they might find in his house; that the robbers, however, still proceeded to further cruelty. Having procured some mustard seed, and torn up the flesh of Loharam's breast, by drawing a large bamboo several times across it, pounded the mustard seed on the sores, with a view to make the torment more excruciating; that at the same time the mother of the prosecutor was tortured nearly in the same manner, by the robbers tying hemp round her body, and setting fire to it, and dragging her about, from place to place, by the hair of her head, calling on her all the while to tell them where her husband's money was concealed; and also calling on the prosecutor by name, to come and witness the state of his father and mother; that these cruelties, together with the plunder of the house of Loharam, and other ones adjacent, continued until between three or four o'clock in the morning, at which time the robbers departed, and that the prosecutor, on going up to his father and mother, found them most dreadfully mangled, but still alive; that his father expired about noon, and his mother not till the following morning. The prisoners, whom the prosecutor swore to have recognized at the murder of his parents, were nine, all of whom were sentenced to suffer death.' *Fifth Report from the Select Committee. Appendix, No. 12.*

him



him night and day, on much harder terms than his usual labour acquired when at liberty.'—p. 41.

Such was the actual condition of the Mogul provinces when the East India Company acquired territorial power in Bengal. As a contrast to this dark, but by no means 'overcharged' picture, we now proceed to sketch a general outline of the government as established in British India in the course of the last thirty years.\* To do this it will not be necessary to follow Mr. Grant through his description of the legislative and executive functions of the *home* government of India, vested in the court of directors, as the organ of the East India Company, the Board of Control, and the parliament, nor to discuss the expediency of conferring discretionary powers on the local governments to ensure greater energy of conduct, or of imposing checks for the better security against abuses. We shall merely observe that the Governor General of India stands in the place of the great Mogul, and, though checked by a council, can, at any time, act independently of it, on his individual responsibility: that the members of the council must have resided in India, as servants of the Company, for not fewer than twelve years; that they are to abstain from all commercial dealings, except on account of the Company, and from the acceptance of all gifts or presents.

The East India Company, being a commercial as well as a political body, has occasion for two great wheels to keep the machinery in motion—the Board of Revenue, and the Board of Trade. The Board of Revenue consists of a president, who is also a member of the council, and three other members of high standing and experience in the Company's service. It superintends the settlement and collection of the land revenues and other taxes, and all concerns connected with them. The Board of Trade, similarly constituted, superintends the commercial concerns of the Company, the collection of the government customs, and the manufacture and delivery of salt and opium.

The collectors of revenue are selected from the regular civil servants, of a standing proportionate to the importance of the district. They have no discretionary power, as under the Mahomedan government, of taxing the land-holders. The lands now bear a fixed rent in perpetuity, a regulation which has for ever choked up that copious source of abuse which, under the Mahomedan system, 'flowed down in an enlarged stream along the whole succession of sub-collectors, land-holders, tenants and sub-tenants.' They provide for the management of estates of landholders disquali-

\* The Dewannee of Bengal was obtained by the Company in 1765; their administration of the country commenced in 1770; but the *present* system dates only from the act of 1784.

fied by sex, minority or lunacy, and for the education of such as are minors; they superintend the division of joint estates; procure lands for invalided sepoys, pay pensions, superintend embankments, &c. A collector of revenue is not allowed to trade, nor to hold a farm, nor to lend money to a land-holder; his character is purely ministerial, and not, as under the Mahomedan government, in any shape judicial. He has no power beyond that of bringing defaulters before the regular courts, to which he is himself amenable for irregularities committed in his official capacity. He is obliged to keep a diary of all his proceedings, which is transmitted periodically to the Board of Revenue. It is the duty of that board to inspect those proceedings; to see that the revenues are punctually realized; to superintend the conduct of the collectors; to suspend or report them, in cases of misconduct; to keep regular minutes of its proceedings; to transmit them monthly to the Governor General in council; and to furnish a second copy, to be sent home for the Court of Directors.

The institution of the Board of Trade, its arrangements and proceedings, are precisely similar to those of the Board of Revenue. Every transaction, however trifling, throughout every branch of the two departments, is made a matter of record. It is indeed a distinguishing feature, which pervades the whole administration of India, that every department in the service, and every member of departments, are required to transmit ample minutes of their proceedings to the next highest authority. 'So universally is this practice enforced, that there is no official servant of the company, however low his situation, or however remote his position from the seat of the local government, whose whole conduct is not stamped on documents placed in the hands of his superiors, and accessible at pleasure to the British parliament.'

Of the judicial authorities, some are nominated by the King, others by the Company. The latter are those which possess a general jurisdiction over the natives, both civil and criminal. The number and gradation of criminal courts in the provinces, subject to the Presidency of Fort William, are, a Supreme Court stationed in Calcutta, six Circuit Courts attached to the six districts or divisions, and about forty inferior courts or magistracies dispersed over the three provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa.

The number and gradation of civil judicatures are precisely the same; and though the functions, powers and forms are distinct, the same persons who preside as judges in the Courts of the one class, preside also in the corresponding courts of the other.

The magistrates are appointed from among the civil servants of the Company. They superintend the police, and their duties are not unlike those of a justice of the peace in England. They receive  
information,

informations, commit offenders for trial, and bind over prosecutors and witnesses. The rules for their conduct are exactly prescribed. The court of a magistrate is called a Zilla (or provincial) Adawlut.

The courts of circuit consist each of three judges, one register, and one or more assistants, all civil servants of the Company, together with native law-officers, both Mahomedan and Hindoo. The judges make their rounds at stated periods every year; and hold regular and frequent jail-deliveries. In these courts, criminal offences are tried according to the Mahomedan law; and a sentence of death, or of extraordinary imprisonment, must receive confirmation from the superior criminal court of Calcutta, before it can take effect.

This court is called the Nizamut Adawlut. It is the old Mahomedan court under the Nazim to which the Governor General in Council succeeded as president, and was then called the Mayor's Court; but it now consists of a chief judge and two puisne judges, covenanted servants of the Company, of long standing, but not members of the government. A regular establishment of native officers, skilled in the Mahomedan law, is attached to it. It revises trials referred to it from the courts of circuit, confirms, rescinds, modifies, but cannot enhance, the sentences of those courts. The Governor General possesses no criminal jurisdiction, but has the power of pardoning delinquents. The course of civil justice is regulated in the same manner. The same judges, who preside in the courts of circuit, form the provincial courts of appeal, from which, in cases of property amounting to a certain value, a further appeal may be had to the Sudder Dewannee Adawlut which sits in Calcutta, and still further, where the value amounts to five thousand pounds, to the king in council.

In all the courts, whether civil or criminal, the European judges are invariably assisted by native advisers. Under the Mahomedan government, suitors pleaded their own causes; but advocates are now chosen out of the Mahomedan college at Calcutta, and the Hindoo college at Benares. Every provision has been made for securing the purity of justice, and for the punishment of corruption in those who administer it. Their fees are all settled by regulation; and any officer receiving more than his due, forfeits his employment. The receiving of a sum of money, or any valuable thing, as a gift or present, by one in the service of the Company, is deemed to be 'extortion and a misdemeanor at law.'

So sacred are the prejudices and the customs of the Hindoos considered, that the administration of an oath is dispensed with to those of a certain caste, to whom it would be humiliating; and such are only required to sign a declaration, that they will speak the truth. And as the appearance of women of a certain rank, before any

person of the other sex, would fix an indelible stain on them, their declaration may be received by three creditable females, first sworn to the faithful discharge of the trust.

The jurisdiction of the courts we have mentioned extends not, or extends but partially, to British subjects residing in India. All such subjects, accused of crimes, must be brought to trial before the supreme court of judicature established in Calcutta, or the courts similarly constituted at the other presidencies. It consists of a chief justice and two puisne judges, all of them professional lawyers, and nominated by the king; and it possesses 'civil, criminal, equitable, ecclesiastical, and maritime jurisdiction.' Its cognizance extends to all British subjects, natives or descendants of natives, in India; and to all the inhabitants of Calcutta. It is enjoined by act of parliament, where the natives are parties, whether Mahomedan or Hindoo, or both, to respect the usages of the country. When one of the parties is a Mahomedan, and the other a Hindoo, the law is to be followed which is acknowledged by the defendant.

In the discharge of its legislative functions, two leading principles may be said to have actuated our Indian government; a scrupulous abstinence from all wanton interference with the institutions, civil or religious, of the natives; and a cautious attempt to combine with this forbearance a course of gradual melioration. It neither left untouched the iron fetters of prejudice, in which ancient usage had bound them up, nor wantonly or experimentally tore them asunder with a rude and violent hand. 'The glory of the British, as rulers of India, consists,' as Mr. Grant justly observes, 'in the combined wariness and courage with which they have innovated.'

The constitution of India as now established, after a series of innovations which were tardily commenced, suggests to Mr. Grant two observations. The first is, that 'the system cannot be a bad one, under which so many and so great advantages have been secured to the inhabitants of the territories comprised within the Indo-British empire, and such strength and firmness to the empire itself.' We may safely go a step farther, and pronounce it to be a good system, when compared with that which it superseded—but it does not therefore follow, that all attempts are to be withheld for its further improvement: and unless Mr. Grant is prepared to shew, that the present system is perfect, and capable of producing the greatest possible happiness and prosperity to fifty millions of subjects, and of 'strength and firmness' to the 'empire itself,' we must withhold our assent to his second proposition, that 'when any measure is recommended, from which even a remote probability of danger to the existing Indian system can be shewn, a weighty burden of proof falls on the advocates of such a measure.'

Arguments

Arguments of this kind were employed in 1784, and had they then prevailed, none of those happy effects would ever have been experienced which, for the last 30 years, have, by a series of 'new measures,' so signally improved the condition of our native subjects of India. While both Mussulmen and Hindoos are equally protected in their laws and religion, the absurdities that disgraced the Mahomedan code have been abolished, and its more cruel punishments abrogated. While we have left untouched the precepts of the Hindoo religion as contained in the Shasters, we have succeeded, by representation and persuasion, in abolishing many of its inhuman and unnatural abuses. The lives of infants are no longer devoted to the waters of the Ganges. Female children of a particular tribe at Benares and Guzzerat, are no longer destroyed from false notions of pride; and many of the preposterous privileges assumed by particular castes, have been greatly abated. But when the correction of those abuses was undertaken, the innovators had nothing like 'proof' to offer for their ultimate success. Nay, when we adopted one of the boldest and most violent innovations ever attempted in this or any other country, 'the permanent settlement of the territorial revenue,' a measure that was said to transfer the whole landed property from one set of men to another, so far from any thing in the shape of proof being brought forward against the 'remote probability of danger,' many of the oldest and ablest servants of the Company, eminent for their knowledge in the financial and economical systems of the native governments, strongly objected to it, as fraught with danger of the most alarming kind. It was urged, that by the ancient Hindoo constitution, the ryot or occupant was the real proprietor of the soil which he cultivated; that this right was acknowledged by the Mogul system; that the tenure of the zemindar was merely official and conditional; and that the transfer of the property of the soil, on this officer, was a direct invasion on the immemorial privileges of the ryot. Others were of a different opinion, and contended that the possession of the zemindar had always been deemed hereditary and complete, though the tenure was held on certain conditions, which appeared to affect the validity of the title; but so far from either party being able to bring forward any thing in the shape of 'proof,' as to the result of the measure, 'it erred,' says Mr. Grant, 'not, as had been predicted, to the injury, but in favour, of the ryot.' Doubts are still entertained as to the justice or even policy of this bold measure, which was, to say the best of it, a sacrifice of established rights, to answer a supposed political expediency. It took away that part of the zemindary power which was most useful in maintaining a vigorous police, and left that which was most obnoxious to the agricultural improvement of the country. But, we notice this measure here only to prove,

that innovations of the most daring character may with safety be adopted, so long as they affect not the religious prejudices of the natives.

We are not friendly to experiments on legislation, nor to the introduction of unnecessary change; yet we would not reject the proposal of any rational measures for the improvement of an imperfect system, even though there should appear to be some 'remote probability of danger' in the attempt. Had the British parliament listened to this kind of argument, when it first interfered in the Company's concerns, a succession of Whitehills, and Rombolds, and Benfields might still have disgraced, with impunity, the British name and character in the east. We might still have to deplore that systematic oppression, which prevailed in the times of Mahomedan ascendancy, and which the Directors of the East India Company were wholly unable to restrain or correct—that *devolution* of oppression, as Mr. Grant calls it, which 'descended by stages from the prince to the peasant,'—when 'every intermediate possessor of rank or influence, oppressed by those above, revenged himself on human nature, by oppressing those below—to console him for the misfortune of being a slave, he had the savage satisfaction of being a tyrant.' The happy change that has established 'the meanest rights of the meanest natives, on the solid basis of law and justice',—that has 'secured the rice in his pot to every man in India'—was not brought about by the East India Company, or by its organ, the Court of Directors, or by its local governments of India; it was the work of the British parliament, carried into effect in direct opposition to the Court of Directors. In fact, the name of the natives never once occurred, till the interference of the legislature; their bonds and their investments, their revenues and their dividends, their debts and their assets, were sometimes brought forward to public notice; but the condition of their fifty millions of subjects was never once taken into consideration. The Company, then, ought to be satisfied in leaving to the public such further regulations as, in the wisdom of its representatives, shall appear to be most conducive in adding to the happiness of millions, and to the strength and resources of the empire.

The second chapter of Mr. Grant's book opens with this proposition.

'Any material innovation on our present Indian system would probably involve one or both of the two following consequences:

'First, That of allowing to British subjects in general a right, complete, or very partially qualified, of trading to, and of residing in, British India, and any part of it.

'Secondly, That of transferring entirely, or in great part, the civil and military functions now exercised by the Company, as the sovereigns



reigns of India, together with the patronage attached to them in that character, to some other person or persons.\*

Or, in other words, any material innovation would tend to the colonization of India, and the transfer of its patronage from the Company to the Crown. Unfortunately for Mr. Grant's position, among all the innovations which have taken place since the revolution in the Company's affairs in 1773, when the crown, or rather the parliament, first interposed its control, down to the present time, not the least approximation has appeared towards the one or the other of those apprehended evils, (for so we presume they are meant to be considered,) though, as we have seen, many and most 'material innovations' have been adopted since that period. That the effect of opening the trade to India will be to draw thither a greater number of European residents; and that the number so drawn will depend chiefly on the enlargement of that trade, are self-evident propositions: it is not, we admit, quite so evident in what manner a free but regulated trade and access will operate on the state and circumstances of the country, which Mr. Grant has thus powerfully, and we believe truly described.

'The associated community of British and natives in our eastern dominions, certainly presents one of the most curious and interesting spectacles ever witnessed. We observe two races of men, not more distinct in origin than they are in language, complexion, dress, manners, customs and religion; nor is the distinction in these respects more complete than the disproportion in energy both of body and mind. We have on the one side extreme feebleness of frame joined with extreme effeminacy, dependence and timidity of spirit;\* on the other we have vigour, hardiness, courage, enterprize and ambition. This natural inequality is increased by the consciousness, confessed on the one side, cherished on the other, that the feeble race is politically subject to the stronger. But, farther, this weak race is remarkable for an attachment the most obstinate to a set of customs and institutions the most singular, and to superstitions so whimsically interwoven with the whole frame of life that, under some circumstances, a simple touch from a person of a different persuasion is considered as an almost equally serious injury with a mortal stab. To answer this peculiarity there is, on the other side, a national character, generous and humane, indeed, yet by no means *delicate* in its generosity and humanity, and proverbially distinguished for an aptness to view with contempt and derision all foreign customs and institutions whatever. In the single article of a religious affront these generally tranquil beings seem capable of active resentment. An insult here has been known to rouse them into motion and vengeance with the suddenness of an explosion. Here then they

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\* This is not the character of the Hindoos in general, as given by Sir John Malcolm. See his *Evidence before the Committee*.

are dangerous to their masters, and it would be natural to expect that the general intercourse between two such orders of persons would be an intercourse of injury and suffering, subject, however, to interruption from some paroxysm of revenge on the part of the injured.—Yet in Hindostan nothing of all these effects occurs, or, except, perhaps, in one solitary instance, has occurred for years. Two races, such as have been delineated, mix there in daily and hourly intercourse; and yet there is neither habitual injury, nor habitual suffering, nor occasional revenge.—(pp. 175, 176.)

How this state of things is practically maintained, Mr. Grant explains, in a satisfactory manner, by the four strong barriers placed between the native and the British resident.

‘ First, the authority of the local executive government, which may peremptorily order out of the country any European, whose conduct is such as to excite a popular alarm among the natives. Secondly, the tribunals of the Supreme Courts of Judicature, and of the parallel court of the recorder in Bombay; tribunals which, being totally independent of the Company, may be said to hold the judicial balance between the British residents and the natives. Thirdly, the intimate intercourse and effectual sympathy maintained between Great Britain and British India, insomuch, the British subjects resident in the latter, being educated in Great Britain, always holding connexion with it, and always aware that they act under its supervision, partly derive by inheritance, partly catch by contagion, and partly consult from prudence, these sentiments of right and justice, which are here generally popular, but which, in India, local prejudices might be apt to extinguish or overbear. Fourthly, the rule, adopted and enforced in the Indian service, of gradual and progressive advancement, and, what may be viewed in combination with this, the prohibition imposed on all British subjects, of residing, without a special license, at any place in India, except within ten miles of some one of the principal settlements.—(p. 177.)

Of these barriers, all of which appear to be well calculated to protect the weak against the strong, Mr. Grant deems the third to be the most efficient in guarding the natives from ill usage; but their chief security against any direct violation of their peculiar customs and privileges, depends on the fourth. Fear of punishment, he thinks, added to the influence of the characteristic benevolence of their country, might operate on British residents in their intercourse with the natives; but that good motives or right intentions will avail little without a practical knowledge, or rather a *sense* of the singularities of the native character and customs,—qualifications which nothing can communicate but a slow training and experience; and that the greatest evils would arise if European adventurers were admitted into the country without that *training and experience*; that, in short, if the ignorance and prejudices of Englishmen were  
once

once suffered to come into unrestrained contact with the ignorance and prejudices of the Hindoos, 'some terrible detonation would probably be the consequence.'

On this part of Mr. Grant's argument we have three observations to make. First, that he assumes, as a principle, that which never entered into the calculation of the wildest speculator to propose—an *unrestrained and unlimited* intercourse with India. It has been stated by his Majesty's ministers in distinct terms, that not only the present restraints are to be continued, but others imposed, should the existing ones not be found sufficiently operative; it has appeared in evidence, that the regulations and restraints, now in existence, are effectual for their purpose, provided the officers appointed to see them executed perform their duty. This part of his work, it is true, may have been written before the question of the new charter began to be agitated; but we observe, that notwithstanding the declaration of the president of the Board of Control, the counsel for the Company continue to examine their witnesses before the committees as if an *unrestricted intercourse* was in contemplation.

Secondly, that although the collectors of revenue, commercial residents and judges, are generally preferred to their respective stations from length of service, combined sometimes with merit, they may still possess but a very shallow knowledge of the native character and language; this, we think, has been instanced in the course of the parliamentary investigation. Admitting, however, these gentlemen to be qualified, in proportion to their standing, how many thoughtless youths, fresh from the schools, or the streets of London, are every month sent up the country among the natives, in the various capacities of writers, assistants, surgeons, surgeons' mates, officers of every rank in the king's army, and cadets in that of the Company? All these are far more likely to come into immediate contact with the natives, than the 'experienced' resident, collector or judge; and, the fact is, they *do* so come in contact, and very frequently outrage the feelings of the natives, sometimes through wantonness, but more frequently from carelessness or inadvertence. But how would the case stand with regard to those 'numerous adventurers' whom Mr. Grant thinks a free trade would throw into India? If they visited the interior themselves, instead of employing native agents, their only object, we presume, would be that of buying and selling. Now one of the leading features in the conduct of a sober and expert merchant, is that of a cautious and conciliating manner; an endeavour to insinuate himself into the good graces of a new customer, by a courteous and pleasing deportment; studiously avoiding any step that might give offence. It is a material part of his profession to make himself

himself acquainted with the language, the manners and the prejudices of those among whom he hopes to establish a connection; and Mr. Grant may rest assured, that self-interest is a great quickener of the wit, and as likely to create, and rapidly too, a *sense* of the singularities of the native character and customs of the people of India in the 'mercantile adventurer,' as the 'long training and experience' of the covenanted servant of the Company can ensure; and far more likely, than in the untrained writer or cadet.

Thirdly, That Mr. Grant and the East India Company are strangely inconsistent in their endeavours to spread an alarm at the numerous herd of adventurers that a free trade will throw into India, maintaining, as they do, at the same time, that such a trade cannot be carried on at all by private adventurers, but that all who engage in it must be ruined, as neither the products of the country, nor the condition of the people, do, or can, admit of any considerable enlargement either of imports or exports. If such be really the fact, whence arises all this fear from the great influx of adventurers, whose ignorance and prejudices, coming in contact with the ignorance and prejudices of the Hindoos, are to cause so terrible a detonation as will shake India to its centre? One would almost be led to conclude, that the merchants of the united kingdom were conspiring together to fit out whole fleets of expensive ships of 400 tons burthen each, to convey a shoal of adventurers for the mischievous purpose of rousing the natives to insurrection. Why, we would ask, did not the danger occur to the directors, when, in their intercourse with ministers, they consented to an open trade 'from any port of the united kingdom to any port in India?' Has the simple proposition of distributing the return cargoes among a few of the out-ports led to the discovery that India may be lost in the Bristol channel, or the German ocean? It appears, indeed, to be the decided opinion of one of the most intelligent and most experienced officers in the Company's service, that it will be impossible for any European traders long to remain in the interior of India; and that they must sooner or later all be driven to the coast by the trading disposition of the natives, the superior advantages they possess, and the impossibility of sustaining a competition with men, who would be content with small profits, and whose expenses for a whole twelvemonth would not amount to those of one month of an European.\*

These advocates for total exclusion are pleased to consider the intercourse of Englishmen alone as dangerous to the continu-

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\* Colonel Munro's evidence before a committee of the Commons. The evidence given by this gentleman contains a mass of valuable information, and opinions so sound and enlightened, as have been rarely elicited from one person in this way.

ance of the British power in India, and mercantile Englishmen as the most dangerous, who are, in fact, most interested in its tranquillity and prosperity; while ten millions of Moors, Tartars, Arabs, Persians, all more or less tinctured with the intolerant and proselytizing spirit of the Mahomedan religion, and even the bigoted Portuguese catholics, have dwelt for ages among the Hindoos, without exciting those disturbances which are so fearfully apprehended from a handful of British merchants. The truth is, that these Mahomedans, having experienced the invincible attachment of the Hindoos to their customs and religion, and the total inefficacy of all attempts to wean them from it, had discretion enough to sheathe the sword and to shut the Koran: from that moment they had nothing to fear. The Portuguese persisted in attempts to convert them to Christianity, and lost their possessions. It is on the point of religion only, and Mr. Grant admits it, that the Hindoos are 'dangerous to their masters.' A religious affront, and nothing short of it, will rouse those generally tranquil beings to resistance, and active resentment. 'So acute are their feelings on this single point, as to change, in an instant, the lowest, the most timid, and most servile Indian into a ferocious barbarian.\* So forcibly, indeed, was the House of Commons impressed with the consistency and uniformity of a most respectable body of evidence, on this point, taken before a committee so far back as 1781, that the opinion was then unanimous,—that any interference in the religion of the natives would eventually insure the total destruction of the British power in India.

This opinion of 1781 was, for the first time, unfortunately verified in 1806, by the massacre of Vellore. Great pains have been taken to persuade the world that it was not the foppery of expunging the mark of caste from the forehead of the Hindoo, or shaving off the Mahomedan's whiskers, or changing the turban for a tawdry cap, that caused this revolt in the native troops; but (if the Madras government be entitled to any credit) a report industriously spread among them, that it was the wish of the British government to convert them, by forcible means, to Christianity;† with the addition, that these measures were preparatory to it. The very belief of the intention, however unfounded, ought to serve as a lesson to the British legislature, to abstain from all proceedings calculated to give the slightest colour to the renewal of a report so fraught with mischief. Yet it has so happened, that the committee of the House of Commons, losing sight of the great question which vitally affected the welfare of fifty millions of people, and in

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\* Sir John Malcolm's Evidence before the Committee of the Lords.

† Proclamation of the Governor in Council at Madras.

which the political and commercial interests of the nation were deeply concerned, was almost wholly occupied, for several successive nights, in drawing forth evidence *favourable* to the propagation of the Christian religion in India by means of missionaries. This examination has wisely been suppressed; but in every part of the kingdom meetings are held, and resolutions passed, most of them intemperate in language, and many of them false in fact—indiscreet at all times, but impolitic, in the highest degree, at this particular time.\* Many of these resolutions injudiciously dwell upon the degrading and inhuman superstitions, the horrible customs, and the moral turpitude of the Hindoos. It is a gross mistake to suppose that no notice will be taken of them by the natives of India. Many of the brahmins read the English newspapers, and, when any thing that interests them occurs, communicate and discuss what they read with one another. To say that the resolutions of individuals can do no harm, is assuming more than can be known. In our opinion, the mere agitation of the question, after what has happened, will do harm. It may be true, that it is not what *we* resolve, but what *they* think, that will endanger India; but it should be remembered, that by our proceedings will their thoughts be regulated; and it would not be much out of character to suppose some subtle brahmin of Benares to harangue his colleagues somewhat to the following effect:

‘ My brethren, we are on the eve of a great change. Hitherto the Feringas† have shaped their government for our good; they have taken the whole country, it is true, into their possession; they have modified the laws; but they have given us tranquillity and improved the condition of the great mass of the people; they have shewn respect for our customs and prejudices, and they have protected us in the free exercise of our religious duties; hence, we have borne our own fall with patience. While a few Christian faquirs, apparently regarded by their government with as much indifference as our faquirs are by us, were content to collect to their houses the outcasts of society—men who had forfeited their characters, and lost their caste,—men ready to take up any religion, after being excommunicated from their own—parias and colleries, willing to be Christians, in order to eat the bread of idleness;‡ their mistaken zeal created no alarm. But other “benevolent persons,” as they

\* The malady is become epidemic. Petitions load the tables of the two Houses, from all quarters. In one night twenty-two were presented by a single member; and we have heard from respectable authority, that a manufacture of them is carried on by a Committee, in London, which occupies no small portion of the time of the engrossing clerks of the capital.

† The name by which Europeans in general are distinguished;—hence *Franks*, which a Frenchman has the vanity to think is a term of compliment to his nation.

‡ A great part of the funds sent out from England is consumed in maintaining those persons who are converted.

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are called, are to be sent among us, to change, what they themselves have pronounced unchangeable,\* our established religion. A certain ameer al omrah,† at the head of many of the nobles and learned of the land, has declared, "that there are more than fifty millions of inhabitants subject to the British empire in India, under the influence of inhuman and degrading superstitions, which form an effectual bar to their progress in civilization;" and it is added that the only remedy for these evils is to diffuse among us the blessings of Christian knowledge. They represent our superstitions as senseless, because we worship one god, and acknowledge his attributes in the triple character of Brahma, Vishnoo and Sheeva, emblems of the creating, the preserving, and the destroying power. They call them degrading, because our people have, from time immemorial, been subdivided into a number of castes, each enjoying its particular rights, and the whole forming a regulated gradation in society: we have, it is true, like other civilized nations, our privileged orders founded on superior knowledge, and continued in hereditary succession; but we have no exclusion of property; among our brahmins are found beggars, and among our sudras wealthy merchants. But our superstitions are inhuman, because a particular tribe of people, from a high-minded, but ill-directed pride, were in the habit of putting their infant daughters to death; a practice which was no sooner explained to be a sin, and contrary to the precepts of the Shasters, than it was discontinued.‡ And if, when life is despaired of, and a recovery hopeless, we perform the ceremony of ablution and 'extreme unction,' we are not singular in the idea of thus affording consolation in the last moments of departing life. It may also happen, that an enthusiast will occasionally throw himself under the wheels of the sacred car at Juggernaut; but this is the frenzy of religion, and a practice not sanctioned in our Shasters; and what religion has not its impostors and its fanatics? And why may not a death of this kind sometimes be the effect of accident? Is it more surprising that, in the pressure of a crowd, where one hundred thousand would not be missed,§ half a dozen persons should be crushed to death, than that twice that number should perish at the door of a playhouse? But we are reproached for considering certain kinds of suicide as meritorious: this is not our

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\* Mr. Graham's evidence.

† Ameer al omrah—a lord of the lords;—from ameer comes our amiral, or admiral; ameer al munim, the commander of the faithful.—The resolution, we suppose, refers to that of the meeting of which Admiral Lord Gambier was chairman.

‡ Moore's Hindoo Infanticide.

§ Doctor Buchanan's Christian Researches.—Among a million of ragged and naked pilgrims, all pushing to get near the sacred car; the doctor was fortunate in being able to see a devotee throw himself under the wheel.

belief; and, at any rate, ours are suicides from hope, not from despondency. Again, we are accused of compelling widows to burn themselves on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands: this is also a mistake; a Hindoo wife, who is burnt with her husband, is either actuated by motives of real affection, or she thinks it her duty to conform to custom; or she consents to avoid reproach. Of the few cases that happen, (and few they are since, though always public, not one European in one hundred ever witnessed the ceremony,) nine out of ten are entirely voluntary; they are not forcibly bound to the stake, and burnt as martyrs. Whatever our superstitions may be, they have at least the plea of antiquity in their favour; had we been given to change, force or persuasion or intrigue would long before this have robbed us of our religion.\*

‘But our moral character is held up by another ameer,† as “a compound of servility, fraud, and duplicity.” It is possible we may thus be known among the shroffs and Banians of Calcutta. But another Englishman, better acquainted with our character, has declared that the Hindoos of Benares and those of the interior, “are not more distinguished by their lofty stature and robust frame of body, than they are for some of the finest qualities of the mind;” that “they are brave, generous, and humane; and their *truth* as remarkable as their courage.”‡ By a third, whom we have all cause to remember with gratitude, we are represented as “gentle, benevolent, and as exempt from the worst propensities of human passion, as any people upon the face of the earth; faithful and affectionate in service, and submissive to legal authority.”§ But can it be considered as matter of surprize that duplicity and deception

\* The Emperor Ackbar, to conciliate all parties, contrived a new religion. To this end he borrowed the ceremony of baptism to conciliate the Portuguese Christians: reverence to the sun, to please the Parsees; the mythological and moral dogmas of the Shastras to win over the brahmins; and retained circumcision to flatter the Mahomedans. The consequence was, that by the Mussulmans he was considered as an apostate, by the Hindoos as a fanatic, by the Parsees as a profanator, and by the Christians as a pagan: the scheme was abandoned to avoid rebellion.

† Evidence of Lord Teignmouth before the committee of the Commons.

‡ Sir John Malcolm's Evidence before the Committee.

§ Mr. Hastings' Evidence before the Committee of the Lords. ‘Great pains,’ says Mr. Hastings, ‘have been taken to inculcate into the public mind an opinion that the native Indians are in a state of complete moral turpitude, and live in the constant and unrestrained commission of every vice and crime that can disgrace human nature. I affirm, by the oath that I have taken, that this description of them is untrue and wholly unfounded.’

The testimony of Colonel Munro, who was thirty-two years in India, almost constantly in the interior, is still stronger, and cannot in justice be withheld. ‘If a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, a capacity to produce whatever can contribute to convenience or luxury; schools established in every village for teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, the general practice of hospitality and charity among each other; and, above all, a treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect and delicacy, are among the signs which denote a civilized people, then the Hindoos are not inferior to the nations of Europe.’

should sometimes be practised to stave off the extortion to which we are subjected? How often may the inconsistencies in the testimonies given by witnesses in the courts of justice proceed from "simplicity, fear, embarrassment—how often from the ignorance or impatience of the judges?" "We cannot wonder," said one of these enlightened judges, "that the natives are aware of our suspicious and incredulous tempers. They see how difficult it is to persuade us to believe a true story; and accordingly endeavour to suit our taste with a false one."<sup>\*</sup>

'We are accused of fraud and treachery by those who live among us, without fear of their houses being plundered by their own domestics. We are not worthy to be trusted, and yet our revilers scruple not to send to the bazar for a cossid, whom they never saw before, and entrust him with the conveyance of a purse of gold, or a casket of jewels for many thousand cos, which he never fails to deliver, and receives for his reward about as much as would pay the price of shoes worn out by an European in performing the same journey.† It is true, the lower provinces of Bengal, near to the seat of government, are infested with decoits, who lurk in the jungles and thickets; but neither the streets of Benares nor Calcutta, are annoyed by gangs of pickpockets, robbing passengers in the face of day; nor is every fifteen hundredth person committed to our jails to be tried for his life.‡ Neither are we yet so depraved as to have our houses entered by night, and our property stolen, to the amount of one-eighth part of the whole territorial revenue of Hindostan.§ The charge made against us of degrading our women, comes with a bad grace from those who dwell in a city wherein fifty thousand prostitutes, or one-tenth part of the females of all descriptions, old and young, nightly parade the streets.¶

'But if our rulers are really our superiors in civilization and knowledge, and are desirous, as we sincerely believe they are, of further improving our condition, it would be as well perhaps were they, in the first place, to abstain from draining us of our little wealth for the purchase of our own productions, and sending away the surplus as tribute; let them instruct our children in their

\* *Sir Henry Stracey's Report. Fifth Report. Appendix, No. 11.*

† Major Scott Waring.

‡ The return of persons committed for capital offences in England and Wales, in 1811, amounted to 6,819.

§ The property stolen in one year in and about London, amounts to two millions sterling.—*Colquhoun on the Police of the Metropolis*, p. 613.

¶ *Colquhoun on the Police of the Metropolis*.—"It would be no slight praise to the women of any nation, not even to the ladies of England, to have it said, that the correctness of their conduct was not inferior to that of the brahmin women and the Hindoo women of the higher classes."—*Colonel Munro's Evidence* before the Committee of the Commons. We see no improbability in the supposition that a brahmin may have read Mr. Colquhoun's book; indeed, we think that it may be safely assumed as a fact.

language,

language, and enable them to read their books;\* let them inspire our youths with a taste for those arts and sciences in which they excel us; let them send their merchants and their traders under proper restrictions, into the midst of us, and thereby excite a spirit of industry among the manufacturers and the cultivators of the soil; but let us be permitted to worship in our own way, the way in which our forefathers trod for centuries before their religion had existence.

Observations like these, however harsh or unfounded, would not, on the present occasion, be incompatible with the feelings of a brahmin of Benares. While we yield to none in anxious desire for the spreading of Christianity over the whole heathen world, we cannot subscribe to that sublime doctrine that would sacrifice all 'worldly policy and temporal blessings to higher motives':†—in other words, that would stir up a civil war among fifty millions of people, for the mere chance of nominally converting some hundred parias. In a former article we took the liberty to suggest a church establishment in India, which we are rejoiced to find has met the views of government; though, after the discussion that has taken place, we cannot but entertain some doubts as to the propriety of introducing it into the body of the charter, or of introducing it at all, till any ferment, which may have been occasioned by the present imprudent discussions and resolutions, shall have subsided. But with respect to *chartered* missionaries, we trust for the sake of the nation and of India, that such will for ever be excluded from that country. Let them go as heretofore; or let them go under those restrictions which it may be necessary to impose on all: let them have full scope to preach the gospel, translate the scriptures, and establish schools on their own account and at their own risk; but let not the government give its sanction to their proceedings, nor tie up its own hands or the hands of the Governor General, which is the object of those who profess 'higher motives than worldly policy;' in short, let it always bear in mind,

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\* We have again and again inculcated the policy of spreading the English language, and especially in our own foreign dominions, where we are still *foreigners*. Creighton, one of the most intelligent of the Baptist missionaries, has justly observed that the dissemination of the scriptures is useless until the people are *tought to read*; and if yet to be taught, why not in the English language, instead of giving them a mutilated and incorrect translation of the scriptures into their own? He recommends the establishment of schools, to which children of all castes might be sent without scruple. He recommends instruction in natural history, geography, astronomy, and mathematics, 'which would furnish them with the means of detecting a mass of absurdities which are imposed upon them by their Shasters, and interwoven with their laws.'—Bap. Mis. Society, No. 18. Half a million of youths might be educated, and furnished with books, paper, pens, and even warm clothing, at an annual expense, not exceeding 120,000*l.*—*Ibid.*

† Resolutions of a meeting at Glasgow, signed by one Joshua Heywood.

that

that on the point of religion only 'the Hindoos are dangerous to their masters.' For our own parts, we are fully persuaded there are but two ways that hold out any hopes of effectual success in the conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity. The one is, by a splendid church establishment served by sensible, zealous, but discreet ministers; not by such as talk of *coercing* the proud and contemptuous spirit of the natives,\* but such as would, with the aid of government, address themselves to the reason, and, if that failed, to the interest of the pundits and brahmins of Benares. The early fathers, to whose well-tempered zeal Christianity owed its rapid progress among the pagan nations of Greece and Rome, adopted this line of conduct: their appeal was not to the multitude, much less to the outcasts from that multitude; they addressed themselves to emperors, prefects and senators, and these once won over, the plebeians followed in course. This mode of proceeding has not yet, we believe, been tried with the Hindoos. The other method which we would recommend is that of establishing public schools in every part of our extensive dominions, for the purpose of instructing the native youth in the English language; and to make a proficiency in that language the road to employment and preferment; the scriptures might then be read to advantage in their purity, and with better effect than can be expected from those incorrect and mutilated portions now disseminated, and which, we fear, are too commonly either disregarded or despised.

But, to return to Mr. Grant; 'why,' he asks, of the 'thirty thousand British subjects of the full blood,' which reside in India, some thousands of them from their youth, many of them habituated and even attached to the climate, manners, and mode of living, many forming sexual connections, and few returning at an advanced period of life; and, of the whole aggregate, not more than one in five returning at all—why is it, that 'not a single person of this large and fluctuating body is found to settle or colonize in India?' Doctor Smith has solved the problem in half a dozen words: 'the genius of an exclusive company' prevents it. Satisfied with this answer, but not before he has endeavoured to overturn some of the theoretical maxims of this celebrated writer, and brushed away some flimsy dogmas of the Edinburgh reviewers, Mr. Grant proceeds to class, under six different heads, the obstacles which the 'genius' of the East Indian system offers to the colonization of India. They are these:

First, The necessity of obtaining a special license from the Company to proceed to India in one of their ships; and the power of

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\* Buchanan's *Christian Researches*.

sending any person out of India who may have proceeded thither in any other way without their license.

Secondly, The prohibition to all British subjects in Hindostan from the possession or cultivation of land; 'a provision obviously, directly, and powerfully hostile to colonization.' Mr. Grant tells us that this is a mere rule of the company, unsupported by any act of parliament. The act, however, prohibits collectors of revenue from farming lands to Europeans, and from their accepting Europeans as security for a farmer. It is an excellent rule, and deserves to be sanctioned by an act of the legislature.

Thirdly, The joint effect of restricting the most lucrative and respectable lines of employment in India to certain persons appointed or licensed by the company, and of the incapacity of all British subjects to hold or farm land. By this double limitation a British subject is precluded from bequeathing to his children his profession and place in society. All his hopes and expectations center in England; 'to England he sends his children at a very tender age; and to England he generally hastens himself as soon as, for his rank, he has acquired a comfortable sufficiency.'

Fourthly, The mixed offspring of Indian and European parents being inflexibly excluded from the Company's service both civil and military.

Fifthly, The limitation of every British subject, whether in the Company's service or licensed by them, to reside in one of the principal settlements of the Company, or within ten miles of such principal settlement, unless by special license from the Company, or of the president or governor in council of such settlement. This salutary clause in the act, by keeping British subjects collected together, and perpetually under the eye of government, counteracts any propensity which might insensibly steal upon a secluded European for settling in the country.

Sixthly, A number of rules of cautious policy, framed by the Company, with the express view of repressing a spirit of colonization; such, for instance, as the indisposition generally shewn to the systematic admission of private ships built in India into the Indian trade with Europe; their jealousy of the private or privileged trade; their objection to the transfer of British capital to India; all which have operated in direct opposition to colonization; and this, if it be a merit, is perhaps the only merit they possess.

While all these barriers continue to exist, or even the two which exclude from the possession of land, under any tenure, and confine, to certain points, all British subjects going to India, there is little to apprehend that the throwing open of India to private adventurers would be followed by colonization. But admitting that



that the result should be, notwithstanding the continuance of the restrictive system, a tendency to the encouragement of permanent settlers—'Is then,' we ask with Mr. Grant, 'the colonization of India an evil?—and if so, to whom? To the Hindoos, or to Great Britain, or to both?' We are told in reply, that new settlers would encroach on the natives, and displace them. It would take many ages, we presume, before the offspring of a few traders, or men of shallow fortunes, who had neither connections nor attachments at home, for no others would think of permanently settling in India, could materially disturb the native population. But supposing the whole thirty thousand already there, to settle; the proportion would be little more than one to every two thousand natives. In how many thousand years, at the usual rate of increasing population, this new race might displace the fifty millions of inhabitants spread over a territory capable of sustaining a full third part more, we shall not pretend to compute.

But Mr. Grant seems to think that the colony would be divided from the original inhabitants, by the strongest marks of distinction; that it would not gradually melt away into the native population. This, however, we presume, would greatly depend on the degree of knowledge and prosperity conferred on the natives. The institution of schools would accomplish the former, and the influx of capital would promote the latter.

If there be any doubt as to the injurious effects of an extensive monopoly of the Indian trade to Great Britain, there can be none with regard to its pernicious operation on the natives of India. But this is not the greatest evil to which they are subject. The system of drawing from that country a territorial revenue to support its civil and military establishments, to purchase an investment of its own manufactures, and of remitting the surplus in the shape of tribute, to pay the expenses of the home debts and establishment, must be ruinous to the prosperity of the tributary country; and in that respect alone, any degree of colonization will prove beneficial to the natives, by the increase of capital, and the consequent improvement in manufactures and agriculture. We apprehend that Mr. Grant's fears lest the popular taste and prejudices of the settlers should undergo a similar change, and be productive of similar effects, to those of our West India colonies, have no foundation either in fact or argument. There is no analogy whatever between that respect which Englishmen have invariably shewn for the prejudices of the Hindoos, and the 'profound contempt with which the British and semi-British creoles of Barbadoes regard the purely negro population.' A negro is unfortunately as much the personal property of his master, because he is transferable by sale or purchase, as his horse or his cow, and men are apt to consider themselves entitled to

treat their own as they please. It is but very recently that in the West India islands even the wilful and malicious murder of a slave has been made felony. But the case is widely different with regard to the free natives of India, the meanest of whom is equally protected with the most powerful of those who (Mr. Grant supposes) would 'incessantly insult and oppress him.' Independent of the effectual restraints imposed by the legislature, and carried into practice, strenuously and honestly, we believe, by the local authorities, we are quite sure that the moral superiority of the English settlers over 'the feebleness and timidity of the Hindoo', would differ not less in kind than in degree, from that of the dominion of a personal master, even were no restraints imposed. And until we can persuade ourselves that the nature of Englishmen is far more flexible and base than we are willing, at present, to admit, we shall indulge the thought 'that the administration of justice between the colonists and the natives, being supplied directly from the mother country, *would* be utterly undebased by the bigotry of the local public'—nay more—we venture to assert that, 'it *would* be preposterous', in any one 'to raise a doubt even on this point.' While professional men of character and reputation continue to be sent out from home, for a limited time, to preside over and direct the course of justice, has not, we would ask, the professional honour of our Indian judicatures the same 'aid of every motive which can be furnished by the universal prevalence of a bias in favor of justice,' as it has at home? Mr. Grant's arguments as to *distance* weakening the effect of public opinion on the conduct of the judge—the wish to accommodate surrounding prejudices—the imitative or sympathetic propensities—the reiteration of a particular set of sentiments, &c.—till they finally end in corruption:—these, and such like supposed influences are, we firmly believe, wholly inoperative on the mind of an English judge, whether in England or in India; and we may be permitted to say this without offering 'a high compliment to the firmness of human nature,' or 'a low one to the influence of human society.'

With regard to Great Britain, we hesitate not to say, that every step towards the more complete civilization of Hindostan, (and the progress would be considerably accelerated by colonization,) must be productive of benefit to the mother country; nor can we consider it as a matter of any importance whether it be three hundred, or three thousand years before the colonists arrive at a state of strength and prosperity fit to govern themselves—'to emancipate themselves after the manner of America.' It is now pretty well agreed, that Great Britain suffered no loss from the emancipation of America; and if India should be, some centuries hence, peopled with Britons, or a mixture of Britons, its independence would, probably,

bably, all other things remaining as now, be more mutually beneficial to the two countries than the pre-ent connexion is to either of them. Entertaining such sentiments, Mr. Grant will excuse us for not concurring in his idea that colonization should be guarded against, 'even at the price of all commercial restrictions established by our present policy;' and for not adopting his conclusion that 'even the remotest approaches to colonization ought to be avoided with jealousy'—but it is needless to entertain any fears on this subject—'the genius of an exclusive company' has completely barred all approaches to it, though even a few additional ships should be permitted, by the new charter, to visit India.

The second evil which is to result from 'any material innovation on our present Indian system,' is that of 'transferring the civil and military functions, now exercised by the Company, as the sovereigns of India, together with the patronage attached to them in that character, to some other person or persons'—or, in other words, if the power and patronage of India should be taken from the Company, they must either be conferred on some independent authority in India, or abandoned to the ministers of the crown. Much argumentation is employed in establishing those positions; but as the whole train proceeds on the supposition of the colonization of India, and the extinction of the East India Company, neither of which is in progress, and both, at all events, remote contingencies, we pass over this part of the discussion, to take a hasty view of the consequences which Mr. Grant seems so greatly to dread, should the Indian patronage be transferred to the servants of the crown.

The most prominent of these consequences is stated to be 'the constitutional danger that may be apprehended from the annexation to the crown of so large a mass of influence.' To elucidate this point of 'ordinary agitation,' we have the 'actual amount of patronage' minutely detailed, and precisely calculated to four places of decimals, or the ten-thousandth part of a cadetship. We are informed that, as matters now stand, if we suppose the whole patronage for a given year to be divided into 28 equal lots, the quota of the president of the Board of Control would, at the most, be two of those lots; and that even this share is a matter of courtesy dependent on the pleasure of the court of directors. We further learn that the number of writers annually appointed by the directors is about 30; but that after striking off those engaged in the commercial department, which are estimated at two-elevenths of the whole, the remaining 24 writerships would be annually in the gift of ministers; but, as the customs, and the monopoly of salt and opium would probably continue, Mr. Grant, by a calculation not necessary for us to follow, arrives at this conclusion—that 26½ writerships would be the annual number in the gift of the king's ministers,

ministers, which, by another arithmetical process, he finds to exceed that which they enjoy at present, in a twelve-fold proportion.

The number of cadetships annually given away by ministers would be about 128, of which the number the minister is annually complimented with by the court of directors may be averaged at 94, and consequently the influence of the crown would, in this department, be multiplied fourteen-fold; and the sum total of patronage will amount to 154 writerships and cadetcies. 'That is, the ministers of the crown would annually have it in their power to confer situations, in fact, for life, on more than 150 individuals; and these situations not paltry clerkships or waiterships, but all of them such as may confer respectability on youths of patrician connection; many of them such as the sons and nephews of members of parliament, and even the younger branches of nobility, might aspire to fill, and which, it is well known, that persons of those classes frequently do aspire to fill.' (p. 286.)

But this is not all. The directors annually appoint medical men under the name of surgeons. They appoint clergymen under the denomination of chaplains. They appoint barristers and attorneys to the supreme courts. They appoint free-merchants who engage in the country trade, and they license free-mariners. On the whole it is concluded, that the disposable places, in the legal, medical, and clerical departments, amount to about 290, all of which would swell the influence of the crown.

Besides these appointments, the directors issue recommendations of young men to persons high in the Indian service—they grant compensations to those who have sustained loss in their service—they decree pensions or gratuities to those who have served them well—they censure or acquit those of their servants who are reported, or suspended, for alleged misconduct—disqualify an offender, or, annul a disqualification unjustly inflicted—all of which are comprehended under the name of 'substantive means of influence.'

Then comes a sweeping display of 'accountants, auditors, cashiers, registers, secretaries, clerks, messengers, and other petty officials,' which, with the expenses of the fiscal establishments for the collection of duties, and prevention of contraband traffic, are estimated at a lumping sum of seventy or eighty thousand pounds of annual patronage to the crown.

But we have not yet done. The civil covenanted servants of the company, exclusive of the commercial department, amount to 389; the staff appointments in the army to 478; there are 330 retired officers receiving allowances amounting to 91,616*l.*, and other retiring allowances to officers of the Bombay marine. There are besides a variety of places, not on the regular establishment, in the nature

nature of clerkships, secretaryships, petty agencies, frequently bestowed on the sons of European gentlemen by native mothers, amounting to 792—'minor situations,' which, as things now stand, 'escape the grasp of the ministers of the crown'—*offals* of Indian influence, as they are termed by Mr. Grant, which might 'commodiously form an assortment with imports of a more precious nature.'

In fine, after a laborious display of places, pensions and privileges, followed by a comparison of the effects of influence when placed in the hands of ministers, and in those of the directors, always favorable to the latter, we come at length to the sum total of 'the annual value of the patronage which the ministers of the crown would possess by superseding the Company in the government of India,' amounting to three millions and a half, from which, however, 'for some reason or other,' (none is assigned,) a round million is struck off on account of *ministerial forbearance* to make the full use of the powerful engine thus placed in their hands. Assuming the probability of every tenth office becoming annually vacant, it necessarily follows, that the minister would have 'at the commencement of every session of parliament,' kept snug, of course, for that occasion, vacant offices to dispose of, yielding two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or, 'two hundred and fifty places of a thousand pounds a-year.' It also follows that, as nothing is to be struck off for *directorial forbearance*, the annual amount of patronage is 350,000*l.*, and that each director has vacant offices to dispose of worth 14,583½*l.* every year, or 14½ places of a thousand pounds a-year—the odd ½ is about the share with which each director 'compliments' the president of the Board of Control. Can any one wonder at the prodigious struggle which is made for a seat in the direction, when so many valuable appointments shower down for distribution among 'the sons and nephews and more distant relations,' and the other 'connections and dependents of the directors?' Nor are these merely the fruits of one solitary year—thirty years enjoyment of them would, on Mr. Grant's data and principles of calculation, give a mass of patronage amounting to 420,000*l.* which is equivalent to a capital of 4,200,000*l.*! A director indeed must manage very ill who cannot contrive to retain his directorship for life; it is a copyhold estate, subject to a kind of abeyance of one year in five. To talk of the purity of the re-election, or of the independence of the proprietors, is idle, as far as regards the annual return of the six directors who *come in by rotation*; they are in fact elected by their brother directors, which is (in itself) a great abuse. Besides, the directors hire most of the ships in the trade; their owners employ the ship-builders, these again the ship-chandlers, and these the rope maker, plumber, glazier, painter, &c. all of whom, to secure employment, must get their names on the

list of proprietors; they must vote for a particular person; and no one can doubt that the profits on their respective trades are of too much importance to be sacrificed to the mere gratification of giving an independent vote, especially as they cannot be ignorant that no vote of theirs would raise the dividend on East India stock the fraction of a farthing.

But, says Mr. Grant, the independence of the proprietors is proved in a recent instance, where an old director, out by rotation, was rejected. This *solitary* exception proves the rule. But what was the fact? This director had, within three years, given away to a near relation, three writerships, value £10,000, which relation sold two of them, and bartered the third for church preferment. Now admitting, as we are willing to do, that the patronage and confidence of this director was 'grossly abused,'—that, as stated in the report of the committee of the House of Commons, nothing appeared from which could be traced 'any corrupt or improper bargains to any director,' or 'with the privacy or concurrence of any director,' yet when this committee had declared, on the very eve of the election, that 'the patronage was an article of traffic,' and that it appeared to them 'not unreasonable to contract, in some degree, the patronage of those who had not been sufficiently watchful in the disposal of it,' we can ascribe no very large share of merit to the 'independent proprietors' in rejecting the director, thus blown upon, however innocent. The blot was too palpable to be missed.

But the case of this director was by no means singular. The committee reported that the existing precautions were not of sufficient force to prevent a very extensive traffic, 'in the nominations to writerships and cadetcies,' and they mention by name, a dozen directors, (just one half,) 'whose patronage and confidence had been grossly abused' by the sale and traffic of appointments made by them, through the intermediate agency of brokers, attornies, taylors, and other mean agents, in consideration of certain sums of money proportioned to their respective values. The question then is no longer, whether the public is likely to be better served by persons appointed by the directors, or by the ministers of the crown; but whether 'youths of patrician connection, sons and nephews of members of parliament, and younger branches of nobility,' in short, young gentlemen of birth or education, who have a name and character at stake, and who, it may be presumed, have had those just and liberal notions of honour and nice feeling, which distinguish the gentleman from the plebeian, instilled into their minds—whether these, or the illegitimate offspring of nobody knows who, foisted into the service through the 'corrupt agency' above-mentioned, or even the indigent and obscure relatives and dependents



dents of directors, are most likely to serve the public ably and honestly? At any rate the appointments on 'the recommendations of a minister' could not be made 'with less solicitude for their success, and less heed of their failure,' than those obtained or bestowed in the manner above-mentioned.

But then, besides the appointments, the compensations, the pensions, the gratuities, &c., 'large items,' which it is hinted may amount to some 'three or four hundred thousand pounds' annually, now enjoyed by the court of directors, being so many 'substantive means of influence,' would, in the hands of ministers, be capable of 'indefinite enlargement.' And can Mr. Grant be really so great a stranger to the regulations by which all the offices under government are tied up, as seriously to make such an assertion? Does he not know that if a single additional clerk, with a salary of £80 a-year, be appointed to any of them, a detailed history of all the 'whys and wherefores' that made such an appointment necessary, must be submitted to the House of Commons? Greatly indeed does he err, if he supposes that the 'individual wishes of the court of directors, clashing with the general interests of the Company, can be any effectual check to extravagance, compared with that arising out of the suspicious vigilance of the parties in parliament, hostile to the minister. Thousands are the instances in which the liberality and munificence of the court of directors are freely, and we doubt not properly, exercised, unknown to the public, or disregarded by it. Indeed the happy confusion in which their accounts, civil, military, commercial and political, have hitherto been jumbled together, sets all scrutiny at defiance; but from the moment that the minister of India should become responsible, all his accounts and all his patronage would be canvassed and sifted, even to their minutest fractions.

But then the minister may be careless or corrupt enough to turn a deaf ear 'to public convenience and established usage.' He may also, 'unchecked, appoint or displace the individuals constituting one of the Indian governments; and, armed with the terror of this power, he may secretly transmit to these individuals, whatever orders he will.' When, instead of argument, we have recourse to *may-bes*, there is no limit to the hypothetical corruption and improper practices, chargeable to a minister. We regret to find so respectable a writer as Mr. Grant countenancing, by his adoption, those vague and illiberal charges which it has of late years been too much the fashion to bring against public men. He even extends this unworthy feeling of suspicion to the whole British parliament, which he seems to consider as utterly 'incompetent for the active and circumstantial superintendence of Indian affairs.' That empire, we are told, 'moves in a trajectory of its own,' not to be inspected

inspected by large deliberative bodies, meeting in a distant quarter of the globe. But it is not merely incompetent; the attention of his readers is called to a 'most important consideration,' which is, that, 'by a skilful distribution of Indian patronage among members of parliament, the minister is enabled to conciliate the very persons by whom he is to be controlled; by multiplying his offences, he propitiates his judge.' As to any checks or restraints on the distribution of Indian patronage, as far as parliament is concerned, in the inspection and execution of those restraining laws, Mr. Grant views them with sovereign contempt. How far he imagines his argument to be strengthened by setting off the purity of the Court of Directors against the general corruption of the King's ministers and the whole House of Commons, we willingly leave for the decision of his readers.

The notion, (long since, as we thought, exploded,) that the accession of Indian patronage to the crown would endanger the constitution, is revived by Mr. Grant; but it has evidently lost the commanding influence which it once exerted over the public mind. We are old enough to remember the extraordinary effect which the India bill of Mr. Fox (passed afterwards in a modified form by Mr. Pitt) produced on the general feeling;—though we believe that the caricature print of 'Charles Fox running away with the India House on his shoulders,' contributed more towards it than the pamphlets and speeches distributed then, as now, with all the profusion of a sovereign company. Those times are past; and the public sentiment is entirely changed. The miserable expedient of placarding the walls of the metropolis with, 'No Bristol stones, but real India diamonds,'—'No opening Liverpool warehouses to fill London poorhouses,' &c. entirely failed. These are not the days, in our estimation, in which a few Indian appointments, thrown into the scale of the crown, would have any effect in destroying the balance of the constitution. When so many mock-patriots, and mob-popularity-hunters, are constantly on the watch for opportunities of plucking a feather from the wing of prerogative, there is no great danger of the influence of the crown soaring too high. Nor, until we can be brought to entertain the same sentiments of the representative body of the nation, which Mr. Grant appears to do, will we believe that, among the 658 members which compose this body, even half a dozen will be found base enough to forsake their party, and barter their principles, for one of those Indian writerships or cadetcies, which a corrupt minister may have stored up 'for the commencement of every session of parliament.'

We rather wonder that Mr. Grant, with his ingenuity, should not have been able, in the event of the supersession of the directors,

tors, to discover some other channel into which the Indian patronage might be diverted from the ministers of the crown. Why, for instance, should not the sons and nephews of officers wounded in the service, or of retired officers, whether civil or military, after long, faithful and meritorious services, be considered in the distribution of that patronage, which is now bestowed on the sons and nephews of the directors? Or, to effect a more general participation, why not dispose of the Indian appointments to such as, on examination, shall be found duly qualified as to talent and respectability, and thus create a fund for the relief of decayed officers, whether European or native? Another consideration might have suggested itself. It appears from evidence taken before the committee of the House of Commons, that disaffection prevails, as might naturally be expected, among the deposed rajahs, omrahs, khans, &c. who, by our conquests, have been deprived of office, power and wealth. It would be some compensation to these disappointed men, were certain situations in the government thrown open to such of their sons as might be willing to qualify themselves to fill them; and by thus uniting their interests with those of the British government in India, their attachment to it might be secured. But, though we think that the patronage might, without much danger, or loss of purity, pass into other hands than those of the directors, we should still say, let them retain it, provided they are disposed to shew a little more liberality in other respects—let them retain their army, their revenues and their dominion—let them retain even, for the present, the exclusive trade to China; but let the trade of India be open and free, and let the outports of the kingdom divide the benefits of it with the metropolis, even at the hazard of checking the growth of the latter, which is thought by many to be a sink of vice and misery quite capacious enough already.

‘On the Points at present in Dispute between his Majesty’s Ministers and the Company,’ which is the title to the fourth and last chapter, we see nothing to add to our opinions contained in a former article. It is, in fact, little more than the letter of Mr. Grant and Mr. Parry, of the 13th January, 1809, addressed to Mr. Dundas, put into another, and, perhaps, not an improved shape. Mr. Grant is pleased to reckon us among ‘the literary antagonists of the Company, who contemplate a radical change.’ We are surprised at this charge; and we call upon him to point out a single passage in our examination of the question now at issue, that can, by any possibility, be tortured into such a construction. We meant to render good service to the Company by deprecating the violence of the general clamour raised against it; we incidentally mentioned, as the opinion of many well informed persons, that a reform might advantageously be introduced into the home establishment.

lishment. The opinion, it is true, was 'anonymous,' but it was not 'justified by unnamed arguments'—it was not 'justified' at all—it was not 'argued' at all—it was, as we said before, casually mentioned: but we do not hesitate now to say, and we are ready to support it by argument, that it would be a great improvement in the home management, if the Court of Directors, like their servants in India, were prohibited from private trade; if their numbers were reduced, their salaries increased, and their patronage divided. We will only for the present ask Mr. Grant three simple questions:—

1. Can it be expected that a director of the East India Company, who is directly or indirectly connected with ship-building on the river Thames, will, in any emergency, encourage the building of ships in India where he has no connection?

2. Can a director, who may happen to be largely concerned in the importation of hemp and naval stores from the Baltic, who may perhaps have a contract to supply the navy with them, be expected to encourage the growth and importation of hemp and naval stores, in and from India? And,

3. Can he be expected to give his time to the public concern, for which he receives 300*l.* a year, when his own immediate concerns press so much more forcibly on his attention?

With these questions we take our leave of Mr. Grant, assuring him that he is not mistaken in ascribing to us the negative merit of 'good intentions;' and assuring him also of our just and respectful estimate of the promise which this work displays of abilities to be hereafter, we doubt not, conspicuously exerted for the public benefit. If we confess that it also evinces strong prejudices, and prejudices, as we think, often unfounded, and often exaggerated, we say no more in this than that a mind evidently of masculine vigour and constitution, has nevertheless not been able to resist the powerful and incessant assailments of early impressions, of near interests, and of the best affections of nature. We disclaim (and he does us the justice to believe our disclaimer) all hostility to the East India Company: but it is one thing not to wish wantonly to invade its privileges; and another to be ready to maintain them, by the sacrifice of the common rights of those, who, without aiming at being the fellow-sovereigns of the Company, cannot quite forget that the individuals composing that sovereignty are, after all, their own fellow-subjects. We do not think the greatness of the East India Company at all inconsistent with a just consultation of the paramount interests of this country; we think it mainly conducive to the good of India. It is the advocates of the Company, and they alone, that bring into doubt the compatibility of these different, but, as we conceive, consenting interests, when they contend that

that to open India, or to let loose England, to a commercial intercourse, not-unfettered-but enlarged; is to overthrow the fabric of the Company's power. It is they, and not we, who moot the question, whether, *if* the choice *must* be made, Parliament ought to prefer the continued existence of the East India Company, for its own sake, on its present system, unaltered and unalterable for all time to come; or an increase of happiness to fifty millions of native subjects, and of wealth, strength, and firmness to the British empire. We deny that such is the alternative on which parliament has to decide. We contend, indeed, that the happiness of India and the prosperity of England are the objects for which parliament ought to legislate, and that the East India Company is but the means of attaining those objects; but it is surely enough for the Company, enough both for its interests and its reputation, that we admit (and we make the admission with cheerfulness and sincerity) that through its instrumentality, moulded by the wisdom, and acting under the continued superintendence of parliament, those objects may be most safely, and most beneficially pursued.

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\* \* An attack has been pointed out to us, in an Italian Journal, on an article in No. XVI. on the letters of Jacopo Ortis. It is not our intention to enter into a discussion; with any one, on matters of taste or opinion; but on a question of fact, we would not be wholly silent. The critics impugn what we delivered respecting the birth-place of Ugo Foscolo, and the existence of such a person as Jacopo Ortis. Our authority for both is the Signor Barzoni, one of whose works we have introduced to the knowledge of the reader in the present Number. This gentleman well remembered the suicide of Ortis, which a particular circumstance had strongly impressed upon his mind. His testimony was subsequently confirmed to us by another Venetian gentleman, at present, we believe, in the house of Mr. Fagan, the British Consul at Palermo.

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#### ERRATUM in No. XVI.

Page 316, line 6, for Gustavus III. read Gustavus IV.

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